

Oakland Tribune

MAGAZINE SECTION
DECEMBER 24, 1922



The Gateway of the World

Dardanelles Have Been Bone of Contention in Antiquity and Remain Issue Among the Nations

WHO owns the Dardanelles; who should be their keeper? A war seems to be brewing over this question and yet it is hard to tell why. A glance at the map shows a strip of water 42 miles long.

Yet this little body of water is of greater importance than any other in the whole world; on its surroundings the greatest events in the world have transpired; and in all the realms of romance there is not a spot more noteworthy or revered. From the very dawn of history it is held as the center of the stage in the drama of world politics and from the appearance of the situation today its tragic and eventful history will be continued.

It has been called—and never was a name more deserved and appropriate—the Gateway of the World.

Just a glance at its unique situation shows why it has had this tremendous part in the story of our troubled old earth. It is part of the United Straits of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, which connects the two biggest seas of the world, directly, while indirectly it connects those seas and two oceans, the Atlantic and the Indian Ocean which in turn it unites it with the Pacific.

At this vital juncture three continents are joined, Europe, Asia and Africa.

The mass of human beings directly dependent upon the commerce that flows through it is more than a million in number, which the value of commerce itself reached the stupendous annual total of over a billion dollars. This is only a measure in economic terms but actually far more than commerce passes through these astounding sea gates, for it is the passage way of many civilizations without which the life of the world could not go on.

This gives a hint, but a hint only, of the phenomenal importance of the Dardanelles, and shows why the whole world is anxious suspense is waiting for the outcome of events in that quarter.

More than 5000 years ago, out of the first world war history has a record of the Allies, then a confederation of Greek nations, won the war against the Germany of that day, ancient Troy.

As the story goes, the first world war to center around the Dardanelles, which incidentally got their queer name from the fact that two castles on either shore were supposed to be built by Dardanus, the founder of Troy, was started as a quarrel over a woman, Helen, the most beautiful woman in the world.

Scientists, however, have long ago shown that the golden haired princess referred to in that story was exactly the same maiden who figures in the present difficulties, namely, the golden haired mistress of Trade.

The Greeks then were the seamen of the ancient world and they had acquired control of the Aegean Sea, one of the big arms of the Mediterranean and bordering the Dardanelles. The growing power of Troy was, however, preparing to contest the supremacy of the Greeks and war resulted.

The next step was the attempted reconquest of this important spot by the Persians. Then the Dardanelles was called the Hellespont and already tradition had given it an extraordinary romantic history.

Here Xerxes built a bridge of boats. Twice he attempted to build it, but the first time the wind broke it; the second time he was successful and his army of 2,500,000 men crossed it only to be eventually defeated after the battle of Salamis had destroyed the fleet of Xerxes.

Thus the control of the passage remained in the hands of the Greeks and its strategic importance was shown not long afterwards when Alexander the Great in his turn took revenge for the invasion of Greece by invading Asia. He used the Dardanelles as his road into Asia, also building a bridge of boats across the straits.

The Romans, who controlled the straits fell to pieces after his death. Different monarchs in all parts of the region ruled separate territories and the crafty Romans, just then becoming a world power, took advantage of the situation to get control of this Gateway of the World. They defeated the Greek states and their command of the straits was the thing that made them the masters of the world. After this step they became the destined Roman empire.

They did not keep it without a struggle, however. In the east in Asia Minor there grew up again and again powers that threatened the might of Rome, knowing that all depended upon the strategic point they concentrated their efforts upon winning it. The greatest of them, Mithridates, was so far successful that he succeeded in getting Rome, then under the



Hero and Leander at the Straits, where Leander was drowned and Hero gave her own life in grief. Below, the harbor of Constantinople, gem of the Dardanelles.

Helen of Troy Not the First Figure of History Involving Straits; Romance Links Waterway

the straits which brought about the discovery of America. With the blocking of the Dardanelles to Europe, the gateway of the world was closed to them and a new way had to be found for intercourse between the continents. In this way it was the Dardanelles that brought about the discovery of America, the circumnavigation of the world by Magellan and the rounding of Africa by the Portuguese discoverer Diaz.

It is important to note, however, that all these were attempts to find a substitute for the Dardanelles and not a solution of the problem. With the capture of this vital spot by the Turks, the modern part of the strange and varied history of the straits begins. The great question of many thousand years remains to be answered: Who will be the door man at the Gateway of the World?

European powers were not content to let Turkey have control without a struggle. It became the traditional policy of Russia to gain control over this crucial waterway and in the Crimean war the jealousy of European powers prevented her from doing it, the rest of Europe realizing that with the straits in her control Russia would specially become the dominant power.

During the Balkan war the jealousy of the powers produced the same result; each power was unwilling that the other have it because of its importance and so it fell back into the arms of the Turks.

It is believed that the World War was fought virtually for the reason that Germany, by diplomatic means and by the construction of the Berlin-Bagdad railroad, was putting herself in a position where she could control the Dardanelles. It was to stop her in this ambition that the war was fought, according to many authorities.

Finally after the war was over and Turkey and her allies were conquered it appeared that the problem was on the way to settlement. By the treaty of Sevres the city of Constantinople was put under international control, the straits were internationalized and the country around them was marked off as a neutral zone.

Envoys of the Sultan signed the treaty, but it was never ratified, and soon the Turkish nationalists started on their rampage and the chances of the treaty ever being signed evaporated.

In addition to the historical, political and economic importance of the straits they are also of note in romance. So well were they regarded that the Greeks gave them a particular deity, a nymph who was beloved of the Sea God and was changed into the reeds that grow in the coves along the shores.

There is a myth describing the way the Straits came about. It was supposed that once the straits did not exist, but there was a stretch of land there uniting Asia Minor and Europe. This stretch of land remained under the power of one king until it fell to two sons. The country was then divided between them. One of the sons was a mild man and willing to live on terms of love and friendship with the other. This one had the European part.

The other who had the part in Asia Minor was ambitious and eager to conquer the land held by his brother. Being of a more warlike nature, it was likely that he would succeed when the weaker brother prayed to the gods for help. His prayer was heard and when the army of his brother appeared they were astonished to find a deep and unfathomable body of water protecting his brother's domains. In this way was Europe and Asia severed.

But the most beautiful romance of all in which the Dardanelles figure is the immortal story of Hero and Leander. Hero was a priestess of Aphrodite and had charge of a tower on the Asiatic shore. Leander, who was her beloved, lived on the opposite shore.

Every night Hero lit a light in the tower and by its guidance Leander swam across the straits to his beloved. One night, however, a storm blew out the light and in the darkness Leander lost his way and was drowned.

The next morning his body was washed on the shore and Hero, overcome, threw herself into the water.

This story forms the theme of many of the world's greatest poems and the extraordinary fact about it is that it is true. In modern times, Lord Byron, to emulate the swimming prowess of Leander, also swam across the Straits. It is a feat attempted every now and then by ambitious swimmers. The width does not count so much as the force of the current which pushes through the narrow passage almost overpoweringly strong.

dictator Sulla, to consent to the neutralization of the Straits, the very thing demanded today.

The downfall of Mithridates, at the hands of Pompey, one of the greatest of all the famous Roman generals, ended the hope of neutralization of the straits.

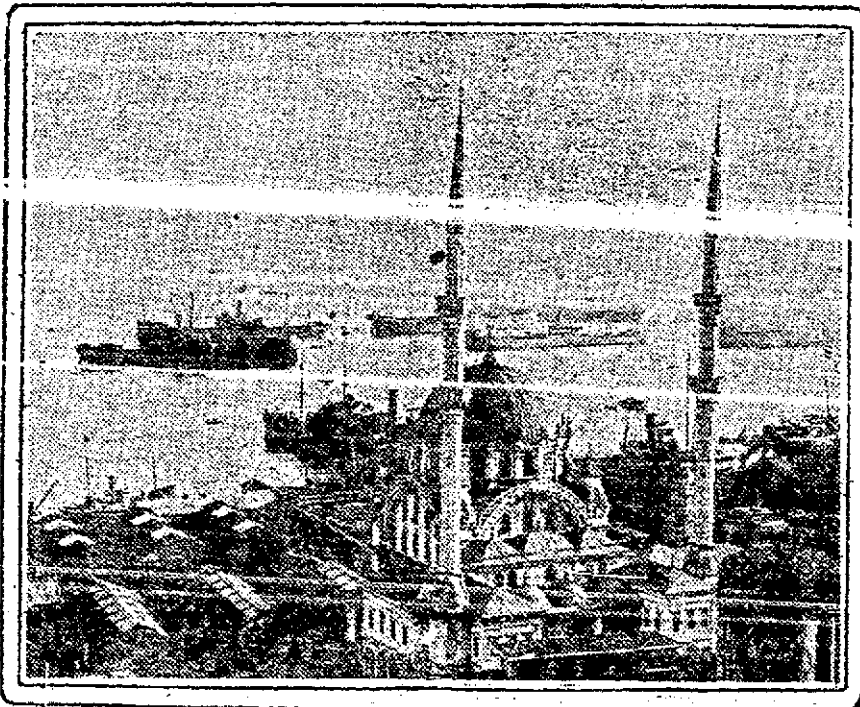
Throughout the rest of the history of the Roman empire it became the great task of the Roman armies to keep the passage safe. This culminated when, after the Roman Empire became so huge that Rome seemed to be one of its remote corners under the Emperor Constantine the Great, the city of Constantinople, then a little fortified town, was built into the greatest city of the ancient world, Constantinople, and displaced Rome as the capital of the Roman Empire.

That was in the year 329 A. D. and from that time until 1455 it was the center of the ancient world.

To defend it the Roman empire, about a hundred and fifty years later, sacrificed Rome itself, and its safeguarding kept Europe for civilization, for without it there is no doubt that the Asiatic invasions which broke in upon Europe would have made Europe politically what it is geographically, a peninsula of Asia.

Then in 1455 the Turks seized Constantinople and brought to an end the mighty Roman empire.

Few people realize it, but it was the capture of Constantinople, and the attainment of the control of

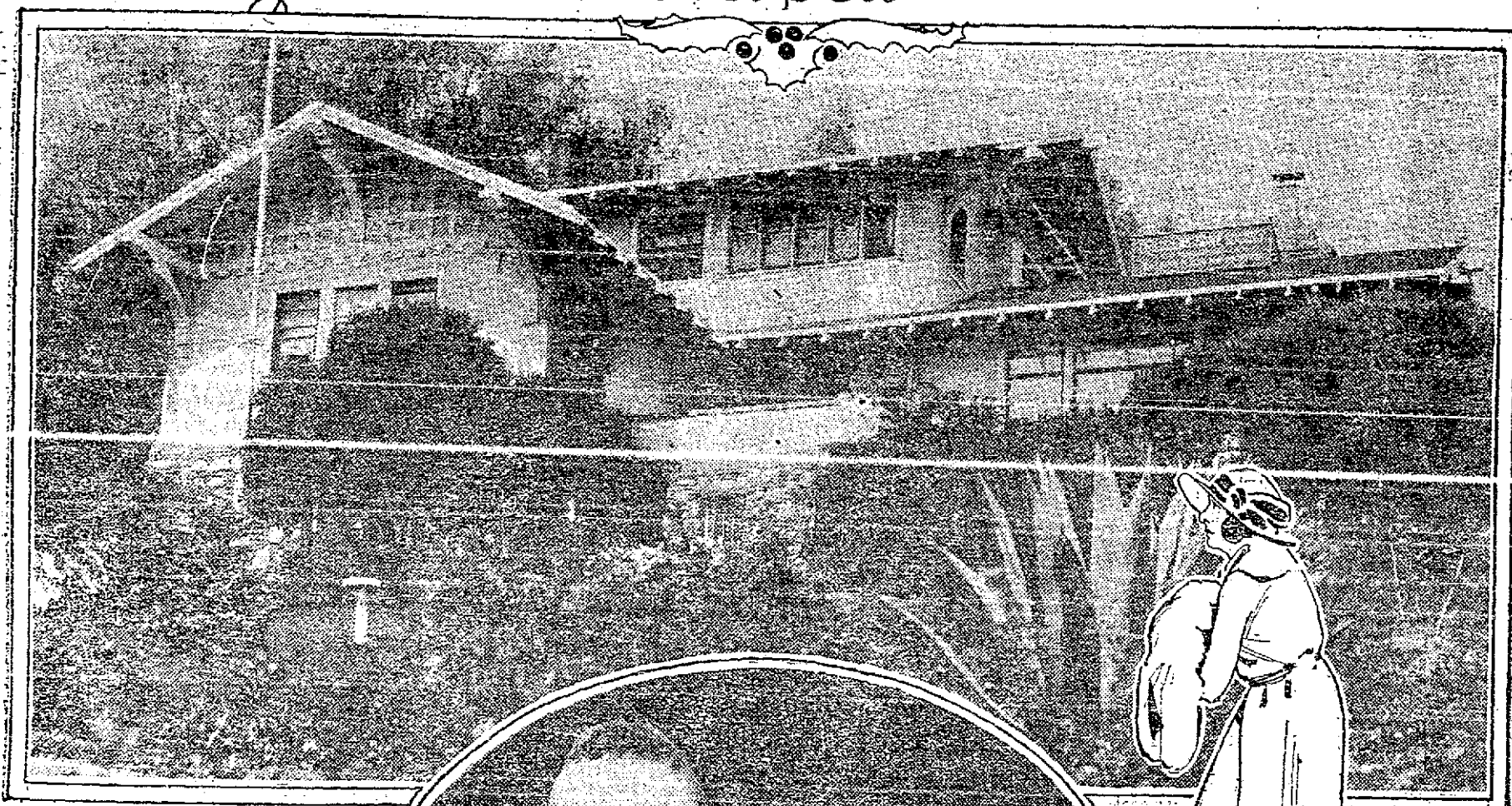


OAKLAND TRIBUNE MAGAZINE and FICTION SECTION

Sunday, December 24, 1922

A Christmas Babe in Oakland

By Geo. C. Henderson



Old Santa Claus Delivers Mite of Humanity At Oakland Home; One of Many Tiny Castaways

IT was Christmas Eve. A young mother with a babe clasped in her arms walked slowly up the sixty-sixth avenue hill. From the houses along the avenue came the sound of laughter; of childish prattling. Through the windows the girl mother saw gayly festooned trees, drooping under the weight of ornaments and gifts.

She turned away her tear-filled eyes and gazed at the top of the long, steep hill. She must climb up there. At the top was a home for abandoned babes, nestled among eucalyptus and fruit trees.

After a toilsome ascent, she stopped at the summit and slumped down on a cement wall to rest. Below her lay a panorama of unparalleled beauty, the twinkling lights of the Eastbay cities, serene on Christmas eve.

But only misery glowed in response from the eyes of this unnamed woman.

It was but a few steps now to the entrance to this house of refuge of the Children's Home Society. Yet she hesitated. She looked down at the pink face of the baby and tears came afresh.

Slowly she moved so that she could look up into the big windows of the Home. Here also Christmas cheer prevailed. Before the glowing fireplace stood an evergreen tree, colorful with ornaments. Perhaps her baby might be happy in there.

With her mouth set in a determined line, she walked quickly to the door and rang the bell. She kissed the child passionately while waiting for a response to her knock. When a well-dressed nurse appeared she thrust the little bundle through the door as if afraid that she would relent at the last moment in her stern purpose.

"I want you to take my baby," she said, in a low voice. "Won't you come in?" the nurse invited.

The girl entered and sat down in a chair in the big reception room, through the windows of which she could see Oakland spreading below her down to the Estuary shores.

"Why do you wish to part with your child?" asked the nurse, kindly. She knew the answer to her question before she asked it. The girl was not more than 16 years old, slight, brown-eyed, quivery mouthed.

All too many like this had climbed the long hill with bundles in their arms. Of the sixty waifs that had been placed in respectable Eastbay homes for adoption in two years, by far the greater number were the abandoned babes of just such school girls as this.

Sometimes the pinched faced mothers did not climb the hill, but sent their babies to the big house from maternity homes. But the story was always the same.

"I am going to school," said the girl. Her lips began to tremble and she closed her eyes for a minute to keep back the tears.

"I love my baby, but Edward has gone—he never will come back after this—he lied to me. My baby girl—I can't keep her."

The nurse took the child from the mother's limp arms and rocked it back and forth, crooning to it.

"We will take the child temporarily. In the meantime you must furnish us with all the information concerning its parentage and after our agent has investigated, we will then tell you whether we will accept it permanently or not."

The girl mother kissed the baby again, then ran to the door, leaned against it for a second to recover herself, and disappeared into the night. The nurse watched her as she picked her way down the hill.

The report of the "visitor" (or investigator) on the case was terse and to the point. The girl was the only daughter of Oakland parents. The youth, who had fled, was a window decorator. The child had been born in an Oakland hospital and was apparently normal. The mother showed a negative Wasserman.

So far as the "visitor" could determine the child was suitable for adoption. An examination by Dr. W. A. Wood and Dr. A. A. Bird of the medical staff of the Home bore out this conclusion.

In the meantime the college girl's baby had been installed in the nursery of the home, a clean,

pleasant, well-ventilated place presided over by a graduate nurse, Mrs. Maria Van Booth. Here it was fed with milk prepared according to a formula devised by Dr. Wood for its particular case, was bathed, weighed and examined daily.

It was in this place that a wealthy professional man and his wife saw the child cuddled down in the white blankets of the crib, gurgling at the intruders in pure delight, oblivious to the malign circumstances of its birth. There were other babies there, all of them pretty and clean, but the professional man and his wife, both middle aged, were much taken with the offspring of the girl mother.

"He is the very image of our own boy at this age," said the woman. "We will adopt this child."

The agents and doctors of the Home having decided that the youngster was not diseased and was fit for adoption, the couple found no difficulty in taking the babe. The professional man filled out an application blank, gave the four references required and submitted to a financial and personal investigation at the hands of the "visitors" of the home. The "visitor" made a favorable report, an application was approved by the "case" committee and the State Superintendent and the applicants were then notified to call for the child.

"Of course you understand," said Mrs. Ward, the visitor, "that you cannot legally complete the adoption for six months. During this probationary period the 'visitor' reserves the right to call on you and if conditions are not right, to take back the child. At the end of six months the attorney for the Children's Home will appear with you before the Superior Court and handle the legal matters connected with the adoption for you."

As the baby grew older and de-

Children's Home
Society Building,
and a Bunch of
Babies Recently
Photographed at
the Home

Tragedy and Pathos in Local Institution of Mercy; How One Child Found a Real Haven

veloped it became more and more the image of their son Edward. But the old couple never knew that they had really adopted their own grandchild—that the waif they had picked up in the nursery of the Children's Home had been abandoned by its father, their son, and had been carried to that refuge by the girl mother.

The Children's Home Society, despite the tragedies witnessed there each week, is a place of cheer rather than of gloom. The laughter of boys and girls, the animated conversation of the little fellows returning from school, the "ba ba" of the goats on the hillside, the sweet smell of flowers and the odor of tar weed blowing off the dry hills produce a cheerful atmosphere.

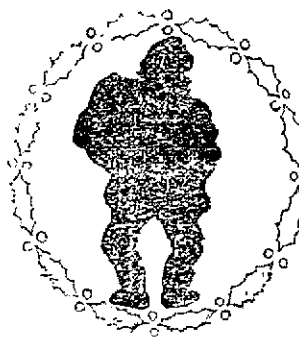
The Home at the top of 66th avenue is the Northern California headquarters of the Children's Home Society of the state. A larger institution belonging to the same organization is located at 215 E. 25th street, Los Angeles. This society first started work in California thirty years ago. The Oakland home is the former residence of Chauncey W. Gibson, millionaire landowner, who donated it to the cause two years ago.

More than 200 applications are now on file from people who desire to adopt children. The greater number of these have been made in the South.

In placing children in homes, every effort is made to install brothers and sisters in one home, so as not to break up the family. Quite often this is impossible, however, and a sister goes to one place while a brother is taken into another home.

A Bow-Legged Santa Claus

by Frank R. Morrissey



There Was Something in the Girl's Eyes That Lin Could Not Forget, Especially at Holiday Time

A Story of the California Cow Country and the Yuletide Spirit; How a Youth Found Romance

Snow lay deep in the foothills, filling the shallow coulees to deceptive smoothness and rounding plumply the sharp outlines of jagged rocks. Red Rock groaned under weighted roofs. The trample of many hoofs had beaten down the drifts before the Silver Dollar saloon, the O. K. Resturaw and the New York store.

There was the muffled sound of approaching horsemen. Pursued by falling dusk and eager to reach the haven in which lights were glowing, four riders rode out of the south. Their horses were impatiently urged abreast where the trail was narrowest. Straight for the hitching rail before the most brightly lighted building they galloped and dismounted with yelps of glee that drew not even casual looks from pedestrians beyond the snow barriers.

Out of the northwest the wind, chilled by miles of snowclad waste, swept with crowing fury. But Red Rock, clad to the eyes for winter, heeded not the threatening gusts of the Storm King. Its thoughts intent upon the coming of another day, for this was Christmas eve, and Red Rock, in common with more effete communities, was doing its shopping hurriedly at the eleventh hour. Holly wreaths, brought from where no one seemed to wonder, shone green and red in frosty windows. Crowded stores were reaping their harvest of the Yuletide spirit.

Out of the saddles almost before their horses had recovered, each of the four sought to outstrip the others with reins wrapped about the hitching rack and saddle girths loosened in preparation for more than a passing halt. Three horses stood quietly, but the fourth snorted and slid away until the man, clinging with numb fingers at scabbard and reins, was moved to reach more for comfort than sport. When, with a final tug, he loosed the cinch and looked up his eyes fell upon the face of a woman, all clad against the winter in cheap cotton and with a grey sawl over her head.

For an instant recognition lighted his eyes, only to die as the shadow was pulled almost rudely over the woman's face as she turned her head away.

For a moment his eyes followed her, until she turned into one of the meaner stores. Then, recollection that his friends must be waiting drove him between the swinging doors through which lights, laughter and the odor of Christmas floated.

Three faces gleaming jocular impudence greeted him.

"That hit the boss of your needs, Josephine," Lin, drawled one. "I'd comb him down with a spur if he was mine." "We thought you stopped for a drink of water," bantered another. "Naw," spoke the third. "Lin seen a friend an' stopped to talk," hulk thinking how close to the mark his shot had been.

"Don't all this speechmakin' make you dizzy?" asked Lin. "Seems to me we're wastin' a lot of opportunity after ridin' forty miles of snow trail; I know what I need most," and he slapped a gold piece before the white-coated, smooth-skinned, sleek-haired man who stood patiently waiting the pleasure of the four.

"Lin's right," said the man at his elbow. "The boss of your needs is a good one." Silence ensued while four pairs of eyes thirstily watched skillful hands fit two pairs of what might have passed for shaving mugs, then "Here's how," said Lin and three grins answered him.

Looking over the rim of his cup into the mirror before him, Lin's eyes encountered his own and something in his glance reminded him of that pair of eyes that startled him as he finished with his shave.

"I could a swore it was Jenny Mitchell," said Lin to himself, "but why did she look away like that? It's not I ain't handsome, but I ain't so used to look at as all that. And she couldn't feel shy with me because she turned me down an' run away with that tinhorn from Crow River."

And Lin's thoughts drifted away from his present occupation into



other years to such a degree that it required a vigorous punch in the ribs to bring him back.

Again his own eyes in the mirror led Lin's thoughts astray. Into his mind came the picture of himself and a girl riding through miles of sweet sage and over low foothills into Feather Canyon, the picnic ground of the Sweetwater ranch. The narrowing trail had crowded their horses together and he had ventured to touch her hand, at which she smiled.

Shy with women, Lin's heart turned over even now at the recollection. They had found a spot to halt and eat their lunch. Again, while she was helping Lin to make the fire for their coffee, he had touched her hand and once more she smiled. It was after they had eaten, Lin remembered, and she was sitting with her hands behind her, that he had ventured, with studied casualness, to imitate her posture and place his right hand over her left.

"I never seen soft drink do that to him before," said Slim Holcomb.

slopped pale liquid over the bar. "What's the matter, Lin? Meditating on yore misspelt life? Do you always get that way at Christmas?"

Jarred back from spring time and Feather Canyon to winter and Red Rock, Lin grinned feebly, his ready tongue at loss for repartee.

"Let's have another," he suggested to cover his embarrassment.

"What an original thought," jeered Frosty Franklin. "We been urg'in' you to do that for ten minutes an' all you did was to look at that homely mug of yours in the glass, which it's a wonder it ain't broke it long ago."

Forty miles horseback in zero weather to spend Christmas in town mustn't be wasted, Lin told himself. He'd think about Jenny Mitchell when he had more time,

he resolved, but here it was almost supper time and he'd bought only once.

Twice more he quaffed Christmas cheer with his friends and twice, as he looked into the glass, put resolution resolutely from him. The third time memory almost triumphed, but was routed by Charley Langham's suggestion, "Well, I'm goin' over to the O. K. and git some tailor-made grub before I flood myself so I can't enjoy them fancy eats we been talkin' about all the way in."

So to the O. K. Resturaw the quartet proceeded, to spend precious moments squabbling over the menu and end in appealing to the waitress to "Bring us the fanciest grub you got; we don't aim to spend our time in no free library readin' French cuss words. We got to celebrate Christmas."

Warm food brought relaxation of mind and body and Lin found himself alternately answering his companions' jibes at his absent-mindedness and journeying further into memory with Jenny Mitchell. She had smiled at him again when he laid his hand over hers and, with lessening shyness, his arm stole about her. He had never kissed a girl before he kissed Jenny, he remembered, for he did not count those times when, at the risk of scratched or stinging cheek he had roughly embraced the new cook at the ranch house or a coquette from a neighboring ranch at a dance. They had ridden home in that bliss that only follows the first declaration and acknowledgment of young love and for six months Lin had saved his pay and his skillful winnings at poker in preparation for matrimony.

Then Jim Hargiss, gambler, man of the world, raucy dresser, driven out of Crow Butte for some irregularity at cards, had paused at the ranch in his search for new fields for his talents, and Jenny, with some feminine perversity, coquetted with him until Lin presumed to protest. That had been their first, and only, quarrel. He had stamped to the corral, saddled a horse and ridden off to town, to get notoriously drunk and try to whip Bill Sanderson, the stalwart marshal of Dry Wells.

"Nothin' but a bow-legged cow-puncher," Jenny had called him in the heat of acrimony, and when the liquor had cleared from his head the phrase stuck and had been a barrier to peace and an understanding. He sent to the C-L ranch for his clothes and never went back. Weeks later, over on Wind River, a wandering friend brought him word that Jenny had run away with Jim Hargiss.

"Guess she was right, after all," mused Jim aloud, thinking of his parenthetical extremities.

Quick to catch the hint of his preoccupation, his fellow diners inundated him with scorn. "Knew it was a woman," said Frosty.

"What beats me," said Charley. "Is how he seen her so soon. He ain't been alone since we left the ranch only that minute he was wranglin' his hoss in front of the Silver Dollar. How about it, Lin? Who is she?"

What was there in memory or of innate chivalry that sealed Lin's? Jenny Mitchell was nothing to him now, he assured himself, yet he could not speak of her even to

"Go on, yap some more, you precatin' calf wranglers," he growled in pretended wrath. "I'm goin' to put up my hoss an' git ready for a pleasant evenin'," and rising he paid the whole bill before stepping into the night.

Outside his good intention rode with him as far as the stables of the Alamo Hotel. Turning away from providing his horse with unusual protection as a measure of his Christmas spirit, his thoughts returned to that chance meeting of eyes.

Lin was no student of psychology, no delver into the occult, to wonder if there might be more than memory constantly dragging at his mind and urging him to think of Jenny Mitchell. He was, however, given to action, and before he had reached the Silver Dollar, where it was tacitly under-

stood the four were to meet again, he made up his mind to know definitely whether it was the real Jenny or only a likeness he had encountered.

Straight to the store he had seen the woman enter he went and asked gruffly, "Know anybody in town named Hargiss?"

"There's a Mrs. Hargiss lives in that old log cabin, the last house out of town on the Dillon road," the proprietor declared. Lin was not surprised, he told himself. "Was she in here a while back?" he asked. "Yes, she was. Wanted some more grub on tick. She didn't get it, though," the storekeeper concluded with thrifty complacency. "I bin feedin' her ever since Windriver Smith shot her worthless husband and I'm tired of it." "Yore a hell of a Christian on Christmas Eve," snapped Lin from the door.

Down the road toward Dillon Lin fought the wind that was now driving snow before it in a growing cloud, whipping his fur overcoat about his legs so he could hardly walk. The sidewalks ended before he reached the house he sought, and Lin took to the road, stumbling over the rough places in his high-heeled boots, half falling, through the drifts until he made out ahead the dark bulk of a cabin from which there came no light.

Wading through the snow, Lin sought a window. The place was dark, but he could hear a woman's voice singing. Through another window he could make out, by the dim glow of the fire in the stove, the woman he had seen on the street, but still still about her, and a child in her arms to whom she was crooning a lullaby.

"But, mother," protested the little one, "I can't go to sleep. I'm so hungry. And I didn't hang up my stockings. Santa Claus won't know a little boy lives here if I don't. Will he?"

"Mother's sorry you're hungry tonight, son," she answered, "but tomorrow we'll have a big dinner, maybe. And I'm afraid Santa isn't coming tonight. He don't come to people as poor as we are, dear," and a half-sob choked her voice. "Won't he even bring something to little sister?" the boy persisted, but there was no answer.

Red Rock was in the last throes of its Christmas buying when Lin pushed through the thronged doorway of the New York Store into the superheated atmosphere of good will toward men.

"You just wind it up like this," a salesgirl was explaining a mechanical train, when Lin cut in abruptly, "I'll take that one," thereby affronting Red Rock's most prominent and penurious citizen seeking something cheap for a grandson.

From trains Lin passed to a sturdy fire engine, its wheels gleaming gold and drawn by three horses at full gallop, one of them a most unbelievable yellow. Drums intrigued him next, none but the largest meeting his critical approval, and from there Lin's emotions carried him through the gamut of suppressed desires until he forgot the years since his childhood and bought with an abandon to be equaled only by a sailor ashore.

York Store's toy department, leaving desolation for other shoppers in his wake, before he remembered the other sex, whereupon he retraced his steps with equal lavishness that cut its swath from dolls and toy dishes to tiny beds and cuggies.

Having exhausted his ingenuity in toyland, Lin turned to more practical things. Across the street, dimly through the swirling snow, hung the silhouette of a huge turkey, black upon the thick frost of the butcher's window. Leaving money to pay doubly for his toys, Lin burst abruptly into the market with an order to "Wrap it up," and with the bird's head dangling limply from beneath his arm, turned away to where barrels of

(Continued on Page Thirteen)

Where the Toys Are Made

By Anna Rudon



Above is Miss Dora Forster and some of the toys she has made out of old metal. Below is a Russian noblewoman selling hand-carved toys made by refugees. At bottom of page are students of Clawson school in Oakland and toys they made.

very popular for it seems that the child expects a world of marvels anyway and is not worried over the strange character of the toys which Santa brings.

When it comes to sheer charm, the work of the Russian refugees in this country of which there are a larger number than most people are aware, take the prize. Brilliant coloring is the chief element in the charm of their work, and they have that God given capacity of splashing masses of color all over in a wild profusion without giving an effect of cheapness or tawdriness. Their work is brilliant but not loud or clashing and there is a character about the toys that makes them have that something which distinguishes pieces of art.

Men and women both are at work in producing these toys. They do the work at home, and the toys are sold at bazaars, at the theatres where their unique plays are making hits, and in the drop of Russian restaurants that have arisen in all the large cities. The

European Refugees In America Are Turning Out Cubist Novelties and New Style of Toys

become experts in metal work; one will be able to make toy horses and riders with remarkable spirit, another will be at his best in fashioning tiny furniture for dolls houses, and furnishing the appointments of toy halls and other rooms.

There are quite a number of soldier manned toy shops. Toymaking is such a cheerful occupation, and that kind of work in itself seems so wonderfully adapted to the needs that are at the very core of the human heart, that while it keeps the hands busy, and pro-

Not Only School Children of Oakland, But Greenwich Village Has Also Turned to Old Industry

THIS Yuletide will be a record-breaker in the nature of the toys that fill the Christmas stockings of young America. Time was when most toys were machine made. But now has come the era of the hand-made toys, as never before have so many skillful hands been at work making toys in America of the oddest shapes and the most gorgeous colors, in many cases after the designs of real artists.

Not only are Greenwich Village artists in New York turning to the old industry of toy-making, but Oakland school children are doing likewise. A sale of toys made by the students of the Clawson Junior High School the other day revealed an astonishing variety of Oakland-made toys.

Russian refugees, the old men's toy shop in New York and the shops in which disabled soldiers are working besides toy makers in unexpected quarters have more than done their share in the output of unique and individual hand-made playthings.

So startling is the change in playthings for the kiddies that by some it is regarded as of more than ordinary significance a departure that will bring us back to the good old days of the handicrafts of the past, or the good new days of the future, depending upon the way you prefer to look upon it.

In many cases the toys have been carved by artists, or after designs by artists, and in a still greater extent they have been made by amateurs who under the stress of unusual circumstances have been turned into a body of toy craftsmen of the highest skill and fancy.

Those who are making these new toys are of the most unexpected types of people. Among them are Russian refugees, Greenwich Village, New York artists, who suddenly decide that while great art is the thing, it is only possible to live by the production of fanciful toys, like the people who have decided that the only theatrical art that deserves consideration is that of the Punch and Judy show individuals here and there.

Perhaps among the most interesting of the individual toymakers is Miss Dora Forster of New York, who is becoming a very competent assistant to Santa Claus and a figure dear to the heart of children all over the country.

She became by trade a jewelry worker, and her flexible fingers and her ability to make things artistically brought her renown in this field.

Sometimes when evenings dragged she took to making things around the house. Gradually she ity of her leisure. Her materials she decided, were to be of the simplest. She made use therefore of all the metal that is wasted in the ordinary course of household activities, tin cans, metal bottle tops, sardine boxes, wooden containers of various sorts, and the almost unthinkable number of metal pieces that come and go in the household.

Out of these things she began to make the strangest and oddest of toys, remarkable miniature models of the engines and conveyances of our civilization. Unique locomotives, steam rollers, automobiles, wagons, elevators, alarm clocks, etc., are the things that



came out of her little home workshop, and the very little bit of material that has gone into the making of them has come so to speak from the junk pile.

Yet her toys created a sensation and have been used as models by many other toy makers.

Similar to Miss Forster, in the fact that they work for Santa Claus individually and from artistic motives are a number of artists too numerous to mention one by one who come from the garrets of Greenwich Village, New York's Latin Quarter, and who, both to make a living and to put out their ideas of new art, have taken to making toys. As might be expected, their conception of toys are somewhat different from those of Miss Forster, or anybody else for that matter.

Her playthings run to all manner of oddities in shape and coloring. Some of the toys are all legs, some all head, some cubical and geometrical in pattern and all in the most fantastic colors. Blue faces are to be seen with green eyes, and absolutely white lips as their ideas or proper features for doll faces. Somehow these toys are

salesladies are generally beautiful Russian girls, whom one discovers with a gasp was once a princess or a member of the nobility. With a perfect tact that shows what Russia lost, when they were driven away, they have adapted themselves to their new situation.

More interesting perhaps than any of these are the handmade toys that are coming out of the shops where old people and disabled soldiers are the craftsmen.

Colorful are the tales these old people relate, of days in piloting a sailing vessel, or singing in opera, or barnstorming, and a myriad of other activities. And now, but for some easy work such as they are offered in this shop, they would have to beg—a heart breaking humiliation for many proud-spirited souls—or become inmates of an almshouse, wherein the community pays all the expenses and the inmate sits in the sun against a friendly wall, contributing naught to shop or business or his own life.

These aged workers even learn to specialize. Some of them become experts in carving in wood, others

vides remarkable toys for young America it is better than any medicine for the still wounded spirits of these men.

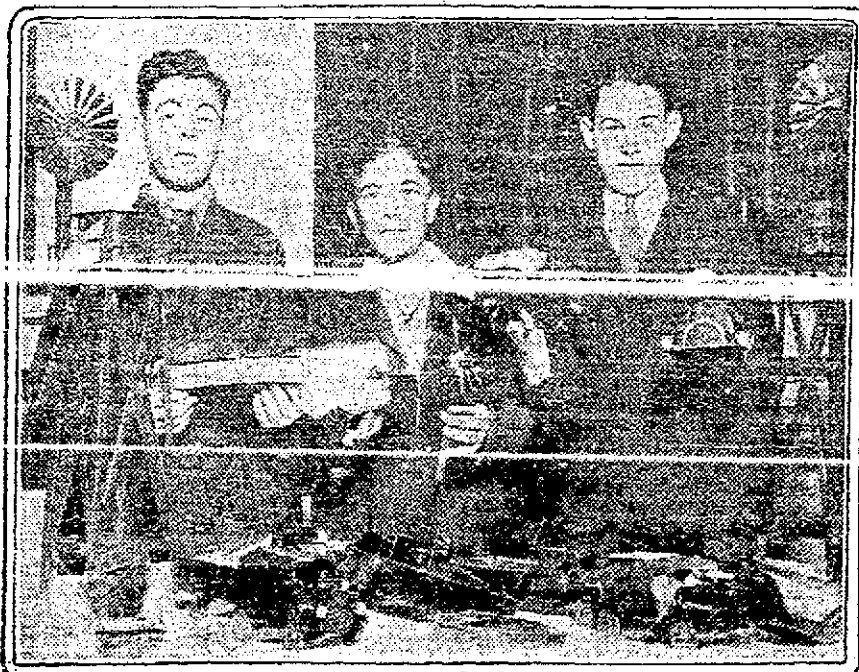
Many of these shops are located in special rooms in the hospitals where a large proportion of the inmates are veterans. Others are in special shops to which the soldiers come daily as to their daily work. One of them called "The Dug-out," in New York, was obliged to move into larger quarters, and even then was so beset by veterans eager for a chance to sit down at a work bench that the management had to make a system whereby the men occupied the benches by relays. Some remain seated on the steps of the staircases and lean back against the walls in the hallway still busy at some favorite task, even though their bench seats have been taken.

A glimpse into one of these workshops reveals a radiant and wonderful spirit. In fact the true spirit of the Christmas season. Never does one see a complaining face, and never, no matter how injured in body or spirit they are, is there a hint of a failure to carry on, or a surrender to weak emotions. They hum at their work, jolly their buddies, pass snatches of comment at the goings on in the democracy they fought for.

The tables are covered with materials. The smell of glue pervades the room adding its odor to that of the fresh paints which are used to brighten the finished toys. Most of the pieces made up are of wood. While there are definite patterns which the men use in making the toys, every day has its adventure

and originality in toymaking and the stimulus it gives to the creative instinct make the day go

It would seem that soldiers and soldier things would be the greater part of the articles manufactured there but the contrary is true. While there are numbers of wooden soldiers, cannons, and other military pieces, the majority of the articles made are things that belong to peace rather than to war. Animals of wood such as would have made Noah jealous, boats, household articles, fantastic creatures and all that goes in the imaginative nursery world.



The Night Before Christmas

Just One Hundred Years Ago Dr. Clement Moore Wrote Famous Poem of the World of Childhood

THIS Christmas marks the first centenary of the famous Christmas poem, "A Visit From St. Nicholas," but better known by its first line, "Twas the Night Before Christmas."

This remarkable composition, which has become the Christmas poem in America and other lands, has had a unique and interesting history, since the time when its author, Dr. Clement Clarke Moore, composed it as a little family diversion little dreaming that it would become one of the immortal poems of the world.

Exactly one hundred years ago, on the evening of December 23, 1822, a man was seated in a dwelling in New York that is today a plumber's shop, but was then a colonial mansion, bent over a table, and composing a poem. The idea of the poem had come to him while he had been down to the market to purchase a gift turkey. On the way back, with the weight of the Christmas bird on his arms, the lines began drumming in his head and he found that the poem was shaping itself to the very rhythm of his footsteps.

Once home, he seated himself to write. Never had a poem come so lightly, so perfectly inspired. How poets compose their poems is a mystery to most humdrum souls who have turned away from the ambition of becoming great authors. But the poem that was written then was certainly not composed with any fine frenzy or nail-biting torments as masterpieces are supposed to be.

It was written down calmly. When the author read it over he had good reasons to nod his head in an approving manner, as it is chronicled he did, for the poem was "A Visit From St. Nicholas" or, as it is better known by its first line, "Twas the Night Before Christmas."

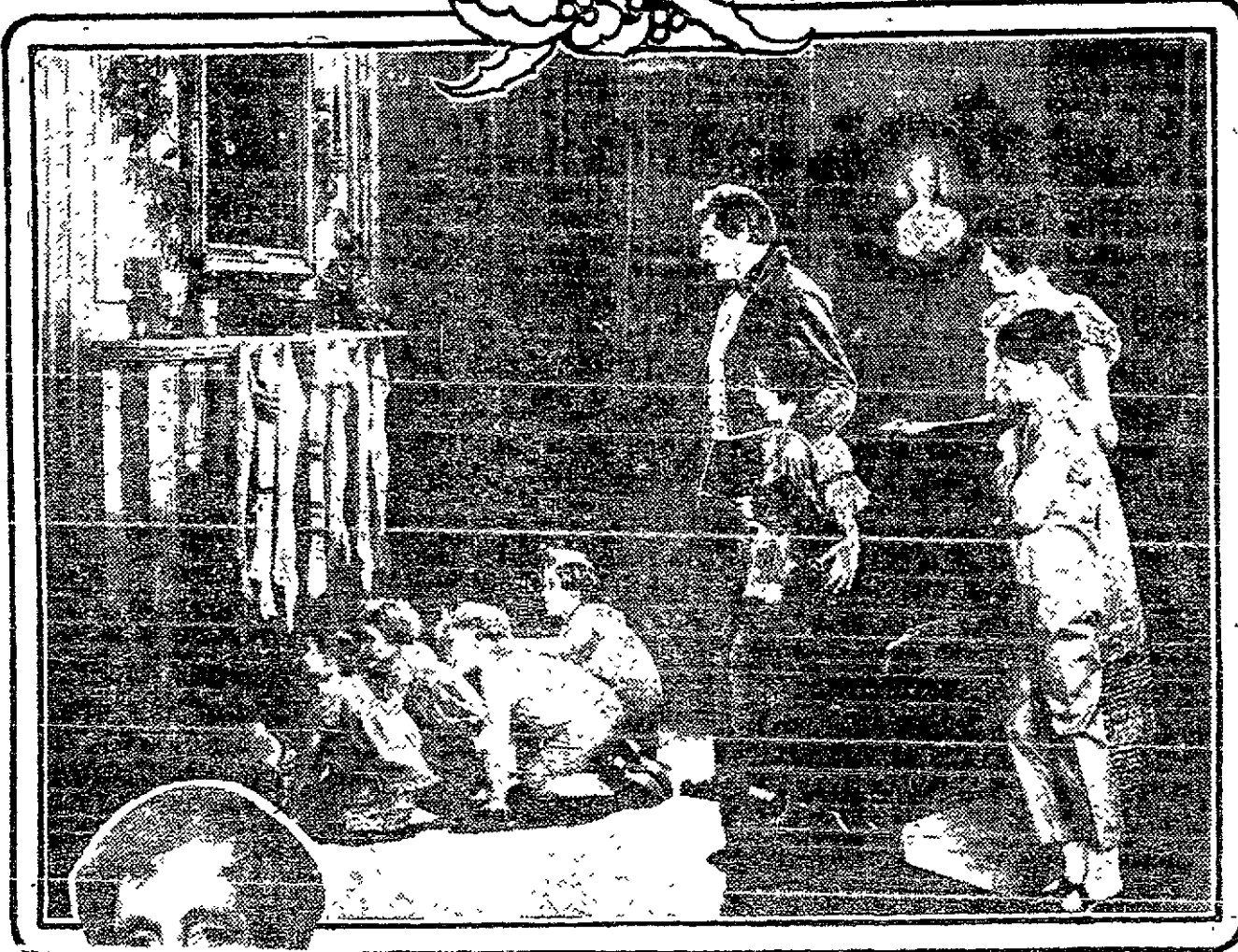
The next day he promised the children in the household a special Christmas Eve treat. He did not mean it to be more than a poem for his own family. He did not dream that it was to become the classic Christmas poem in the English language, and that not only the children in his household, but in millions of households throughout the land, and through the mounting decades of a century would hear it and thrill to it just as the original he did.

For while it may not be mentioned in the histories of English literature, nor be included in anthologies of what poets consider the world's best poems, it has become a fixture in the heart of the world. It is here this Christmas to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of its birth, and it has not aged a day, but if possible has grown younger. And its venerable years seem to be numbered only by the duration of Christmas itself. When the world is ready to give up this most beautiful of its festivals, then perhaps the poem will be ready for oblivion.

On that historic Christmas Eve in 1822 the author, Dr. Clement Clarke Moore assembled his little audience and began to read to them the famous poem. He had been known for his ability to tell stories and they looked for something unusual from him for this special occasion. They were not disappointed. Clearing his throat in true story-teller fashion, he began:

"Twas the night before Christmas
When all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not
even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the
chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon
would be there.
The children were nestled all snug
in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums
danced through their heads,
And mama in her kerchief and I in
my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a
long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose
A sound from my bed to see what
was the matter.
Away to the window I fled like a
flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw
up the sash,
The moon on the breast of the new
fallen snow
Gave the luster of midday to ob-
jects below.
When what to my wondering eyes
should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight
tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively
and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be
Saint Nick."

The rest of the story is known to



A reconstruction of the first "Night Before Christmas" celebration. Since the writing of his famous verses, Dr. Moore has made possible countless scenes like this every year. Below is photo of Dr. Moore, the author.

everybody, how Santa Claus spoke to his eight reindeer steeds, Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donner and Blitzen; how he landed them on the roof and came down through the chimney to go about his job of filling stockings with Christmas toys.

There were seven besides Dr. and Mrs. Moore and a visitor, Miss Butler of Troy, N. Y., who was to play a vital part in the story of the poem, to listen to the first reading of this wonderful old Christmas poem. They were the six children of the family and the dog "Lassie," for whom a Christmas stocking hung with the others over the candlelit fireplace, soon to be filled with a bright new leash and a ball for teasing and chasing around.

It was a beautiful Christmas idyll. With a household like that and six little ones to beguile with real Christmas tidings from Santa Claus, it is no wonder that Dr. Moore found so perfectly the absolutely right expression for the Christmas spirit that shines in his poem and which he picked, it might be said, from his own hearth.

It was fortunate that Miss Butler, the young visitor from Troy, was there. Dr. Moore had only intended his lines for the diversion of his family. He had not meant it to be a serious Christmas effort and he could not understand Miss Butler's enthusiasm for it. Nevertheless she declared that it was an ideal Christmas poem full of joy and pleasure of the season and different from the solemn and sentimental verses previously published for the occasion.

That she was right time has proved in its own startling way. It has become from its birth a hundred years ago THE Christmas poem for all time. While Dr. Moore forgot about it, Miss Butler memorized it and exactly one year

birthday party by being published, through the efforts of Miss Butler, in the Troy Sentinel.

The most surprised person of all that Christmas and those following was Dr. Moore himself who was utterly astonished by the extraordinary success of his composition, hailed all over the country and reprinted broadcast. Thinking little of it, this poem conceived without labor has outlived the more serious work for which at one time Dr. Moore was famous, for Dr. Moore was one of the greatest scholars in the New World at that time.

His ancestry went back before Revolutionary times, when an English officer arrived in the colonies to give them help in the French and Indian Wars. The English officer had liked the New World so much

that he had settled in the colonies. He took a place in New York, today one of the business districts, but then considered a suburb of the city, beyond what was then Greenwich Village, a real village and not the freak art colony it is today.

The home he built was left to his daughter, who married a clergyman, Rev. Moore. He became one of the most famous religious figures in the city and was the second Protestant Episcopal bishop of the diocese of New York and the third president of Columbia College.

The old mansion of the family was then perched on a hill. It was called "The Chelsea," which today is the name of the telephone exchange for that district. All around about were the farms of the descendants of the Dutch settlers, with whom the Moores were on the best of terms.

Dr. Clement Clark Moore, the author of the famous Christmas poem, was born in this delightful old mansion on the hill. He was an only child and his younger days were passed in the city when it was not dreamed of by anybody that the town was to become the world's biggest city. Among his playmates were the little Dutch children.

From them he learned the delightful legend of St. Nicholas, shortened by the chubby little Dutch mouths into Santa Claus. It became one of the favorite legends of his childhood as it has been in the childhood of the whole world. He learned, too, from them the Dutch exclamation Donner and Blitzen, which he made into the last two of the delightful names he gave to the reindeer steeds of Santa Claus.

The boy grew up and followed in the honored footsteps of his father. He received his education at Columbia, and later studied for the ministry. He never took orders, however, but devoted himself to the study of classical and Oriental literature, in which subjects he became an outstanding authority. He was appointed professor of Biblical learning at the General Theological Seminary in 1821, a year before he wrote his poems. He served there for over thirty years, winning for himself an enviable reputation as one of the great scholars of his time. He donated to the seminary the lands on which its buildings still stand near the site of Chelsea Manor itself.

Dr. Moore was the author of the Greek and Hebrew lexicons which he labored at this work with might and main and it played a great part in the advancement of American learning. In order to produce the books it was necessary to import the Hebrew characters from Philadelphia, for New York then had none of the resources that it has today, making it in many other ways than size the greatest city in the world. When his lexicons were published they were hailed as remarkable works and won great fame for him.

Dr. Moore himself regarded them as his lifework. They had taken up the greater part of his life and he felt that his fame would abide by them. But in the march of progress more modern works have supplanted his lexicons. They have

disappeared from sight, almost from memory, except that his other achievement has kept their memory somehow fresh. Today they are numbered among the rare books interesting only to collectors and not of much interest even to them.

By one of the ironies of fate that enliven existence, the work to which Dr. Moore gave his life would have availed little to keep his name imperishable. If it had depended only upon the lexicons Dr. Moore would long ago have been forgotten. It was the little-considered poem which celebrates its own centenary this year that has kept his memory there. While the lexicons have long ago passed out of circulation, there is hardly one of the several million readers that do not contain "Twas the Night Before Christmas," while millions of Christmas folders reproduce these immortal lines, but the greatest thing of all is that it is not so much in dead print that this poem lives as in the living mouths and minds of the millions of children all over the world. Perhaps Dr. Moore would not prefer any other immortality to this.

The house in which the poem was composed is gone. Not only the building itself has been torn down, but the very hill on which it stood has been leveled. There is nothing in the configuration of the ground in the neighborhood to indicate that there had ever been a hill there. In the swift rush of the business city that has transferred the face of the neighborhood and has obliterated all landmarks, this one has gone, too, one of the casualties in the onward drive of the city.

Gone also are the Dutch farms and the sturdy little Dutch children from whom Dr. Moore learned about Santa Claus. To tell anyone in the neighborhood that the district was once farm land is to invite ridicule. No one remembers that Chelsea Manor once stood here, where the poem he wrote has thrived to, was written a hundred years ago.

In place of the manor there is today a little plumber's store. Beside and behind it where once were the green grounds that Dr. Moore attended to himself, with beautiful flower beds, are business buildings. It stands a little off the northeast corner of the street, at Twenty-second street and Ninth avenue. In an elevated structure, along which the busy trains rumble at only too frequent intervals.

There is nothing about the little plumber's shop to indicate that this was the spot where the poem was written. The plumber who occupies the premises does not know anything about it. There is not even a placard to mark the place.

Dr. Moore died away from his house, at Newport, R. I., in 1863, at the ripe old age of 84. He was brought back to the city and his remains repose in Trinity Cemetery on Riverside Drive, where his grave has been an object of pilgrimage by those admirers of his who were aware that this Christmas will mark the hundredth anniversary of his famous poem.

Girls! Eat Christmas Goose

By Sterling Heilig

There's Something in the Goose That Gives the Glow of Health and Beauty, Declare Experts

Eat goose.

Eat goose at Christmas, to impress your mind.

Eat goose at New Year's, to begin the year right.

Eat turkey for sentiment.

Eat goose for your life!

HERE are some curious facts on the point of being given out by science. The Holiday Goose habit of old Europe has a foundation in dietary theory!

When sections of America created Apple Day, they knew well why they did it—to encourage the culture of a wholesome fruit that grows beside us, and particularly useful to refresh the people. But when old Europe (back in the mists of time) created Goose Week, nobody knew why they did it—they just ate goose and warmed up on its beneficent grease!

Now, some say that goose is greasy!

Here and there, in European cities (where the fashionables imitate America), there is a tendency to claim that "goose is greasy." But the sturdy masses who seldom call a doctor, yet live under handicaps that would drag down Americans, stick to the winter goose.

The legacy of old experience—

So, if you want to make a brilliant Christmas gift to the finest girl on earth, buy her a goose. Or take her to the restaurant and feed her roast goose. Buy a bottle of pure goose-grease, and pour some of it into her soup, before she goes skating. Aye, anoint her nose with the old panacea. With her tea, give her a slice of foie-gras. So shall she grow in beauty, strength and grace, and never snifle—Ah, goose, friend of man and pretty girls!

Look you, sixty Paris children of the working, clerking classes, lived most of their waking hours in what they call a creche—a kind of kindergarten where the little ones are cared for in a bunch, while mama earns a salary somewhere. Here, the kids get one good meal, daily, from the municipality. Well, when winter came on, last year, half the little ones were fed on goose confit (it is not dear) two times per week, and half were not. These latter suffered usual coughs, colds, running noses, quinsies, what do I know? But the thirty children who ate goose confit were fresh, blithe, sturdy, intact—like their little hankies, for they did not even need to blow their little noses!

I know a young married thing, so sylphlike she can dance till 3 A. M. on lettuce sandwich and a glass of champagne. She caught a cold in the head. And another. And another. Can you figure Meiseline blowing and blowing? "I shall kill myself," she said, "if this continues." It continued. So, a wise old friend, who respects the Past, revealed to her a secret which was not his own—he put her on goose. "It will make me fat!" she worried. She increased 7 pounds, on three goose meals per week. Then stopped increasing. She has not caught one first cold, since, to the present writing.

What is this occult bird—which Europe eats in Christmas week, as by a Pagan ceremony which has lost its meaning in the ages?

How does goose work?

Goose is, truly, fat. Goose warms up. When you eat goose, you are like the Eskimos when they eat tallow candles. If you are a furnace, goose is fuel. And, so, for No. 1.

No. 2 is like it. Goose fat is peculiar fuel. In some unknown way, it glows without heaviness. There is no acid. It heats, a pure stimulant. And No. 3 is more so. Goose builds tissues in a richer manner, needed in the winter. Goose in summer is nowise profitable. Yet more, they say, in analogy with divers vegetable and animal elements (whose why and wherefores are still guesswork), goose seems to "unlock" secretions of profound and sluggish glands, as with a key—the quantity required is, small, compared with the results obtained—too small to put it down to mere nutrition!

Half peasant France eats goose all winter—and the don't know why, any more than Paris. In particular, the country people of Au-



vergne, the Bourbon district, all the Pyrenees, and in between, with Dauphiny and other highland districts, eat goose confit (such as they gave the children in the creche, at Paris), confit de oie, canned goose. The peasants kill a lot of geese in autumn. They sell the down for quilts and pillows; sell the livers for foie-gras; sell the breasts for smoking; and then they pot down all the remainder of the carcass as "confit"—almost the most usual meat food of the south of France in winter; while the second-joints (and, sometimes, the "drumsticks"), equally preserved in grease, form an essential part of the famous Gascon garbure.

The confit is made by cutting the meat from the carcass, half cooking it, and then piling it into an earthenware pot, along with melted goose-grease—which fills up all empty spaces and seals the top with a thick layer of grease, which turns hard and white when it cools. All through autumn, winter and early spring, the peasants turn to the confit pot when other meat is lacking. In the kitchen, goose-grease replaces butter.

These people seem exempt from catching colds.

It is a goose land, down there—more so, even, than Alsace, whose Strasbourg pate-de-foie-gras, goodness knows, is famous! Every Paris restaurant features it, today. But, down there, in the city of Toulouse, the South of France sends more goose-livers and live birds to the foie-gras establishments, I think, than all Alsace. Phenomenally fat and heavy goose livers are exhibited in shop-windows. Around them rise piles of the oval earthenware pots of the perfected foie-gras product—with or without pie-crust. Piecrust, in fact, is rather a Strasbourg specialty. French foie-gras is sold all over the world.

Say what you please about foie-gras. Say it is full of ptomaine poison—which it isn't. Call it "rich" and indigestible. Who cares? In the days when Rossini, the composer, Alexander Dumas, the novelist, and Alfred de Musset, the poet, were in the kitchen of the Cafe Riche and did better cookery than any chef, why in those days, when men were men, they messed up foie-gras slices in hot port wine sauce—and got the good of it! And, even, to-

day, when you see solid old Frenchmen at 70 years of age, and those dry, hard old business men of Germany, Italy, Scandinavia, and all over Europe, who seem never to wear out, inquire and learn if they're not foie-gras addicts.

It is a wonderful bird—the Toulouse goose.

Where the ordinary domestic goose averages from 7 to 8 pounds, the Toulouse and Strasbourg varieties vary between 13 and 23 pounds in normal state, and from 24 to 32 pounds after they are scientifically fattened for their livers' sake.

Only motor-car parties who have done France from east to west can form any idea of its vast goose population. The goose has a name for being generally silly; but I have never seen one come to grief beneath an automobile's wheels. They love to loiter in the highroad; and in one French department, there are 1,950,000 of them doing it.

The meat is not particularly tender or perfumed—it's only valuable for human health, like a panacea! For tenderness, the Toulouse duck is victim of its foie-gras. Brave, big bird!

From loitering in the gossipy highroads and lush meadows, it is haled, one day, to a cooped-in pen, not big enough to stretch in, strewn so deep with straw that he (or she) sinks in it to the wish-bone! It is warm, silent and dark, in there. Thrice a day, the farmer comes and stuffs Mr. Goose with corn—using funnel and ramrod. No foolish politeness! And a goose can digest more than a quart of corn per day, during five weeks, and may actually absorb 55 quarts in 35 days! The corn is not soaked; but to facilitate, a little water is given the bird in course of stuffing. Often salt

Europe Has Eaten Delicate Fowl From Time Immemorial; It Turns Out There's a Reason

and cornmeal are added. Some farmers give soup, others milk. The object is to enlarge the goose's liver.

At the critical period, they sell for killing. Every child knows when the fattening is finished. The tail spreads like a fan, its feathers no longer touching each other. They the liver is ready. Don't delay.

Birds weighing up to 35 pounds, often develop livers of enormous size. Specimens weighing from 4½ pounds to 5½ pounds are not rare; and the potting concerns of Toulouse and Narac pay market speculators from \$1 to \$2 per pound for the best quality.

The remainder of these Toulouse geese is goose confit, ex-

cept, perhaps, the breast. Here is the vast supply of magical winter health food, not dear, even coming up to Paris in quantity. The rare properties are present in it, but not tenderness and perfume. It is not the true Christmas Goose of Paris and France from the Centre northward. Ah, non!

The true Christmas Goose is of a very different breed, long acclaimed around Mans (let us say Mans, for reputation, as the best asparagus is labelled Argenteuil). It is tender, delicate, of a faintly wild game perfume, due to remote Far East ancestors—not at all remote; whereas the Toulouse bird has been on the spot time out of mind. In the days of the French East India Company, a breed of Oriental geese were brought to France. The Mans goose comes from it—about 6 to 13 pounds, and surely the most succulent Christmas fowl in Paris!

They roast it on a turning spit, if possible.

So, grandmother roasted the Christmas bird over hot wood embers—memory of ten thousand Parisians who began life on the farm. Looking back to those childhood peasant days, rich men feel their eyes moisten, and the aroma of roast goose remains for them the very perfume of rich feeding!

When the European has made fortune in a modest way, he orders roast goose for his Christmas dinner, as a matter of course. The whole family is certain that it brings them good luck. In cities, where folks cook a lot with gas (to save lugging up coal, 3, 4, 5, 6 flights), they send the goose to that relic of old times—the public roaster. He still exists, with his vast chimney full of red-hot embers, and spits, in three ranks, all turning, turning, while the luscious juices drip, and all the birds are basted, basted, basted.

Capons, little plump Bresse chickens, ducklings, pheasants, quail and partridge, wild duck, roe-buck fillet, loin of Belgian hare, and pairs of pigeons turn and drip and mingle their rich juices in the process; but enthroned in the best central places are the geese of Mans—the bird of European Christmas.

You can find a 7-pound turkey at the markets. The public roaster will stuff it with chestnuts, truffles and foie-gras for you, at \$1.20 extra. But don't look to him for enthusiasm....

He would rather do you a suckling lamb, roasted with its kidneys and a stuffing of the same, or a liver, chicken livers, and—foie-gras—in the forcemeat and bread-crumbs. Or a tiny sucking pig, the same, without its liver, poor thing! The bird, the bird, it is the goose!

Is it a queer lack of taste, in one respect, all by itself, this neglect of the turkey and the worship of the goose?

Or is it something more profound? Musive, esoteric, occult knowledge, not of this or that man, but of the collective consciousness of Europe, vague remembrance of a grand old secret which they always knew, yet never really knew, but, rather, felt!



"Creeping Jenny" a Delightful Christmas Romance

Kate Douglas Wiggin

JENNY LANE lived in a shabby little farmhouse on the Back Street in Riverboro Village. The house was small and compact and as neat as wax inside, for Jenny was Master of her fate Captain of her soul.

Outside, alas, things were different. There was only the shell of a former stable; the shed was tumbling down, and when rain descended in anything worse than gentle showers, Jenny's "indoors" looked like a syndicate of milk pans, the leaks were so many and the dripping of water so continuous.

It had been that way for three years, ever since the autumn that her mother had died; and her father, who had followed his wife in everything, followed her to the grave a month later.

His last words to his daughter had been: "I'm sorry to leave you alone, Jenny, but I'd feel better if only I'd left you shingled. Your mother and me was laying up and laying up ever since we got married. We bought the house and field, paid off the mortgage and gave you good schooling. We are furnished up as well as most of the neighbors, but when your mother's health got slim and my strength began to fail, we couldn't seem to get any farther than meat, drink and clothes for the three of us. The buildings couldn't be kept up, that was the long and short of it."

"I know, I know, Father, Haven't I seen how hard you tried?"

"Now I'm on my death-bed," said the old man. "There's money enough in the bank to buy the shingles, but God knows whether you can afford to hire a man to put 'em on, labor's so scarce and so high."

"Don't worry, Father! I don't want your last days troubled with fears about me and the roof. I'm twenty-two and I can earn my living somehow, somewhere."

"Isn't so easy to earn your living and keep your buildings shingled too?" signed her father.

"Maybe not, but I'll do it, in the course of time," said Jenny stoutly. "I've heard enough, all my life, about shingles; also about clapboards and paint. There isn't a young man in the neighborhood that I'd want to go to church with, but if one of them should ever chance to ask me to have him, I'd say, 'Shingle the house and I'll say yes!'"

"The girl's father smiled in spite of his pain as he whispered: "Don't be too easy when it comes to bargaining. Jenny! Stipulate first quality cedar shingles, him to buy 'em as well as put 'em on! You're worth it!"

"I shall never have a chance to 'stipulate,'" thought Jenny, as she went to the kitchen to make gruel; and, as a matter of fact, although Jenny was good to look upon, and had an acre of timber land that she had inherited from her father, she was no better off than a poor widow.

Later on there were other reasons why Jenny had no opportunity to "stipulate." The anxious and dreary months went on relentlessly after her father's death, when new misfortunes descended upon her—an accident—unskillful treatment, too long delayed—finally, the loss of a foot—a crutch—eternal lameness. No wonder, as she dragged herself about the house and little garden before she had had time to accustom herself to her infirmity, that Riverboro sympathetically called her "Creeping Jenny." Her nearest neighbor, Mrs. Day, a widow, lived within easy walking distance (it seemed longer when you limped), and the village itself was only a quarter of a mile away, so she did not lack an occasional call, the offer of an errand or message, and often a drive to church, made wretched by the difficulty of mounting and descending the wagon, with the added mortification of limping into a rear pew.

Still she kept things together, sewing, crocheting, knitting, sending braided and drawn-in rugs to Boston, selling the butter from the one cow's milk and the hay from the eight-acre field.

She got "Pollyanna" from the village library and read it faithfully, but she was rebellious and it did her no good. She allowed to herself grudgingly that if she had lost a hand instead of a foot she couldn't have earned her living; but she never got to the point of being grateful that it was a foot, not a hand; she was unregenerate and wanted both.

It was late November now, and even at the end of the month there was a hint of Indian summer in the air, though a soft rain had been falling for many hours Jenny's side door stood open; there was a pale flicker of sun now and then and she was in the pantry wondering if she could venture to take away some of the milk-pans that dotted the kitchen floor, all of them a third full of drippings from the ceiling.

She heard the swinging of the garden gate and a knock made her take her crutch and limp to the kitchen door.

A good-looking young man, fairly well clad, with his left sleeve hanging in a strange sort of stiffness, raised a shabby felt hat with his right hand and asked: "Is this Miss Jenny Lane?"

"Yes, sir."

"They told me at the station you were minus a man and might have a few days' work for me."

"Everybody in Riverboro is minus a man, and everybody needs a little help. There's plenty to do here, for I live alone, but I have little money to spend on keeping up the place."

The young man glanced in the door with a boyish sort of informality and asked: "Do you keep a dairy farm?"

Jenny laughed outright, and kept on laughing as she answered: "No wonder you asked, but I shouldn't let milk on the floor, and it's water in the pans. It's a water farm!"

The laughter was mutual now, and the audacious youth, moving to the lower step and glancing upward, said: "I see you're a little shy on shingles?"

"Just a trifle, but I'm long on milk pans!"

"They told me you were a first class hand at shingling, and I was handicapped on outside work."

Jenny leaned against the door-frame and stroked her crutch with a smile.

"Footcapped would be a better word," she said. "Are you a stranger in Riverboro? Won't you rest a moment? Make your way through the milk pans to the rocking chair, I do need a little help in getting my winter wood in."

"You'll require a lot of wood unless you get a tight roof over your head," said the stranger. "I'm a western farmer's son, or at least I was; but my mother and father died while I was in France and I'm alone in the world."

"France?" echoed Jenny, with a new glance in her eye and a new tone in her voice.

"Yes, but we'll cut that out! I landed in Boston, and ever since I've been kind of 'adventuring' till I got my peace legs on."

"You couldn't have come to a worse place than Riverboro. There hasn't been an adventure here in a hundred years."

"I don't know about that! I've only been in town half an hour and I've seen a water farm and a lady that runs it to the Queen's taste!"

Jenny laughed again; the sweetest, most tuneful laugh in the world; one that she seldom used nowadays, but had kept over from her long-ago youth. What a droll stranger! And how much more interesting he would be in the intervals of saving and splitting wood, than old George Gibson.

"It is too ridiculous that you should have seen the milk pans and noticed the shingles. I am going to have the roof fixed next spring if I live. Father saved up money for the stock, but—but I had to use it in a long illness."

"Yes, yes!" interrupted the stranger. "It beats all how that money through life! You save up money for shingles and then you can't get enough more to put 'em on."

"I'm nearly ready for the second time," Jenny's tone was cheerful and incisive. "But I don't think I have quite enough to pay for labor. Besides, you couldn't, I mean you wouldn't—shingle—could you?"

"Sure I would, and could! You're strong on the subjunctive, aren't you? You've noticed I'm handicapped (I don't have to invent a word. It's all right for my case). But just you wait and see what I can do with the substitute presented me by the U. S. A. I'm going to have something more stylish later on, but I don't believe it will serve me any better; you see it's only my left arm!"

Jenny stopped her ears.

"Don't tell me you've read 'Pollyanna' and are glad it isn't your right!"

"Sure I'm glad! Who wouldn't be? Who's Pollyanna?"

"She's a girl in a book who's always glad that things aren't any worse."

"All right for Polly! More power to her elbow! Now I'm by no means dead broke and I've got back to cooking for me in a Washington, when they get round to it. But I want to train myself to work at anything that comes. If I can't make good I'll go to a vocational school, but I want to harden myself first."

"My roof in November would be a good place for that!" said Jenny contemptively. "What wages do you ask?"

"Half what the other men get around here, because I'm not a skilled worker at present. Now if you've got a ladder on the premises I can get up and tear off the old shingles while you negotiate for new ones. I'll be back in a few days with a new roof and quality cedars."

Jenny grew red and then white, for memory flashed back, and by an odd trick she remembered her father's injunction to "stipulate," a word that was to be used in far more romantic circumstances.

"Can't manage first quality; seconds will have to do," she said, with some embarrassment.

"O. K. I've had nothing but 'seconds' all my life. Sometimes I wonder I didn't have a second wife!"

"Why didn't you?" The question suddenly popped out of Jenny's mouth without any warning.

"Because I never had a first! Hal, hal! (He certainly was a most unusual fellow, even if I met and the most informal on the occasion of a first call. She felt as if she had been in a dream.)

"Yes, but we'll cut that out! I landed in Boston, and ever since I've been kind of 'adventuring' till I got my peace legs on."

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If she'd been to high school and singing school and dancing school with him.)

The stranger rose from his chair. "I'll time the 'seconds' for you myself to save expense. Want me to get them for you, since I know a shingle when I see it and maybe you don't? I'll go in to the village, get a boarding place, and come back after lunch for a half-day's work."

"Thank you—that will be very kind."

"I'll pick up the milk pans and empty 'em for you, first. Poor old things! They don't know they're going out of business! Let me look at your ladder, please. A man that works with a woman's farming implements ought to carry a big life insurance!"

Jenny laughed again, joyously. Then, entirely forgetting decorum, she wiped her eyes with her apron and said, "If I only knew what your wages were going to be I raise the ladder, you are so funny! The ladder is in the shed. I think it's all right."

He looked about the shed in amazement at its cleanliness and order. "Holy Moses!" he thought, "does that little creature sweep and scrub this place and pile up this wood and kindling, skipping about on a crutch? And as great husky lubbers getting 'order of merit' for doing our duty by the country? Wonder if Miss Jenny Lane has any medals handed out to her? She can have mine when I get well enough acquainted to give it to her."

Jenny followed him out to the shed.

"Is the ladder quite safe?" she asked.

"Safe as a meeting house."

"Then, as you go to the village, you'll see twin boys hanging over the gate at the next house, Mrs. Day's. Ask the red-haired Frankish one (his name is Alfonso) if he'll come up this afternoon and help you, for five cents. He'll hold the ladder, pick up the shingles or commit any crime if you just tell him that Jenny'll have fresh doughnuts for you and him at supper time. Don't ask Alfonso, the dark-haired twin; he doesn't like work and doesn't like doughnuts."

"Well," said the stranger, wiping his hand on a potato sack, "I wasn't in the Salvation Army belt when they were distributing doughnuts to the boys and my mouth is fairly watering for one. My name's Rufus Holt, of Lawrence, Kansas. Here he held out his hand and took a firm grip on Jenny's.

At the suddenness of his action, "I'm your hired man till this roof is fixed. You look to me like a good little boss. I'll be back in an hour and I hope I don't get Alfonso and Alfonso mixed!"

"Creeping Jenny" has a method all its own of making its way upward and onward, silently, smoothly under and over, between and between obstacles. The slender little green vine climbs, not so much with strength, as with swiftness and grace, and accomplishes its growth in a miraculous short space of time. You can leave your garden rake against the barn door some warm night, and next morning Jenny will have crept up to the top of the handle, leaned over and sung down a few little

fragrant blossoms here and there just to give you a hint of Nature's magic.

By a like process and another sort of magic, Jenny Lane crept into Rufus Holt's heart, which was a big lonesome one, howling with emptiness, at the time he began shingling her house. They came to know more of each other as the days went by. He and she, with Alfonso, ate luncheon together on the shed bench so that the day's labor need not be delayed by a trip to the village for Rufus. (At least that is what he said, and she said, and Alfonso said, and Mrs. Day said, and nobody doubted it but the postmistress.)

Alfonso, whose pay had now been increased to ten cents a day, was the most faithful of "gooseberries," but even he sometimes wandered away to the wood-pile to work on a motor that he was constructing, to be used in connection with the power of an old alarm clock.

At such times Rufus and Jenny would talk together before she gathered up the dishes. She allowed him a pipe, and when she was tempted to rise and go to the kitchen he would say: "Take your 'nooning,' Miss Jenny, same as the rest of us. The minute you drop your housework you take out your needle."

"I've had to be busy to keep from thinking, these last two weeks. The knives and forks are away from me. Now I'm afraid of getting idle, for what with company at lunch, the sound of hammer or saw all day, and the smell of paint all night, it seems as if Boston couldn't be any gayer than my little house."

Rufus liked to watch the dimple come and go in Jenny's cheek, a dimple that had enjoyed little use till lately; he also admired the whiteness of the neck that rose out of the blue gingham working dress, and the long eyelashes that too often lay on her cheek and hid her brown eyes. He often tried to say something that would bring a quick upward glance full of fun and understanding. As for his talk, no words could tell what it was to the

girl who had spent hundreds of long, silent, lonely days, feeling her youth slipping by, a tragedy without a single witness.

"Where were you last Christmas, Miss Jenny Wren?" Rufus asked between pipe-puffs, after lunching gloriously on shoulder-of-mutton stew. (He had always called her Miss Jenny Wren after the first week.)

"Here, of course," she said, smiling. "I was born here, lived here, and probably will die here. All the rooms but the kitchen had icicles hanging from the ceilings and window frames. The parlor looked like that famous cave in Kentucky with the stalactites in the roof. There had been a blizzard on the 23d and I couldn't go to the church Christmas tree. It was nearly as bad the Christmas before. I've never celebrated Christmas Day, except to plant a little hemlock twig in a flower pot and hang Mother's and Father's pictures on it."

"Jehosophat!" ejaculated Rufus. "It wasn't so bad as that in the trenches where I was. Plenty of company—of one sort and another. I declare, women always have the hardest of it in this old world somehow. Trenches and over-the-tops were exciting compared to what you've gone through. They were life! A man generally has life and adventure with his hard knocks; but women are always saving, scrimping, doing without, suffering, nursing, burying, paying other people's debts and bearing other people's burdens. Rotten luck, being a woman!" and he knocked the ashes from his pipe furiously.

"I never thought of it that way," said Jenny solemnly. "I have my one burden, but it's my own, nobody else's!"

"Say, if I'm hereabout to help, suppose you give a kind of a housewarming this year; some sort of a make-shift Christmas and show off the shingles! Hey?"

"Who would come?" cried Jenny. "And how could I compete with the church Christmas?" Besides you are going to Boston."

"I haven't decided about Boston yet," Jenny's heart leaped into her mouth and stopped her breath. "As for the company, Mrs. Day could come, Alfonso and Alfonso, (hateful little beggar, Alfonso!), Mrs. Stout, who boards the house, and the station master that advised me to come to you for a job, and the man I bought the shingles of, and the storekeeper we owe for nails—that's quite a good crowd! You put in a few lady friends and I believe we could make a party that would make Boston look dull. What do you think with the parson? Why couldn't he come. You're in his parish, aren't you?"

Jenny swayed to and fro with mirth. The point of view was so fresh, so young, so unlike Riverboro. "You don't know how funny you are!" she exclaimed. "The minister's coming a year, but always in summer."

"Tell him to make it once and come Christmas Eve!" said Rufus, impudently. "Tell him your leaks are stopped and you'll show him a wounded soldier who did his shingling. 'Feature' me, don't you know? Tell him you'll have my Medal of Honor on the marble-top table."

Jenny changed color, but studied the crochet pattern with renewed care.

"I don't miss any arm any more," Rufus continued, playing with her thread. "I've learned to do without it. I never thought I should, but I have with a little help from a lady friend. I never was bitter about it like some. When you come to think of it, Miss Jenny Wren, it's wonderful how Almighty God has given us two of a kind in most things—on the outside, anyway. As to the inside furniture, the doctors have shown us how to get along without most of that. If we'd been started out with one eye, one ear, one arm and one leg, where would we have been now—adapting?"

"We're only one nose and one mouth," objected Jenny.

"And how would we have looked with two?" laughed Rufus. "But that's not to the point. The house is finished, Jenny Wren, and what would you think of buying a few second-hand boards and letting me make the cow-shed more comfortable for winter?"

This moment had to come. Jenny had to be deciding it for days. There was a faint, then, "I'm going to sell the cow," she stammered.

Rufus looked surprised. "Are you troubled about the price of feed, or afraid the winter work will be too much for you? That's why I'd like to make a better place for her and patch up the piece of shed you have to walk through to get to her—after I leave. It's a wonderful season but it's the 18th of December and snow must be coming along soon."

There was another moment of silence, then Jenny spoke recklessly. "You see, Mr. Holt, we've gone from one thing to another for three weeks, because the leaky roof ruined the house in so many ways, and there's never been a man to help, since father died. We've patched the flooring, put in new door sills and weather strips on the windows, papered the sitting-room and plastered the kitchen ceiling—and all the time I've known I was going too far. I paid you fifteen dollars the first week, but it wasn't half what you wanted. Now you gave me back three for lunches. Then you wouldn't take the last two-weeks' wages because I was buying bricks and lumber, and you said we could settle up when the work was finished. I can't let it run on, Mr. Holt, I can't! I'm not in want; I've something in the bank and my husband more than pays for my winter fuel, but I have to be careful, and the house is so new and cozy now I won't let it be ruined by a leaky roof. I'd better sell the cow. You're as kind and generous as you can be, but you are a stranger after all, and I have no claim on you."

"Alfonso's going to make a good business man when he grows up," said the postmistress. "It was half-past four in the afternoon but in the short December days it was nearly as dark as midnight."

A cheerful fire snapped in Jenny's highly-polished kitchen stove. The yellow-painted floor with its braided rugs reflected the light of the kerosene lamp, the cat was asleep in the rocking-chair with the cretonne cushion, and Jenny sat by the table making out a crochet pattern from a magazine in front of her. She had changed into her afternoon dress of brown cashmere with pongee collar and cuffs and apron, so that she looked more than ever like Jenny Wren. Rufus Holt thought, as he came in from the tool-house with a lantern.

"Alfonso is splitting and piling his kindling," he said. "He wants me to wait and go along home with him. Alfonso has told him there's a ghost between the sheds and the barn. Gracious! Can any parlor in the world beat a kitchen for comfort when it's rigged out and kept like yours! No, puss, I wouldn't have you move for the world, even if you offered to! I'll take a wood-catch!"

"The cat is spoiled," said Jenny. "And you look tired. You ought not to be doing rough work or you won't get to be yourself again."

"You've never shown it to me," said Jenny, softly.

"It's in Boston with my best clothes. Besides I've told you all about it. There happened to be a lot of fellows about when I was up against a hard job and they told on me. The boys didn't all have that luck or the U. S. A. couldn't have turned out medals enough to go around. . . . Now it's time to work again. I think about that Christmas party before I buy my ticket to Boston. I'm going to patch up that bad place by the chimney," and Rufus went out the shed door and mounted the ladder.

Oh! the terrors of that high ladder and that sleeping roof to Jenny, from the very beginning! With a white, knit cap over her shoulders and a white scarf tied round her head, she used to limp to some unseen point of vantage and watch Rufus with her heart in her mouth, lest he should slip and lose his hold. Sometimes he would catch her at her post, and looking down, think that her face looked like a love-apple, all pinky red and creamy white. And the warm glow of having someone down below caring a little whether he slipped or not, he, Rufus Holt, a down-and-out!

He never did make a mistake, for he was a very demon of ingenuity and skill in using his one arm.

"Brave, clever, good, big-hearted!" sang Jenny's heart from the ground.

"Plucky, cheery, sweet and sound!" sang the heart of Rufus from the roof—but neither of them said anything in words.

Mrs. Day said considerable, but she liked Jenny Lane and stood up for her when the postmistress said there was more in that shingling business than met the eye.

"I don't see anything wrong in it," Mrs. Day maintained stoutly. "Jenny's roof would have fallen in on her if she hadn't shingled this fall. It looks like Providence to me."

"He's so slow at it that it looks like courting to me," observed the postmistress while scanning the morning's postcards to see if anything interesting was likely to happen in the neighborhood.

"Alfonso thinks the world of Mr. Holt, and he's getting ten cents a day now. It's true, Alfonso takes three of it away from him every night. He says he's due to him because he's a twin, but he only takes three cents because he don't do any work."

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"I'm myself, right enough; in fact I never was so much myself since I was born. I'm tired; the sight of you and this kitchen rests me clean through to the bone."

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Flowers of the Mesa

by Christine T. Scott

There Are Still Spots of Color—Humans of the Red Skin—On Barren Wastes of the Desert

ONE does not have to travel far afield along the Sierra foothills before stumbling upon old Indian trails or discovering in the dreary sand stretches on mesas and valleys the fresh imprint of a bare or moccasined foot.

The dusky hunter and his dark-eyed mahala swathed in wooden shawl with papoose strapped upon her upright back, may have just trailed over the isolated path.

Take away from him his picturesque costume and the Indian loses his strongest appeal. In this respect he is no different from occasionally in all the glory of paint and feathers.

Captain John, as he styles himself, was willing after much persuasion to run the deadly risk of posing for his photograph. The patches of swans' down ornamenting his body and the eagle feathers comprising his headgear represent deeds of bravery performed in his adventurous career.

Acts of individual valor make prestige of high regard among his tribe.

Across the mesa stretched out in the hot sun is an aged mahala (woman) whose eyesight has given out as well as her poor bearskin-covered body. One hundred and twenty years is the number of her days of toil.

Led by a cord tied to her handless wrist she wanders in the once familiar paths with dragging step and groans of discontent.

Deeper down in the valley another ancient woman sits outside her "wickiup" and plies her gnarled fingers with her foremother's craft of basket weaving while her parched lips laugh and gibber.

Withered and wrinkled and dry as the bark her skin hangs in shrunken folds, but her black eyes beneath the tangle of snowy hair still holds a spark of unquenchable flame.

Even those who know her best admit that they do not understand the Indian woman; they cannot quite glimpse the angle of her vision or probe the depths or shallows of her reasoning.

The absurdities of her beliefs and actions we know are the outgrowth of the centuries of her superstitions and barbaric faiths.

The web of her life has been spun in a loom elemental and void of understanding by an alien race.

Nature, undefiled and harshly unrelenting, has been her tutor down the ages. Her mind is rich with gleanings from her text books and crammed with the lore of forests and mountains and fields.

The language that our ears are too dull to hear she knows; the unbroken whispers of the wind, the scream of birds, the sullen challenges of waves and rocks, the mumbled of the raindrops upon her battered door speak to her in syllables she comprehends.

On her day of work after her more arduous task of grinding grain has been completed her dusky hands are ever at work plaiting and weaving the river reeds and grasses.

Under her fingers are woven the textures that give an utterance to the winging of her spirit. Interlaced among her reeds she weaves the story of romance or tragedy or comedy that has stirred the

And in the staining of her poetry she depicts many an adventurous happening, some tale of love and valor, or portrays religious signs or symbols of her tribe.

The Puute Indian women of our own state are clever artisans in the craft of basketry. They belong to a broken tribe of the once powerful Shoshones now scattered in pathetic abandon among the Sierra Nevada foothills in the vicinity of Mt. Whitney, Cal.

Here this strange people jostled aside from the busy thoroughfares are living today in as primitive a manner as they did centuries ago. Some have adopted in a measure the customs and costumes of their white brethren while still adhering with adamant tenacity to

the faiths and traditions of their pagan ancestors.

Their chief location is between Fresno river to the Tehachapi. Many bands are settled on Kern and White rivers and in the slopes of the Sierras.

In Nevada is a large tribe of Puutes who are expert basket weavers and who at the time of its settlement by Americans gave trouble to the government by constant pillage and warfare.

By the capture of the leaders this was finally stopped and later these leaders were released and allowed to join other tribes in the Sierra foothills where they still remain.

To the Indian the spiritual life is paramount; every form or force of nature symbolizes a god or spirit of beneficence or malignity to the race.

The "Great Mystery" is a presence enshrouding and enveloping her being filling it with a rever-



Above, an Indian mother and child. The other photo is of an Indian basket weaver more than 100 years old.

ence, a fear, a worship of every living thing.

Beauty speaks to her not in sensual manner but as a consummate something to be revered and adored albeit too sacred for barter. This is the reason the Indian has never given expression on canvas to the artistic conceptions which have been his.

Their wordless songs, folk songs of woods and desert places uttered in guttural weird and plaintive are emanations of their wild unfettered spirit.

Their contact with nature in its sternest aspect—the savage legion, the daily propitiation of demons of darkness, at the very thought of whom blastings and withering curses fall, the hideous rites and dances have woven into the being a coarse and incomprehensible fiber.

But the fine sense of honor, of hospitality and rugged friendships are traits that any race might emulate.

The Puutes are inoffensive and

unwarlike, and willing to give service in time of stress in any kind of work among the ranchers.

They carry on an interchange of products with other neighboring tribes. In times past they bartered salt from the mines and obsidian for arrow points with tribes on the coast for sea shells, beads, knives

Their intercourse with the Navajos have given them horses and blankets in exchange for baskets and water bottles, "tusjehs," woven osiers plastered with punon gum.

The Puute has not the poise and self-satisfaction of the Navajo, but his measure of personal respect and dignity are as always a marked characteristic of the red man.

As usual with most Indian races, the women perform the greater part of the manual labor, and the Puute women are no exception. Whenever procurable she tramps weary miles in search of acorns and seeds of plants with which to manufacture her breadstuffs.

Hers is the office to help pre-

Here We May Find Real Art of Aborigines Untarnished by Things the White Man Has Brought

pare the twigs and branches for the wickiup and hers the arduous task of pottery moulding and of weaving baskets of every size and description for her household demands.

And it is here we notice the poetic strain that runs among her reeds and rushes and speaks the tender fancy or caprice that she alone can tell.

She writes no tale of love or sorrow with our lettered ritual, but here and in her poetry she tells a story path to bear the overflow of her musings.

She has no patterns for her designs except the symbols and signs accepted religiously by her people so as she works she must invent the figures to express her art. She must also be its interpreter. Her own life history is her sometime theme but more often it is a prayer she threads into the river wand.

Although she walks amid the blossoming world of wild flowers free as the air she breathes, seldom does she gather one to deck her person or her dwelling place.

When closely questioned she admits reluctantly, "Flowers are to make happy our souls; we do not right to pick them and kill them." This is the same superstitious dread which hesitates from copying human or animal forms except in such manner as to give the idea of the spirit instead of the body.

Nature is symbolized rather than imitated in her designing. Shut in her bookless world from earliest time she invests her surroundings, the rocks and trees, the floods and fields with living spirits whose emblems she transcribes into her handicraft.

Shafts of light, waves of heat, rising suns and stars, rain and wind and dewy grass she incorporates into her pictures with cunning ingenuity.

Her finest work she keeps for extra occasions or for sale, and uses coarser, rougher ware for every day.

The materials for her baskets she gleams near at hand or leagues away. In early spring or in August she fares abroad in search of them. Immersed in bogs or shallow pools she finds the Zostera or sweet grass and Scirpus Tatoru (tule) whose root is encased in a cuticle of rich brown hue, these she uses for wrapping splints for coiled work.

The steams of maidenhair fern are her finest wrapping splints, black, and glossy and enduring. Swale grasses, corn husks, cattails, and willow osiers she gathers and makes into splints with teeth and fingers.

She takes the red roots of the tree Yucca (Yucca brevifolia) long and slender to give the touch of red color and the marijuana or fern root gives her a brilliant black.

The shredded Yucca leaves make a strong dye. She manufactures dyes from roots and leaves, and in her blended tones shows a fine color sense which in her bead work and blankets verge upon the subtle Oriental effects.

The famous Medicine basket woven only by her hands is one which has powers of healing, and the Twelve Apostles basket is one of beautiful design.

The useful grain or carrying bas-

or flower seeds are swept with a harvesting wand and taken to the roasting pans, is seen in every wickiup.

But the masterpiece of her weaving is the papoose cradle, "pa-bi-chi," in which the youthful "Lo," shawl-bound and happy peeps out upon a good-natured world.

The storehouse for her acorns is built of poles and downward turning twigs of pine needles to shed the rain and to prevent predatory rodents from taking her meager store.

Acorns have always been a staple food for these people, especially those borne by the black oak

(Continued on Page Eleven)

Santa Claus In Oceanica

By James Norman Hall

There Was Real Excitement for a Time When American Handed Out Gifts in the South Seas

SOMEWHERE in the Caledonian wilds of Boston, it suddenly occurred to me that whatever else I might find among the islands of the South Seas, certainly there would be no five-and-ten-cent stores. Why not lay in a lot of odds and ends of things for the native children? The idea seemed a good one and I acted upon it at once.

I couldn't have come to a better place for that sort of equipment. During the rest of the afternoon until closing time, I fully occupied the services of one salesgirl, and when my purchases were completed I found that I had 148 articles: tops, pocket-knives, jumping-jacks, some mechanical toys, animals made of celluloid which would float in water, whistles, horns, jigsaw puzzles, necklaces of beads, beads of assorted colors in glass bottles, of which necklaces could be made, dolls, doll carriages, bedroom and kitchen sets for dolls, picture books, kites, jewelry of all sorts, fifteen pounds of chocolates and ten of peanut candy—the entire outfit costing but \$34.80.

Two months later, almost to a day, I was more than five thousand miles from Washington street, Boston, and taking passage on a three-masted trading schooner to go still farther away. The captain of this vessel was an American, an "old-timer" in the islands, who had been trading among them since 1880.

"What you got in that box?" he asked when my luggage was being brought on board.

"Oh nothing much," I said, for I was reluctant to tell him what an unscientific lot of gear I had chosen for my Polynesian wanderings. I had to display it however, in order that custom authorities might be satisfied that I carried no contraband. The captain looked it over in silence, and then he said, "Well you're the most sensibly equipped traveler for these parts I've met in forty years. How in the world did you happen to think of bringing this sort of an outfit?"

I told him of two boys I had met outside the five-and-ten-cent store in Boston. "Good for them!" he said. "They gave you a mighty fine suggestion. Now I'll tell you what we'll do. There is an island which the natives call Heta where I put sometimes. I hadn't expected to make it this voyage. It will be about one hundred miles off my course, but no matter. Time doesn't count for much in this part of the world. We'll go to Heta anyway, for there are more children on that island than wild goats, and if we're to play Santa Claus, we couldn't strike a better place no matter how far we traveled. Just wait! If we don't have some fun there I'll miss my guess."

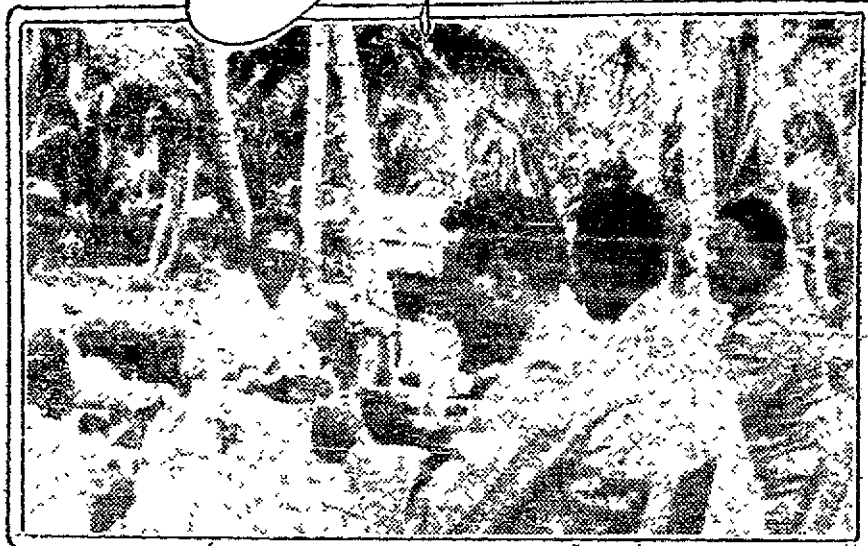
We sighted Heta about eight o'clock one September morning, and by midday had it in full view. I have never seen a wilder, more lonely looking place. From the west it seemed no more than a partly submerged range of mountains, the walls falling sheer, in many places, from a height of one to two thousand feet. Through my glasses I could see scores of wild goats browsing on steep slopes and narrow ledges. Higher up were strips of table land covered with grass and fern. The mountains were green to the summits, and seen in the bright sunshine, gave an impression of savage beauty not to be described in words. There was not a sign anywhere of a habitation and I said to the skipper: "Where's the settlement? Where are all those children you were telling me about?"

"You'll see plenty of 'em in about an hour's time," he said. All the land is on the eastern side. There is a fine little harbor there too, where the schooner can be snug and safe. I'll be able to go ashore with you and enjoy myself."

The moment we hove into sight in the boat's passage, here they came: children of all ages and descriptions except as to color, which was uniformly brown; some with clothes on, some without, some swimming out, some paddling small canoes or sailing larger ones.

"What did I tell you?" said the captain. "is the place the Pied Piper brought all the kids when their parents refused to pay him for getting rid of the rats. What was the name of that town they came from—Hamelin? Well, he couldn't have brought 'em to a better place. Heta is a children's paradise."

There was no doubt of that in my mind. It was just the sort of place boys at home dream of and long for. Looking at it from the schooner which came to anchor about two hundred yards from the beach, I remembered my own boyish dreams of the perfect island. There were to be streams of cool water running down from the mountains of the interior, with



Above—A Christmas party in the South Sea Islands; the dinner at the chief's house. Below, one of the 73 youngsters at the party.

groves of orange trees and bananas growing along the banks. There was to be a lagoon so clear that you could see the fish swimming about in the depths; mountains to climb, and high up on them, broad green meadows made for kite-flying. And most important of all, there wasn't to be a school or a school-teacher on the entire island.

Heta was the realization, in every detail of this dream, and I regretted that I had discovered it a little late to be able to appreciate the no-school feature of it as I would have some years earlier.

The chief of the settlement was a great friend of the captain, and sent word out by one of his boys that he wanted us to spend the night at his house. It was about four in the afternoon when we went ashore, but as meals come at any hour in the islands, we were not surprised to find supper all ready for us. A table has been laid out of doors, back of the chief's house. Seven of us sat down to a meal, the chief, his brother, his three eldest sons, the captain and myself. The chief's wife and daughters waited on us according to island custom. It was

raw fish to begin with, a really delicious when dipped in a sauce of cocoanut milk flavored with lime juice. Then came fish, freshly caught, baked and broiled, with lobsters, and fresh-water shrimps, roasted breadfruit, mangoes, bananas and other fruit, and cocoanut water of the green nuts to drink. When we had finished we took our chairs out in front of the house where there was a very pretty lawn cut short and even by those natural lawn-mowers, goats, of which the island had a plentiful supply, both wild and domesticated. But the children, as the captain had said, were even more plentiful. They were playing about

everywhere, in the trees, on the beach, in and under the water.

"Now," said the captain, "just to give you an idea how quickly news spreads in the island, I'll tell one of these youngsters to pass the word around about our party."

He did, and within five minutes the whole gang had assembled, seventy-three of them as we found later, by actual count, and this included only those from about fourteen years down. They had not waited to dress up, and their mothers came running after them with bits of clothing of all sorts. One little chap of about four years, his mother lassoed with an old sleeveless undershirt of his father's and he came streaking on to the rendezvous, with the tail of it dragging out behind him like a train.

Another, who had no clothes perhaps, was clad extempore in two hibiscus leaves strung on a piece of bark tied around his waist one before and one behind. These formalities having been arranged, we lined them up in two files, beginning with the little ones, the boys in one and the girls in the other. Then we began the distribution of presents at the first Christmas party, which, in the captain's

land since the dawn of civilization. At any rate it was the first one which had been held in September.

The children were surprisingly well behaved. I have seen less orderly children's parties in more civilized places. There was no crowding, no grabbing, and most astonishing of all, everyone seemed delighted with what he or she received. It was interesting to watch their faces when the gifts were passed out. They were not long in discovering the use of horns and whistles, but they had no more idea than their parents what some of the things were for. We had to demonstrate the mechanical toys,

Children Came Out of Bush and the Sea to Get Their Allotment of Christmas Good Cheer

jumping-jacks, and the monkeys which climbed a string. These made a wonderful hit, and the elders crowded around as eagerly as the children to watch the performances.

But the most appropriate gifts of all it seemed to me, were the bath-room toys, the celluloid animals. There was only one bathtub on the island, and that was the lagoon which surrounded it, and as soon as the children learned that the animals were aquatic like themselves, they had them in their native element.

The beach shelves off steeply into deep water and it was as pretty a sight as I have seen in many a day, to watch those children diving far down with their alligators and elephants and ducks and giraffes, then letting them go and watching them rise to the surface. Some of the little girls who had received dolls were disappointed at first because they wouldn't float; but as they would sink, they removed the clothing from their newly-acquired babies, tossed them into deep water, and then dove after them.

Five-and-ten-cent stores are not accustomed to packing confections for tropical export, so the chocolate and peanut candy was in something of a mess, but, judging by what happened, it was still thoroughly eatable.

The tumult and the shouting ceased at last, and the horn and whistle blowing as well. The crowd dispersed and the captain and I prepared to retire to our mats on the chief's veranda. He was chuckling over some of the events of the evening.

We had spent nearly an hour over one of our demonstrations, a jigsaw puzzle, which represented when put together, the picture of Washington crossing the Delaware. We had to explain who Washington was, where he was going and why; and an old man who was looking on said, "Eaha tera mau mea?"—What are those things?—pointing to the lumps of ice which the soldiers were pushing away from the boats. This wasn't so easy to explain, for the islanders have no more conception of ice than the Eskimaux have of a land of perpetual summer.

"Well," said the captain, "it was a fine party. I don't know when I have enjoyed myself so much. As for these kids—if you come back here twenty-five years from now you will find plenty of 'em who still remember this day."

Suddenly he raised himself on one elbow. "Hello! It isn't over yet! What's up now I wonder?"

The children were coming back in groups of four or five. They sat down on the lawn about twenty yards from the veranda, no one making a sound. We didn't stir, pretending that we were asleep. When they had all assembled they began to sing, in full chorus, and for the next hour they gave us a concert which was worth twice five thousand miles to hear.

Flowers of the Messa

(Continued From Page Ten)

(Quercus californica). To remove the bitter flavor the acorns are hulled and soaked in water.

They are then ground or pounded in stone mortars (ho-yas) cut out of the granite rocks, but where these are not available the mortars and pestles (metats) are made from suitable stones.

Some housewives prefer grinding the acorns before extracting the bitter flavor.

The meal to be cooked is placed in a basket and made into the consistency of paste by water which has been heated with hot stones in another basket.

Into this mush is plunged more hot stones that are stirred about by a pair of tongs made from an oak branch.

When the mass is cooked to perfection it is pushed out and dropped into fresh water and molded into biscuits and roasted on heated stones.

The Indian woman's life is hard and full of toil, but she does not show discontent. Love and fidelity are not qualities of environment alone and the embers of happiness may glow merrily in every campfire.

The Indian has given us the first grains of our overflowing corn harvests and has left a heritage of music-filled names in every state in the Union and carved his prowess in letters of stone which some day our wise philosophy will decipher.

The Inn of Bethlehem

By May S. Corcoran

A Christmas Story; How A Girl Who Lacked Belief Found a Miracle To Guide Her Faith

"I AM looking at the stars and one is brighter than all the rest. It is there above the eastern mountain. I have watched it since first the darkening sky told me night had come and you were in the banquet hall."

Turning from the window upon the sill of which rested her slender arm, a Hebrew girl lifted azure eyes to a fair Greek who stood beside her with a lighted lamp in his hand.

"Here alone in the dark you thought of me, Reba?" Through his cultured voice rang a strange note of cruelty. He bent as though to kiss the uplifted face, then paused. The girl was motionless, her color did not change, she did not rise yet something stayed his caress.

"I thought," she said simply. "Always I think of you and of God."

"Of me first?" said the mocking voice.

"Yes," wearily. "You first. God made me a cripple but you have helped me. I cannot even help you by prayer, for I cannot pray to one whom I no longer love."

"Of that which we call 'God' we need not speak. Myths and poets' fancies are even your portion, and, while you dream, my god, Science, gives back your lost powers. Beside me you yet shall walk."

His sudden tenderness betrayed the nervous eagerness of an ambitious student.

"I brought you to this inn in this lonely little village of Bethlehem that no man might know of my work until it is accomplished, but, in the party of Roman soldiers who arrived today, and whom I banquet tonight, is a young physician of some renown, with whom I find pleasure in discussing your case, and whom I wish you to see."

"O, don't, don't," the girl moaned, hiding her face completely.

The Greek haughtily threw back his head.

"He will be here in a few minutes. Consideration for him, who is sensitive, caused me to warn you. Treat him with courtesy, and remember, no tears. I came myself instead of sending a slave."

"A great condescension to one who is your slave, purchased at so small a price from a too willing uncle," the girl said bitterly.

"Do not again refer to that! When the accident occurred depriving you of power to walk, I asked the right of caring for you for the sake of science. You are my patient, not my slave."

"Forgive me!" The girl's white hand reached toward him. Suddenly his sternness vanished, a mist spread over his eyes, softening his face to wonderful beauty.

"Do with me what you will," she whispered, but as a child.

"Then you will see Claudius?" He hesitated as about to withdraw the request. "I can make an excuse even now, but he is a student of Hebrew lore, he knows the God and prophecies of your people. The pleasure of converse will be mutual."

"Not for that," she said quickly. "But because your wish is mine, let him come."

"Ah, Claudius enter. My patient welcomes you. This is Reba."

The young physician, short of stature, and of build peculiarly Roman, bent upon the flushing girl, eyes so large, so dark, so strangely luminous that, beneath the intensity of his gaze, she grew calm.

"Troilus has spoken highly of your skill," she said simply. "A smile just touched the Roman's lips."

"He has told you perhaps, as he has me that, for a half hour I am staying and told to you of lugger things."

"Oh, no," Troilus laughed. "Only that you may relieve her loneliness by newer fables of the myths she once believed and to which," he added, mockery in his tone, "when science has restored her strength, she will turn again no doubt with gratitude."

Carefully placing the lamp, with a gay "Adieu," he left the apartment. A gust of wind extinguished the flame, leaving the room in darkness, save for a roscate light reflected from the eastern horizon.

"What is the light?" The physician stepped nearer the window that he might have a clearer view of the sky.

"The star!" Reba exclaimed. "I



have watched it for hours and it is each moment growing brighter. It was never there before. What does it mean?"

A look of awe overspread the Roman's face.

"Is the prophecy about to be fulfilled?"

Across the eastern sky streamed shafts of light, golden, purple, roscate, flaming, quivering, falling from a single dazzling star.

"No other was ever like that," the girl cried quickly. "See how the light trails from it, and, even as we look it moves, it glides across the heavens. O Claudius, it is, it is the sign of the Messias, foretold by all the prophets."

His eyes glowed in sympathy. Indifference left his carriage. He stood straight as a tribune, head held proudly, as might the Angel Israfil.

"Heralded so gloriously, a King of Heaven comes to earth through starry diadems to open the gates before whose effulgent rays wonder light were dim. He has come! Oh, God be praised! Religion is proven, science verified. Long have our astronomers scanned the skies for that celestial wanderer that, by their mathematical calculation is even now due. Two hundred and forty years have passed since last it flashed over Alba Longa, then a village by the Tiber, now the mistress of the world. And ever as their glasses traced the heavens, Belshazzar, looking up from his books and prayerful meditations, would say, 'That star will yet tell us of our Saviour's birth and us to His throne.'"

"But, Claudius," the girl whispered. For a hush had fallen over earth. "How can there be a throne in this little village of Bethlehem? Would He not come in splendor? And no splendor is there here. No roof for any traveller tonight, save in the crowded inn, where Troilus entertains his haughty revellers, and from which a man and maiden

hours ago, to find shelter in the caves beyond the Joppa Gate, where shepherds guard their flocks."

"What say you!" he exclaimed eagerly. "The Joppa Gate that leads to the foot of that mountain? Tell it, tell it quickly. Was she a Hebrew maiden?"

"I so judged from her oval face, and her gracious modesty. Although simply clad, she looked a queen, and listened calmly to the inn-keeper's refusal of admittance, her eyes brightening with a smile of gratitude when, in forced courtesy, he mentioned the cave."

"Then, see you not Reba, it is she? There shall come a star out of Jacob, and scepter shall arise

in Judah. In Chaldea and Babylonia the thae prophesied by Daniel has been computed. The mother was to be a Hebrew maiden. The star is there, the maiden found, the people saved. Let us give thanks."

Reverence replaced the eagerness in his voice. He knelt humbly beside the girl whose uplifted face turned not from the glory of the sky.

Suddenly, from the roof above them arose a mighty scream of terrified people. Hastening to Reba through the darkened room Troilus rested his hand lightly, yet as though seeking companionship upon the girl's shoulder.

"A strange sight, is it not?" he said, with poorly concealed excitement. "Of course only a natural phenomenon, but, when those star-beams penetrated even into our banquet hall, my guests arose like frightened children, and I was left alone to enjoy this spectacular addition to my entertainment."

O, Troilus! the girl exclaimed as in pain. "Speak not so! Do you not feel the joy that permeates the very air? Do you not see those angel faces shining through that lambent veil? I hear—I hear—'Hosanna! Hosanna to our King! O, Troilus, Troilus, kneel with us, worship with us the coming of the new-born King. He who is to open to the world the gates of Heaven. He who has left the thousands of thousands who minister unto Him, and ten thousand times a hundred thousand who stand before Him, to bring redemption to the world. His peace is in the air. Even your people now are silent. How still, how sweet the night!"

"There never was such another night," he answered softly. "Tell me, what think you, Claudius?"

"I more than think. I feel. I know," Claudius replied, his gaze following the star. "Even your own prophet, Avastar, said: 'It should shine in a mighty brightness, should make life everlasting, incorruptible and immortal, the dead to rise again.' The mighty brightness is before you. Open your eyes and see."

"No, no Claudius, you spoil it all with that last clause. The dead cannot rise again. No science can bring them back."

"He shall do all things," Reba said, ing the lame, the halt and the blind."

"And if He be the Messias, if He really exists, you would leave me, Reba, for him, you would give the credit of my discovery to another?" The passion in his voice amounted to anger.

Resting her cheek an instant against his arm, she attempted no reply. From far away came to them music that seemed scarcely an echo of sound, so faintly sweet, so softly breathing over the city wall, through a filmy, fan-shaped trail of light. It was as though, could that silvery veil be rent, a celestial choir would be revealed. And the silent watchers waited, for a spell was over land and sea. No

Perhaps There Was Unhappiness That Was Justified on the Part Of This Crippled Girl

breath, no motion save that dimly discernable pulsation.

"On such a night one might believe your myths, Reba; that story old of Jacob's ladder where he saw the hosts descending from above," Troilus murmured.

"I believe never to doubt again, Troilus," she answered.

The Roman's eyes turned searchingly from one to the other.

"Then let us go," he said earnestly. "And find the wonder that has come to pass, follow the Hebrew maiden through Joppa Gate to that cave upon the hillside."

"Wait only until I get my mantle, for, with all its brilliancy, the night is cold. Reba may watch her star and dream of us while we unravel the seeming mystery," Troilus said lightly.

"Reba will accompany us," Claudius answered shortly.

"You forget, Claudius, she cannot walk. She has not stood alone in three years."

"Did you not tell me, Troilus, that during all this time you have been treating her with imprisoned lightning?"

"Yes but without results. Should my experiment succeed, I would be the most famous physician in the world, the acknowledged scientist of the age. But so far, I have dared to reveal my secret to you alone. I should my mastery of this atmospheric agency become public, unless I could show practical achievement, and even then perhaps, the rabble, ay, Augustus himself, would have me stoned as a blasphemer against the gods."

"You—you have robbed Olympus of his thunderbolts, and played their fiery tongues through quivering flesh—as an experiment?"

"To so serve him to be of use to him, has been my joy," Reba interrupted in agony of reproach.

"What, Reba, said the God of Israel? 'Thou shalt not have strange gods before me.' Have you not made Troilus such?"

"Until tonight, yes," she answered slowly. "Even now, though I feel there is a higher, I would not take from Troilus one tith of the credit that is his."

While they talked the star hung like a huge jewel above the eastern horizon, at times motionlessly brilliant, and again, shooting forth beams like swift lightning, but golden, rather than crimson. Vanishing, they left a trail of iridescent vapor.

As Reba concluded her remark, one of these beams, flashing directly through the window where she sat, filled the room with sudden beauty, while her companions drew breathlessly into the shadow on either side.

Springing to her feet she let fall the mantle that enveloped her, and stood, a graceful figure in clinging Grecian robes, her arms, with their broad bracelets, outstretched toward the horizon.

"Hosanna! Hosanna to our King!" she called in a voice so ringing clear that the people on the house top heard and wondered at this strange salutation it seemed to a star.

A while she paused in silent, rapturous prayer, then, pushing aside the oaken seat upon which she had reclined, took a few, strong, quick steps toward Troilus.

"Glory to God! Glory to God! On earth be peace, good will to men! Faint and far rang the notes of the angels while the Hebrew girl extended her hands toward the Greek, and softly questioned:

"What is it, Troilus, the essence that envelops me, that gives me courage to speak to you as friend to friend as I have never spoken before."

"Love, love," he answered. "So pure, so perfect, and yet not all. It is light, swift, subtle—yet—Reba, even with you in my arms, my heart yearns for more. What is it?"

"The Light of the Stable of Bethlehem, said Claudius. 'Come, let us find Him, let us hasten to adore Him!'"

Do You Know?

China has eighteen provinces.

England has more than 8,000,000 women voters.

Constantinople is built in the form of a triangle.

The national debt of Australia is \$4,210,000,000.

In South Africa gasoline has been found to be a good cure for snake bite.

A branch of the International Anti-Tobacco League has been founded in Holland.

A Chinese Christmas Tree

By Ah Choy

How an Occidental Custom Found Response in Hearts of the Orientals, Quaint, Old-Fashioned

IF a Christmas tree is delightful to those who are accustomed to it, and have had an intimate acquaintance with the festivities of yuletide since childhood, and thoroughly understand the pleasant belief in good Saint Nicholas, try and imagine then, what a Christmas tree would have meant to a crowd of Chinese women and children—the old-fashioned type, of the olden time.

Remember the good old days before the Chinese people became Americanized, and adopted the American style of dress to such an extent, and bobbed their hair and shortened their trousers? How beautiful they were in those Oriental robes, and their long queues, interwoven with bright strands of silk cord.

At that time though, the women did not have the freedom they have now; in fact the majority of them had none, and altho one could always see a great many men and boys on the streets of the Chinatowns of California, very seldom was a woman to be seen.

A stranger would not have known that these men had wives and daughters hidden away in the mysterious recesses of the different Chinatowns, too precious to be exposed to the gaze of the common herd. The little-footed aristocrats were even kept behind bolts and bars, for it wasn't every day that a man got an aristocratic and beautiful wife, and to be high-caste was ever a synonym for "prisoner."

It was at that remote time only the low caste women who had the freedom of the streets. In fact there was only one key which ever opened their doors, and that was the magic key of love. Unfortunately, very few white people had that key. Among those who had, though was one—I will just call her the Lady, for if she had not, the wonderful Christmas tree could never have been given for the whole female part of the local Chinatown. Being a really and truly "pong yow" (good friend) to the Chinese people the Lady conceived the idea of giving them a Christmas tree at her home.

None knew better than she the difference between inviting them to come, and having them really come. She looks back now, and wonders at her boldness, and how she could ever have believed they would really come. Not but that they wished to come. Oh, no—every one of them would have given anything in the world to be present, but the old style Chinese woman was so accustomed to having no bill of her own, and having it dined into her ears that she must never be seen, and must stay shut up like a bird in a cage that this seemed the most terrible undertaking imaginable.

No American woman could possibly have the least idea what a venture this would be to a timid little Chinese lady. It was overpowering, and they just could not get up the courage to ask permission of their lords. But here was where the magic key of love began to work, so taking that responsibility from them she boldly approached the stern lords of the manor, used every argument imaginable, met diplomacy with diplomacy, and—won the day. At least they all promised, but still—she could not believe.

When she had time to think she pined in affliction. How could she ever had had the assurance to think for a moment that such an unheard of thing could be done? It never had been done. But she thought of Columbus, and all the people who had done impossible things, and somehow, forged right ahead.

The Chinese are ever a grateful people, and now did not forget that the Lady had been their friend, and had stood by them in all sorts of sorrow and trouble for so many years. When they remembered all that she had done for them, they could not help but believe.

Christmas day dawned as beautifully as if it knew the dear little Chinese were not accustomed to battling with the elements, and could not have ventured out, if it had stormed. It was a typical California Christmas; balmy as spring, and the air full of the song of birds, and the delicate perfume of winter flowers.

The Lady could not have the pleasure of receiving her Chinese guests, but then one could not expect everything. They had all told her they could not come unless she came after them, and so as that was the only way, she went. Fear, however, still tugged at her heart, for she realized more and more the magnitude of the undertaking.



ing and giggling she had collected her forces, they all started out. They almost extended the entire length of the main street, having to walk Chinese fashion, one behind the other. Both her hands were held tightly by the little fingers of two picturesque tots, while others clutched jealously at her skirts.

She had not at first thought of having any American people at her house, but the news of the Chinese entertainment soon spread, and many of her friends asked if they might just come and take a peep, so she could not refuse. After all, it would have been selfish to exclude others from such a rare sight. As they wandered on, the aristocrats and those with young babies following in carriages, they caused a great deal of excitement. The Chinamen all rushed out into the streets, gazing upon this array of Oriental loveliness. Perhaps some of them who were too poor to afford such a commodity "coveted their neighbors' wives" at that moment, for who could frown on so dazzling a picture?

At last the gay procession arrived at the Lady's home. The little-footed ones were helped carefully out of the carriages and toddled into the house. The American friends who received for the Lady were also gowned in exquisite Chinese blouses and trousers, all of which caused a great deal of suppressed merriment among the celestial guests. The American friends had been taken into the large parlors, and were waiting in breathless expectancy for the coming of the Chinese.

The library was packed with Chinese ladies, all pictures of Oriental loveliness with their gay silken robes and jewel-decked coiffures. Far more beautiful, though, were the dear little children, giggling in true Chinese fashion, and fairly running over with the joys of the unexplored Christmas mysteries, which had never as yet been unfolded to their wandering almond eyes. All were arrayed in gorgeous silks and satins, of the most vivid tints, having assumed

There Was Much Color Of Raiment and Habit In This Gatherine, Especially With the Tree

their Chinese New Year robes for the festive occasion.

Even before entering the door one might easily see that there was something Oriental going on inside, and Chinamen who happened to pass the house that day were consumed with curiosity, to say nothing of being bent double with laughter, to note that the Chinese writing was upside down. They just could not understand all those Chinese New Year papers on an American house, for according to the true Chinese custom, the red good luck papers were over the front door, and at the side of the door was the ever present bowl of punks, containing the burning incense sticks.

The reception hall too, was a charming bit of the Orient. Chinese embroideries draped the doors, while in lieu of portieres, rows of great dragon-lanterns were used, a row of them illumining the darkness and shedding a soft light over the unusual scene. In the cozy corner was the inevitable "god shelf," where a stolid clay god was being honored by little bowls of food and tea.

Chinese cushions were on the couches, embroidered dragons on the wall, Chinese tea-sets on the table, and the long strips of red paper high represented the Chinese New Year calling cards. At all the doors were bowls of punks, filling the rooms with their Oriental aroma, and bright masses of holly berries brightened the scene, as they happen to be just the tint of "Chinese red," the color of joy.

When all had arrived the doors were opened and the radiant mass of celestials, now feverishly expectant, were ushered into that mysterious Christmas room. Some one made a feeble attempt to play a march for their triumphal entrance, but no—it fell flat. Ears which had hitherto known nothing save the banging of tom-toms and the shrill piping of the Chinese flageolet did not respond to Occidental ideas of melody.

The Lady now personally conducted and guided the timid toddling guests into the large rooms. At last the feat was accomplished, and now came the supreme moment for both American and Chinese guests. If they had not smiled one might never have known how beautiful they were, but now—ah, now—when they caught sight of the great glittering tree of the Christ Child, all sparkles and light, they were transformed, and all at the same time became little children. For—would you believe it?—some of these delightful little heathen mothers as well as the children believed—really believed in Santa Claus.

The children were all given seats on the floor near the wonderful tree their great eyes sparkling with delight. Just think—it was the first time they had ever seen a Christmas tree. And now the preacher, who was the only man present, made a prayer in their own language. The American people did not understand, of course, but then it was not their tree.

He spoke to Chinese hearts, and they understood.

The distributing of the gifts was so hysterically real and pathetic that the Lady, being Santa Claus, had to turn aside and give a dab at her eyes, and it looked strangely like a tear that fell into the wide peacock-embroidered sleeves of the Chinese blouse she wore.

She had never quite realized before how happy it makes one to give happiness to those who need it.

She had not dared invite the really and truly Santa Claus, for the Chinese women and children had told her they would be afraid of him, as they had heard he had such long whiskers.

After all the gifts had been distributed the guests were ushered into the dining room, which was decorated like a joss house. One whole side of the room was covered with idols, which were huge paper panels, and very showy. Everything was done just as the Chinese do it, and the guests were given real Chinese tea, served in the real Chinese way, in little bowls without sugar or cream. There were the tiny mandarin oranges and all kinds of Chinese chop sticks for those who liked to use them.

Everybody fell in love with the dear little Chinese ladies, who had the modesty and gentleness of children, and every one wanted to cuddle the cunning little boys and girls, and were more than regretful when the hour approached for the Chinese guests to go back to their homes.

All the American guests felt sorry when they had to say goodbye, to these gaily robed dimpled tots, and see them toddle off on their wobbling embroidered shoes; and the ladies of high caste roll away—away from the land of Christmas and into the realm of the joss.

She went early, for generally the Chinese people are not punctual. Upon reaching the first home she could have cried aloud for joy. There must be some mistake. There were the little-footed ladies—the very creme de la creme of Chinese aristocracy, dressed as elaborately as for a court function, and their beautiful children jumping around like bits of animated rainbows, squealing with delight. This seemed too good to be true. Surely the smoke of the incense must have filled her brain with visions. Ah, now she could make the rounds with a light heart.

Up the ladders and down into the cellars went the Lady, through gambling houses and into high-binders dens; up next the roof and everywhere. The key of love opened all the doors, and not one of her Chinese friends failed her. When at last, after much chatter-

A BOW-LEGGED SANTA CLAUS, A STORY

(Continued From Page Four)

cranberries and stacks of brooms beside the door proclaimed a stock of groceries within.

Back at the New York Store Lin swept his change into the pocket of his overcoat and demanded, "Got a gunny sack?" Into this he ordered his purchases piled, turning away from supervision of the job for a last errand to the toy counter, then, swinging the pack over his shoulder to Dillon.

Half way to his destination Lin halted, then turned to retrace his steps to where earlier in the evening he had passed the restaurant of one Schmitz, who, keeping the traditions of the fatherland, had gaily decorated his window with a Christmas tree, gaily trimmed with strings of popcorn and cranberries, a few candles and lighted with tiny tapers. Ensued much protestation in guttural English, but in the end Lin bore the tree as an added burden upon his last shoulder.

The last house out of town on the Dillon road was dark and still when Lin reached there again and thumped loudly on the door. Childish voices, vibrant with excitement, quieted on command and

a woman's voice asked, "Who's there?"


"It's Santa Claus," mumbled Lin through white whiskers hanging perilously from beneath his hat, whereat there was more excitement and childish insistence within. Driven by their protestations, apparently against her will, the woman opened the door and would have barred it with her person had she not caught sight of Lin's burdens.

Placing the Christmas tree on the floor, Lin stepped forward, reached to light it, then in the glow of its candles turned to open-mouthed children and began to distribute his toys. When he had finished he turned to the silent woman. "Yours is in this sack," he said and strode to the door.

But if he would have hurried out the rickety lock baffled him and forced him to wait upon her assistance to open. Turning to close the door Lin found she had followed him outside. "Come back to dinner tomorrow," she said quickly, then hesitatingly added, "Lin."

"How did you know, Jenny," stammered the abashed Lin. "I think," she answered, one hand on his arm, "it was them bow legs of yours, Lin."

Geraldine Says:

 MY FRIEND: I AM SENDING YOU PART OF MY OWN SPIRIT WITH THIS CHRISTMAS GREETING. THIS STATEMENT IS NOT MERE "LIP SERVICE." IT IS TRUTH. I HAVE NOT SEEN YOUR FACE, NOR HAVE YOU KNOWINGLY, SEEN MINE. YET, IN A REAL & MOST INTIMATE SENSE, WE HAVE BEEN PARTNERS. WE HAVE GONE HAND IN HAND, TO LOOK FOR LIFE. AND ALL THAT LAY IN US WE HAVE GIVEN & SHOWN, EACH TO THE OTHER. SO WE HAVE DISCOVERED MANY THINGS. WE HAVE DISCOVERED THAT EACH ONE OF US IS A LITTLE COWARDLY, A LITTLE SELFISH, A LITTLE CRUEL. BUT WE HAVE ALSO DISCOVERED THAT EACH ONE OF US IS TENDER & TRUE & SPLENDIDLY BRAVE, IF GIVEN A CHANCE. NO MORE REVEALING PARTNERSHIP COULD EXIST THAN THAT WHICH HAS BEEN OURS, MY FRIEND. SO, WHEN I SAY THAT I AM GIVING YOU PART OF MYSELF, YOU WILL KNOW HOW TRULY I SPEAK. ALL THAT I MAY FEEL OF HONEST, UNDERSTANDING KINDNESS I SHARE WITH YOU TO-DAY. WHOEVER YOU ARE, MY HAND GOES OUT TO YOU IN FRIENDLINESS. FOR AS YOU HAVE STUMBLED IN THE DARKNESS & GROPED FOR THE LIGHT, I, TOO, HAVE STUMBLED & GROPED. MY FRIENDSHIP IS NOT SO MUCH A GIFT AS A COMMUNION. THIS, I HOLD, IS THE INNER MEANING OF CHRIST'S BIRTHDAY. NOT THAT A FEW SHALL BE SAVED OR MADE MERRY ACCORDING TO THEIR DESERT, BUT THAT ALL MEN SHALL RECEIVE LOVING SERVICE FROM EACH OTHER, ACCORDING TO THEIR NEED. SO, GLADLY AND EARNESTLY, I SEND YOU MY LOVE THIS CHRISTMAS DAY AND ASK YOURS IN RETURN, FOR TRULY I NEED IT. MAY PEACE GLOW IN YOUR SPIRIT LIKE A GOLDEN LIGHT & WHITE DREAMS BLOOM ALONG YOUR DAILY TRAIL.

YOUR FRIEND & PARTNER,

JERRY.

Merry Christmas!

A PRAYER FOR
COURAGE AND BROTHERLY LOVE

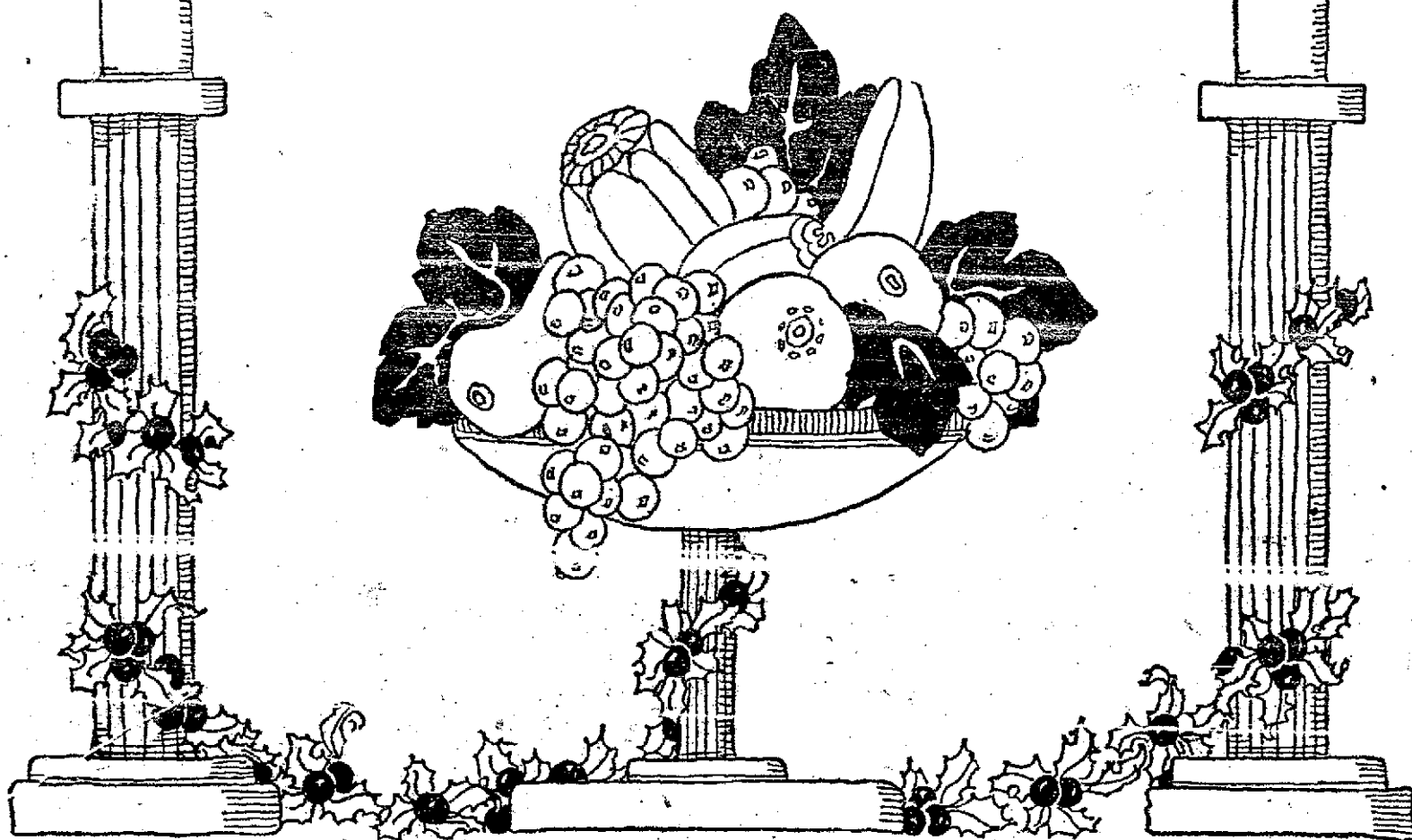
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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

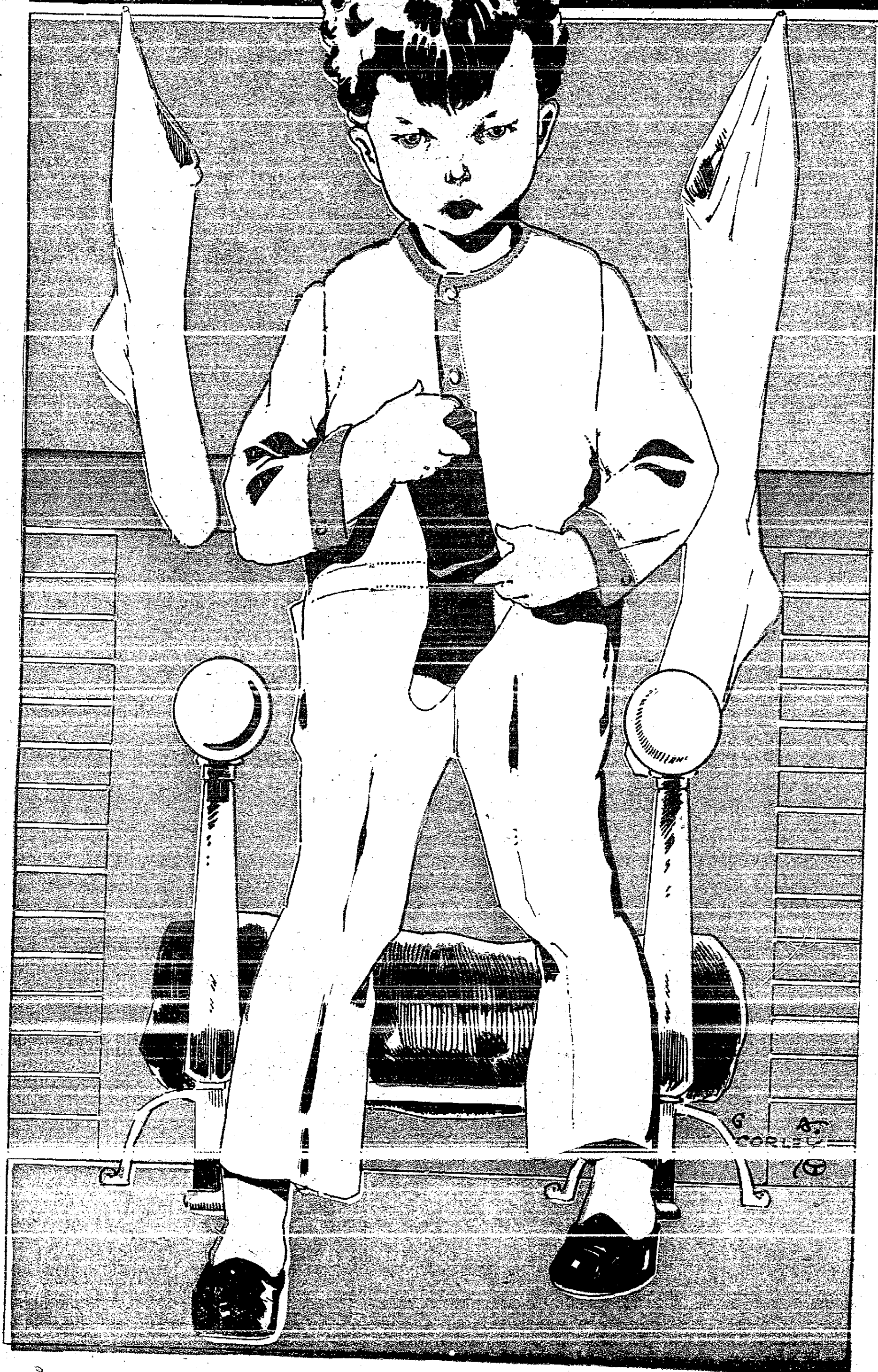


PURGE OUT OF EVERY HEART THE LURKING GRUDGE.
GIVE US GRACE AND STRENGTH TO FORBEAR
AND TO PERSEVERE. OFFENDERS, GIVE US THE
GRACE TO ACCEPT AND FORGIVE OFFENDERS. FORGETFUL
OURSELVES, HELP US TO BEAR CHEER-
FULLY THE FORGETFULNESS OF OTHERS. GIVE US
COURAGE AND GAIETY AND THE QUIET MIND.
SPARE US TO OUR FRIENDS, SOFTEN US TO OUR
ENEMIES. BLESS US, IF IT MAY BE, IN ALL OUR INNO-
CENT ENDEAVOURS. IF IT MAY NOT, GIVE US THE
STRENGTH TO ENCOUNTER THAT WHICH IS TO COME,
THAT WE BE BRAVE IN PERIL,
CONSTANT IN TRIBULA-
TION, TEMPERATE IN WRATH,
AND IN ALL CHANGES OF FOR-
TUNE, AND DOWN TO THE
GATES OF DEATH, LOYAL
AND LOVING ONE TO AN-
OTHER.

R. L. S.



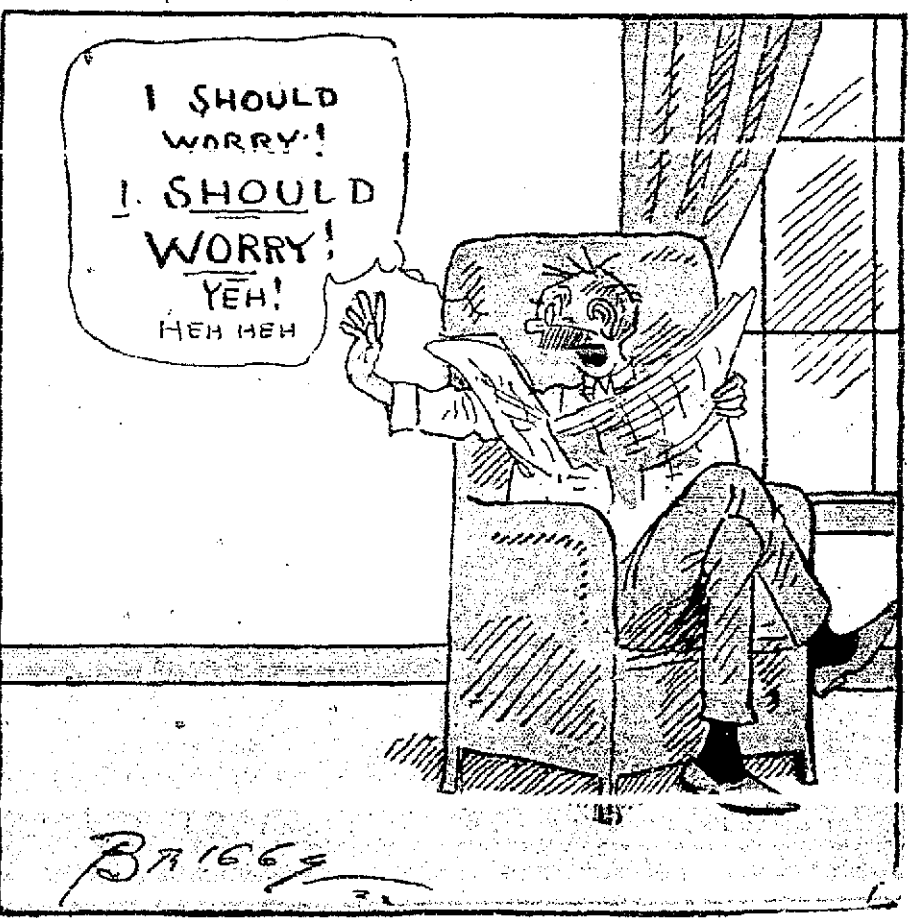
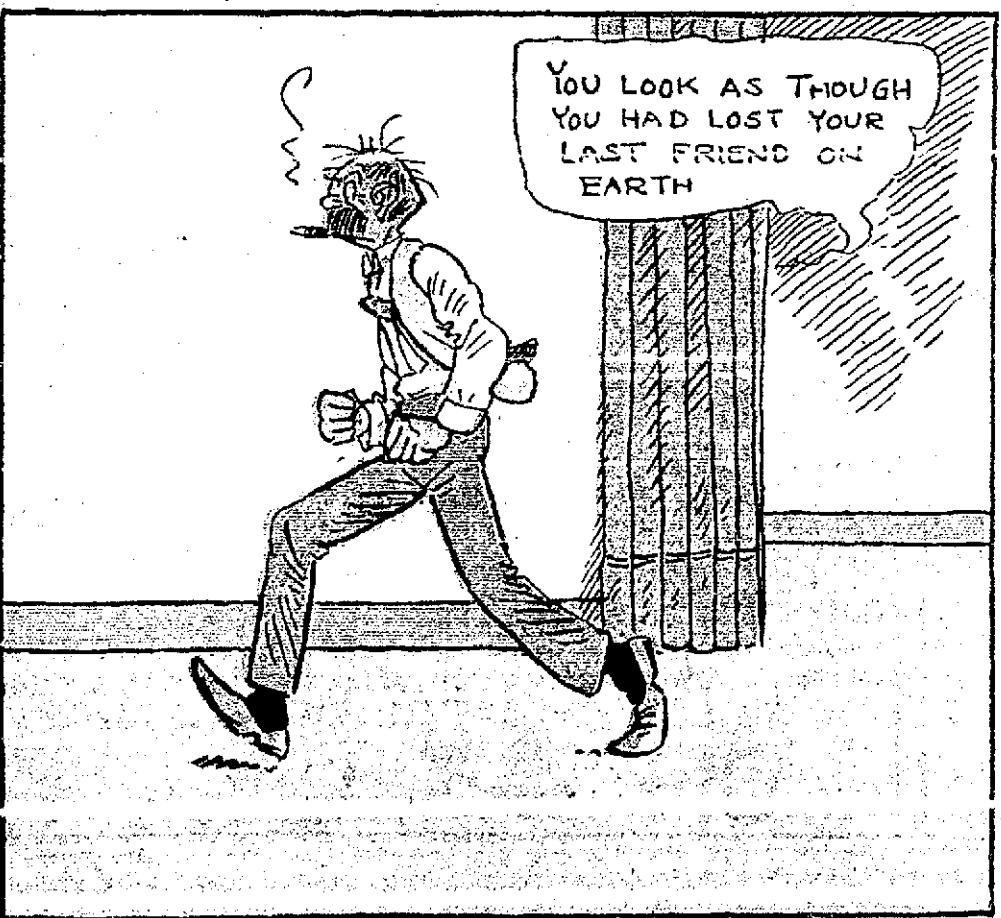
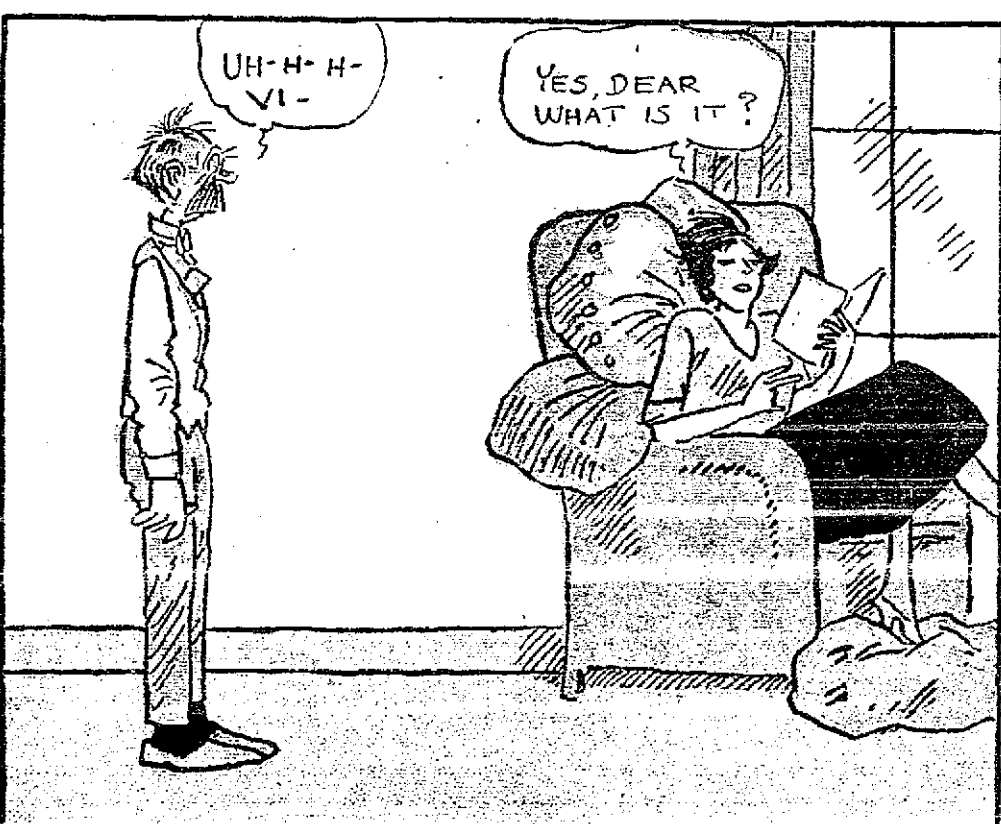
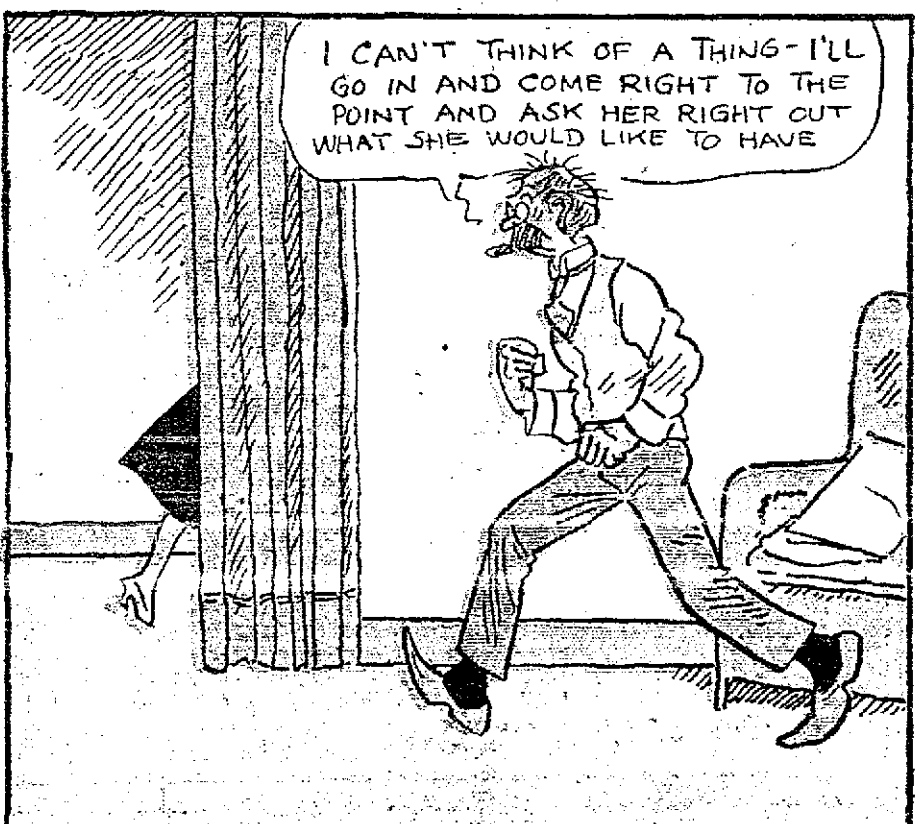
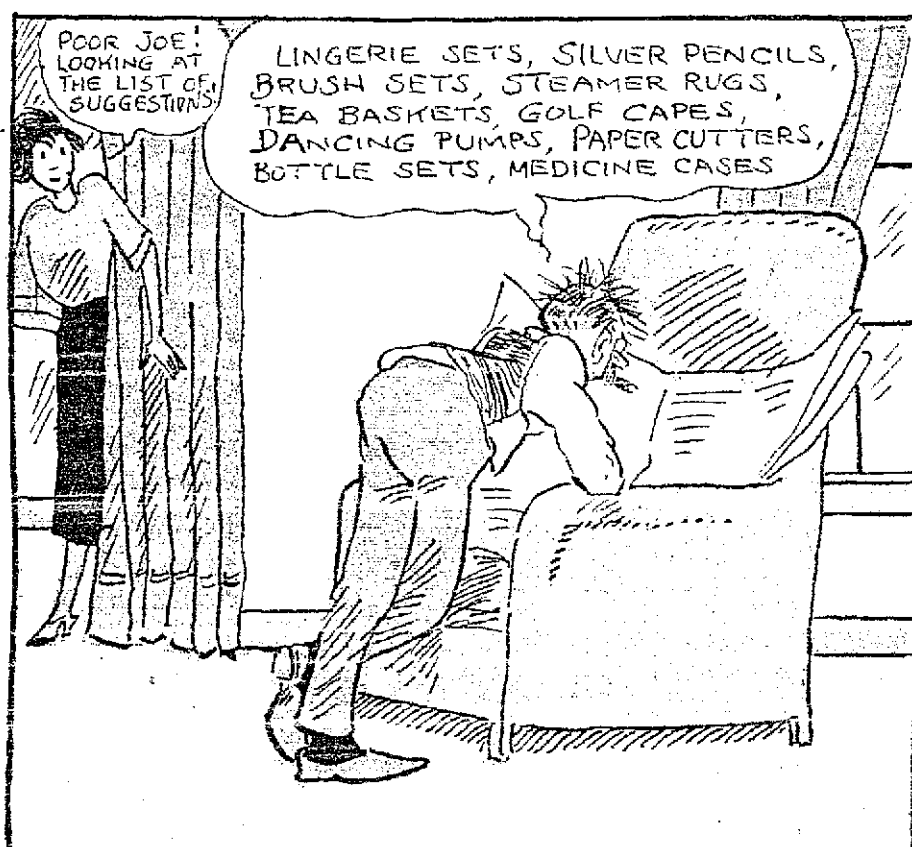
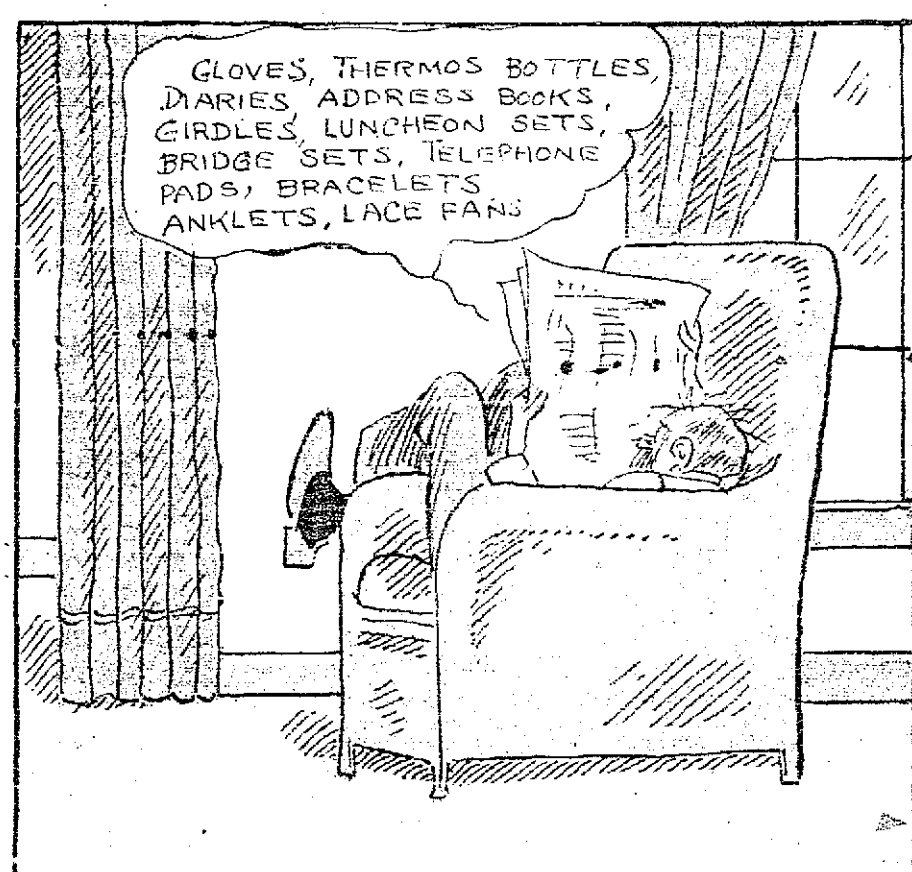
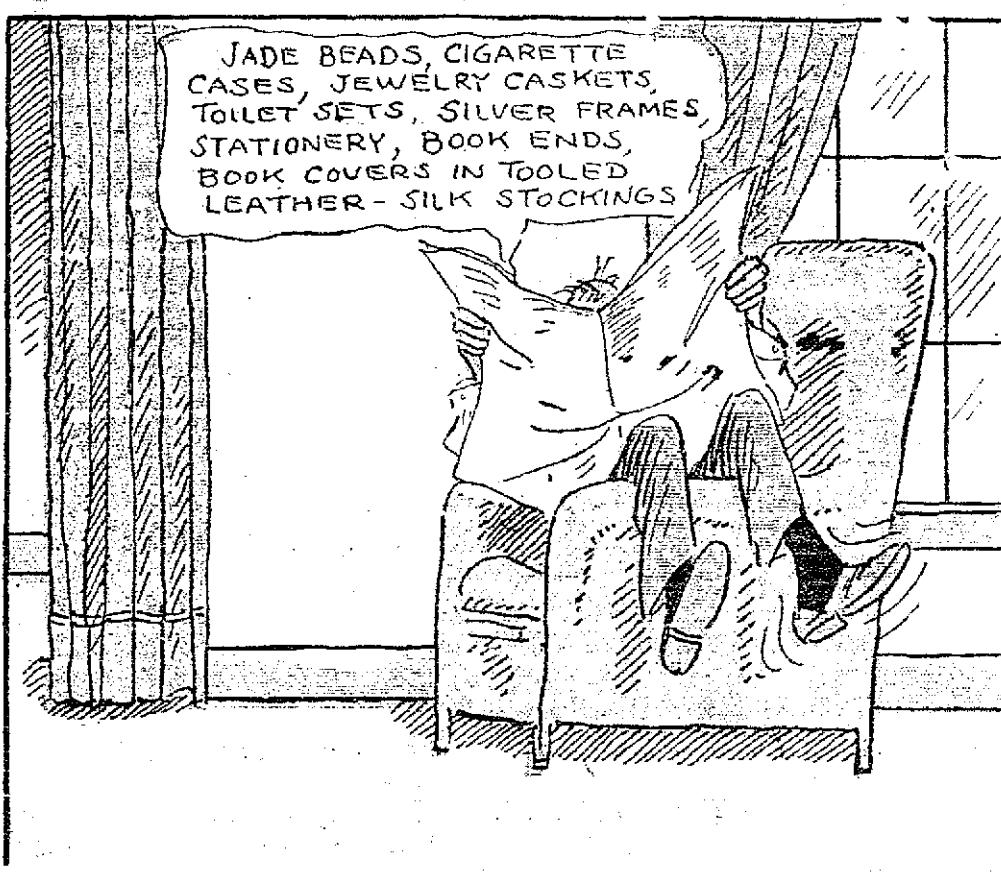
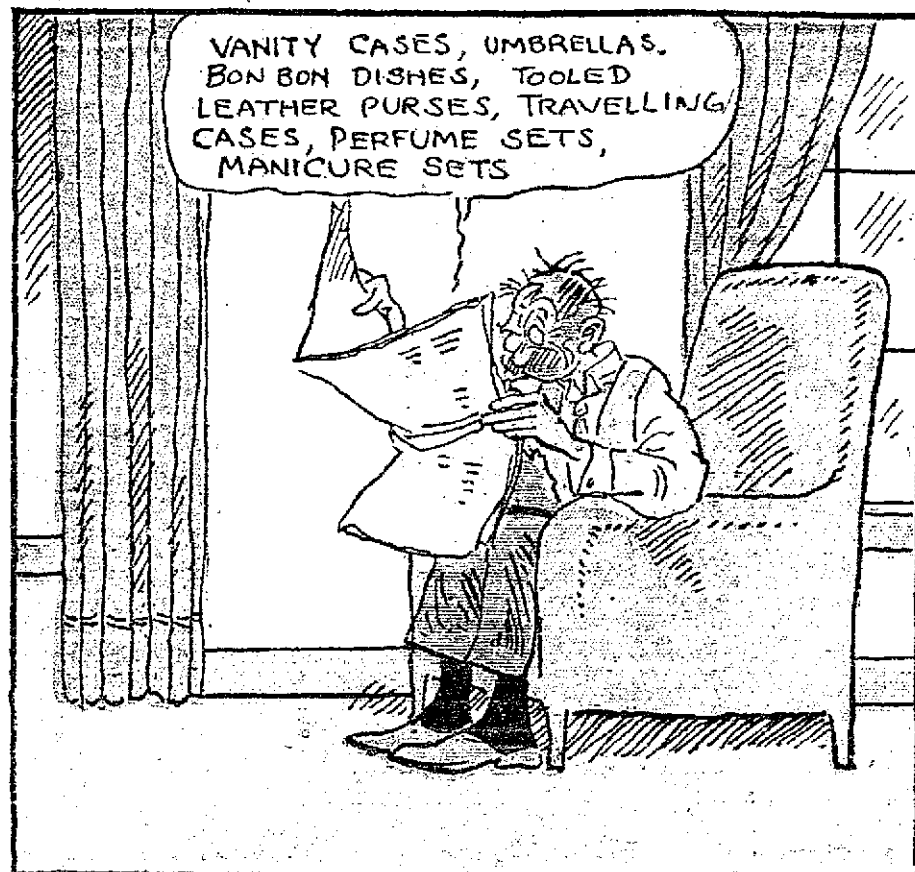
A Legitimate Peeve





Mr. and Mrs. - By Briggs

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A MERRY
X'MAS —

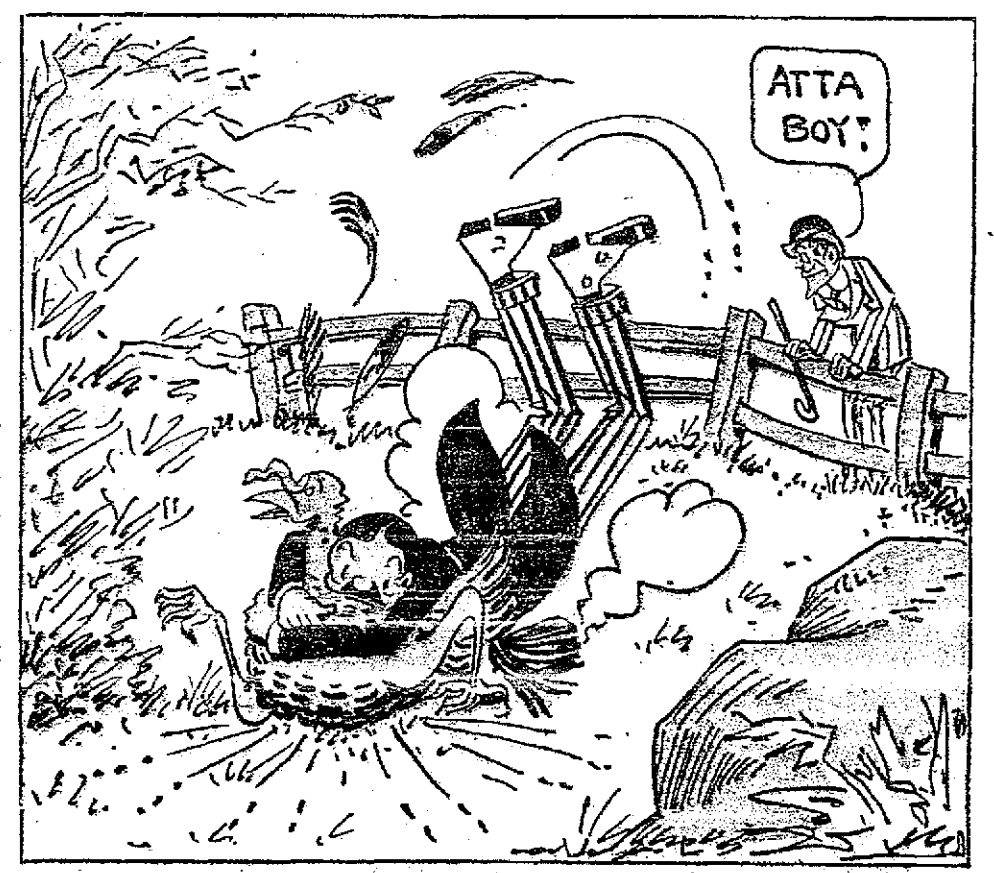
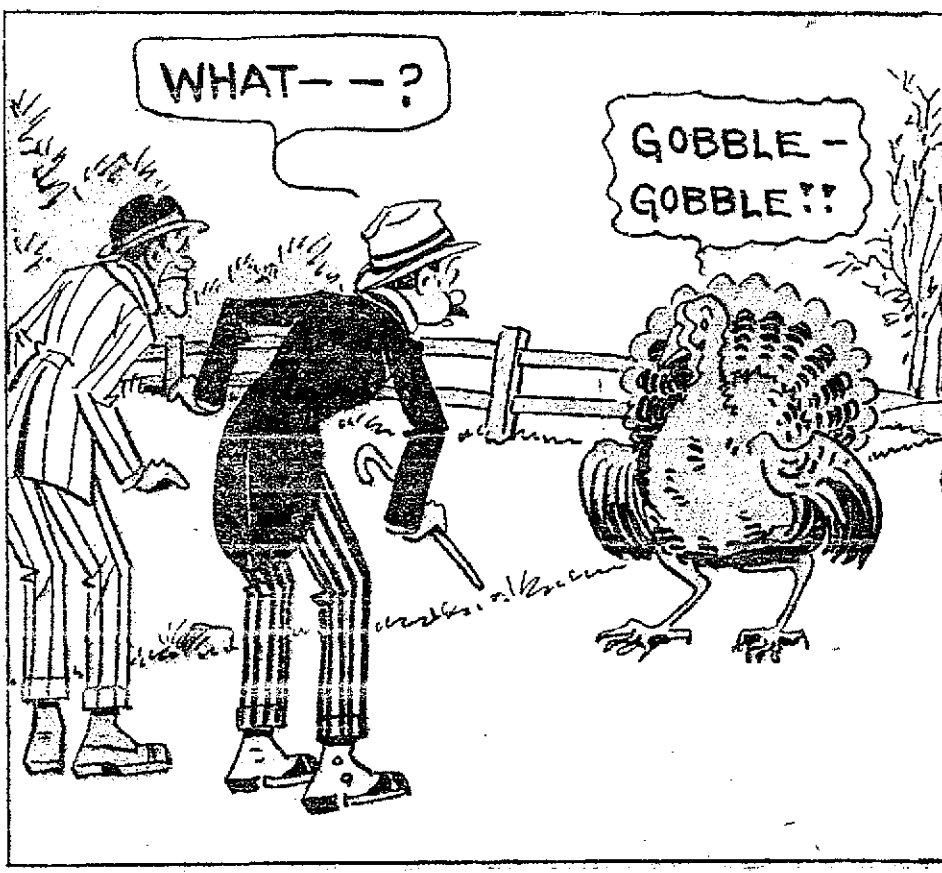
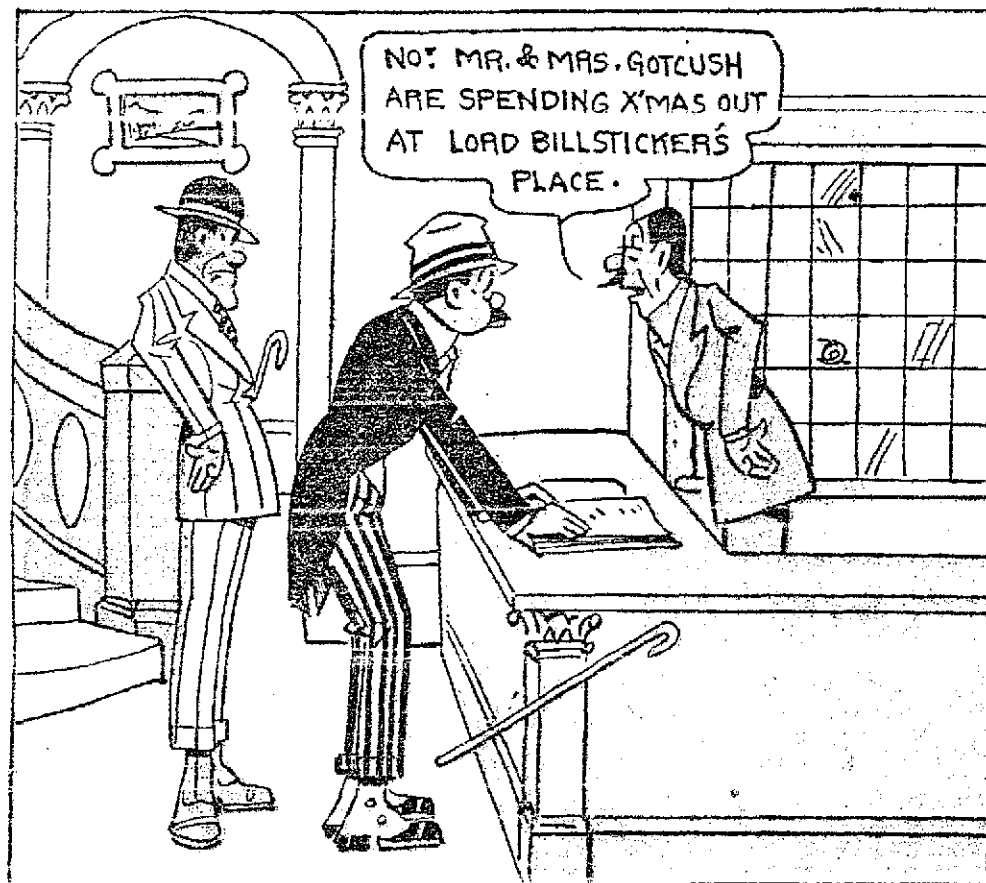
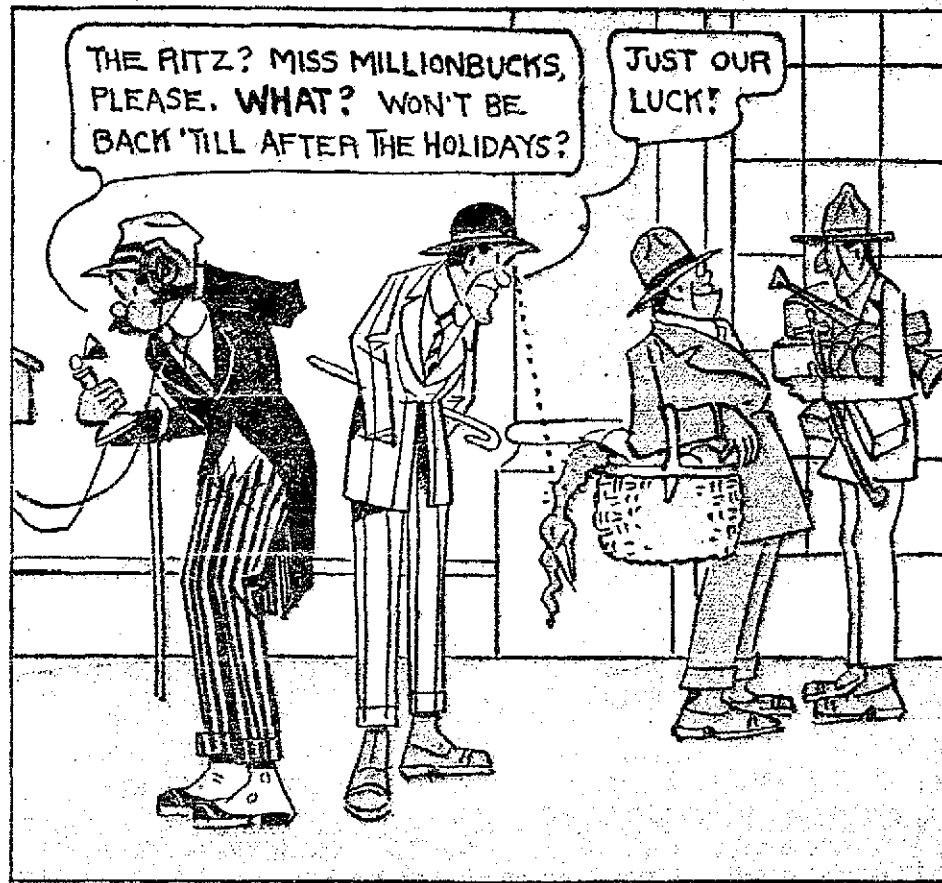
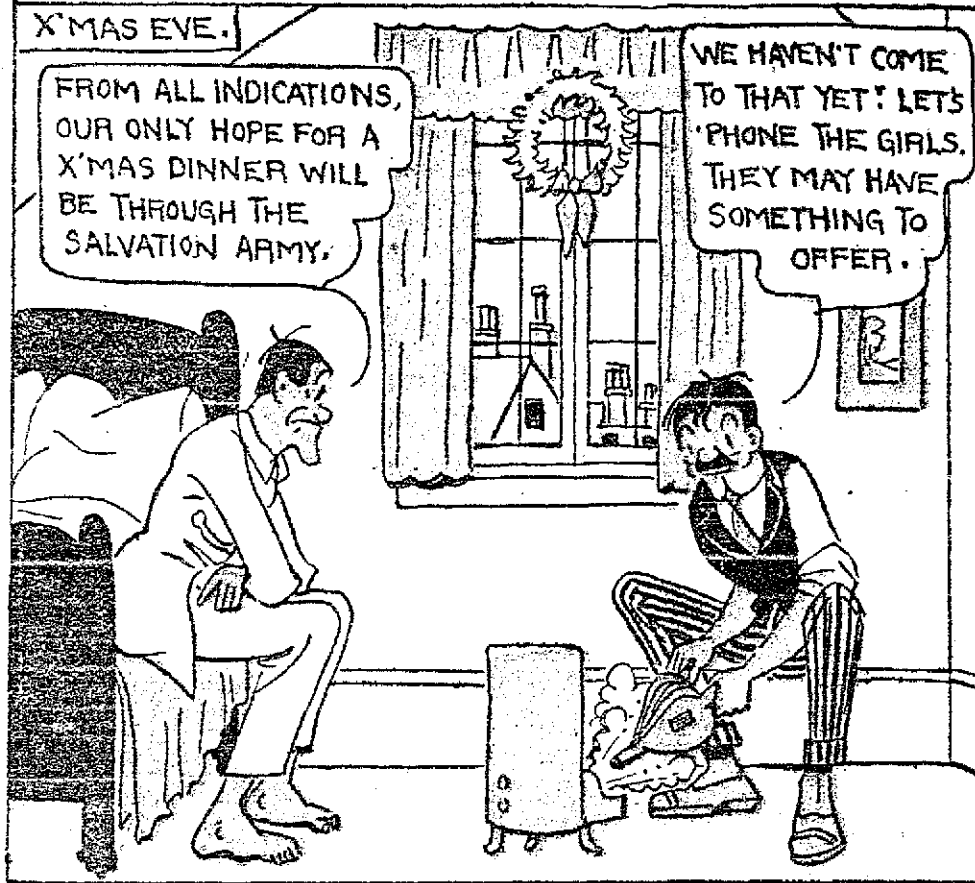


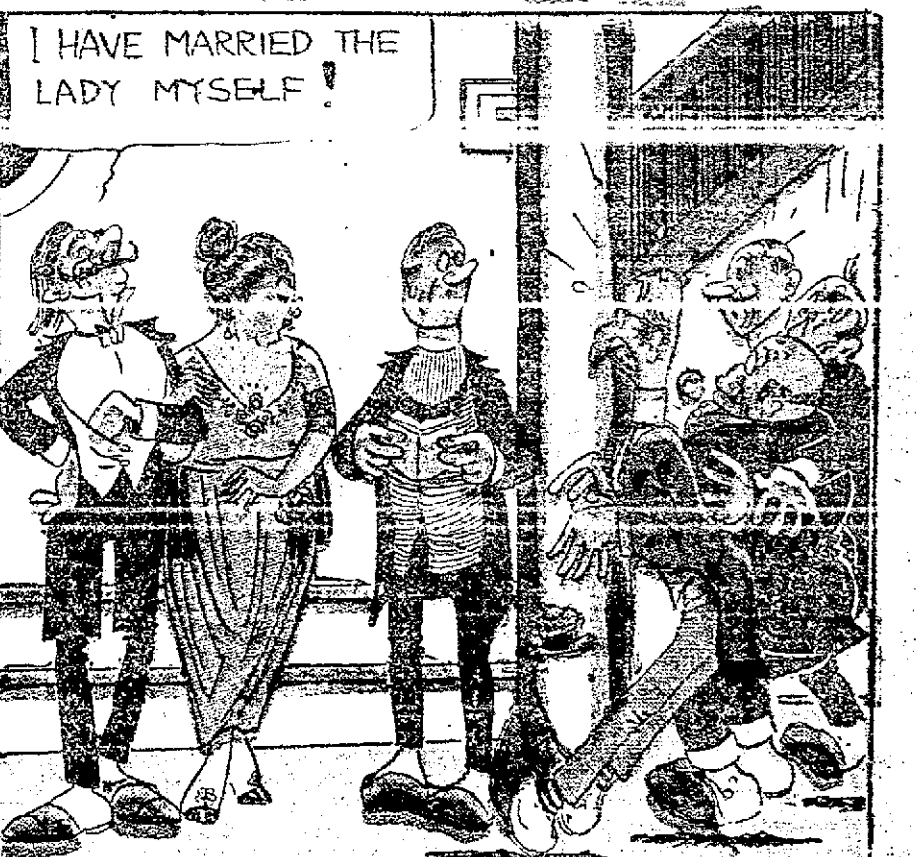
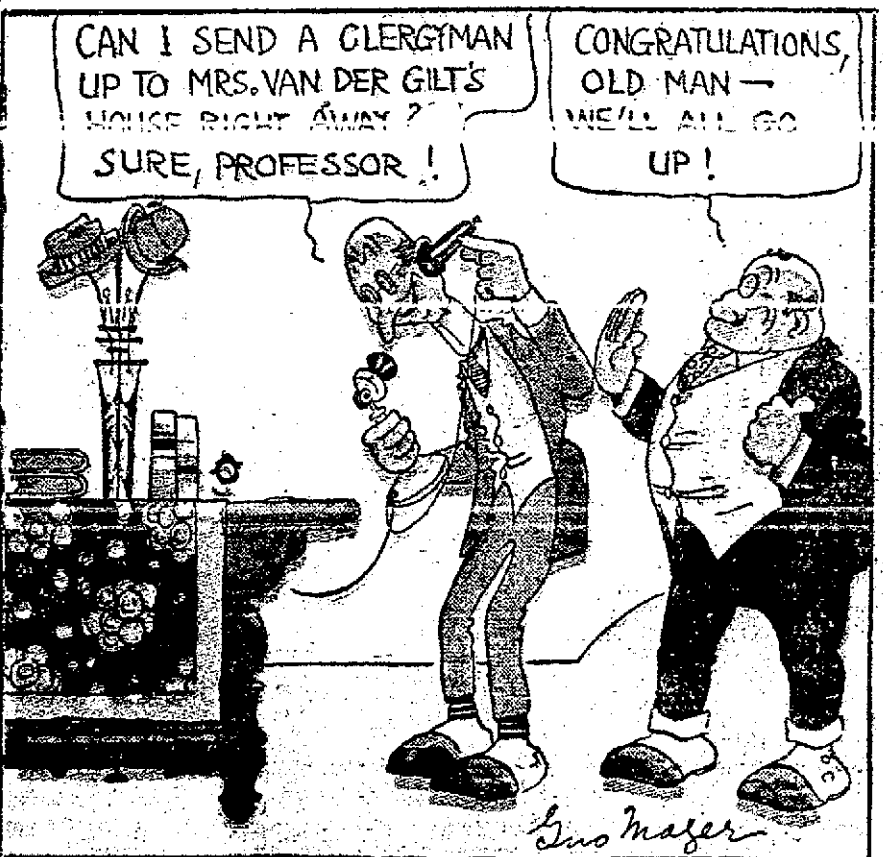
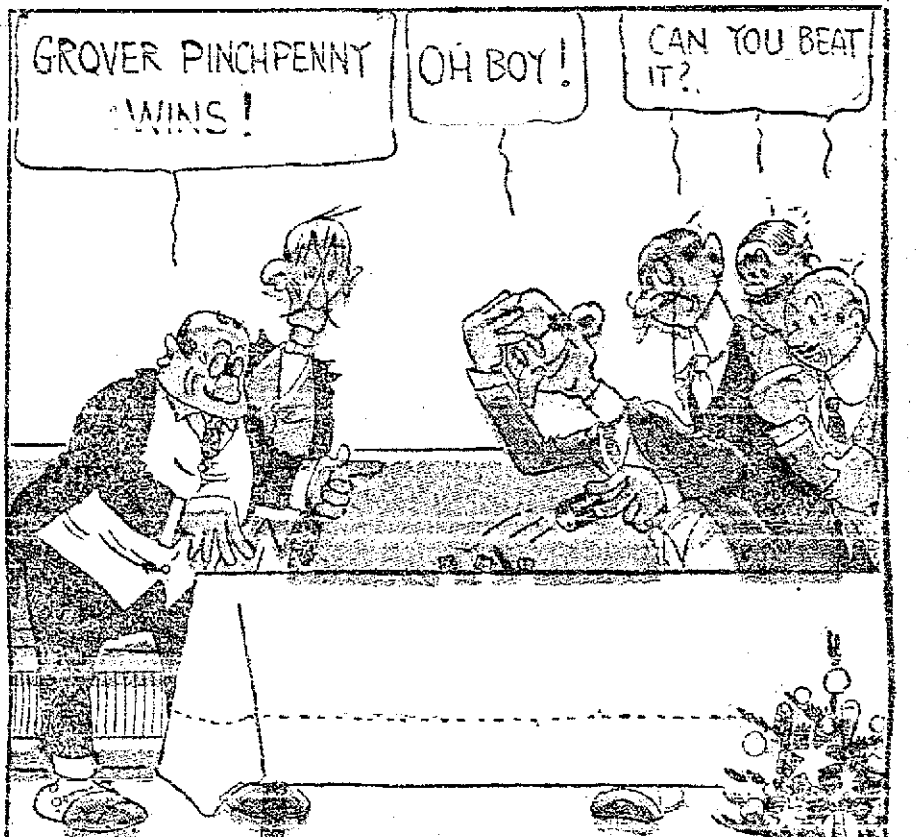
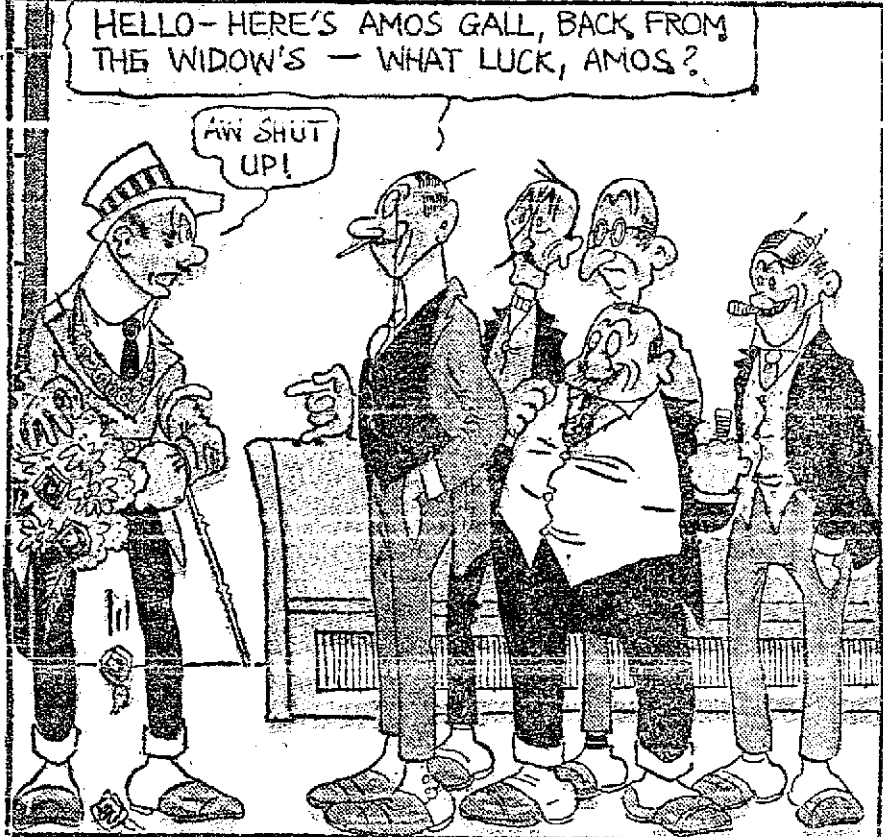
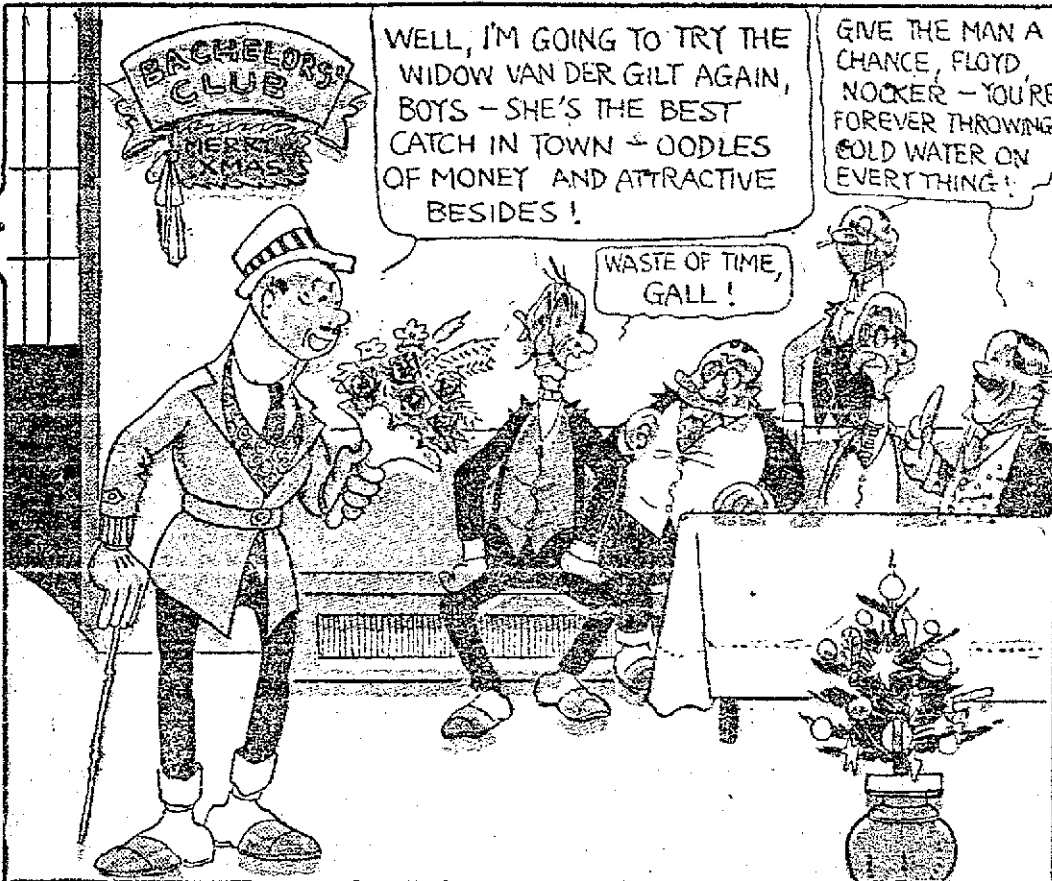
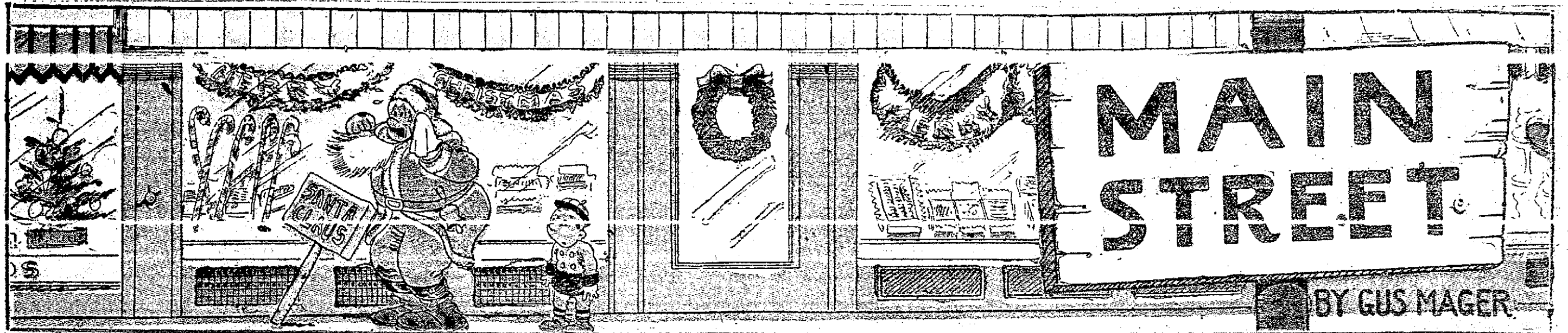
AND A
HAPPY
NEW YEAR
FOR
EVERYBODY.

PERCY and FERDIE

by H. A. MacGILL

From Last Indications, It Looks Like Turkey!





IN CASE I GIVE UP, YOU WILL YOU TAKE IT AND GIVE OUT THE TOYS EVERY CHRISTMAS?

I HAFTA ASK MY MOTHER FIRST IF I CAN STAY OUT ALL NIGHT LONG

Regular Fellers

By Gene Byrnes

OH MOM!
HERE'S MY LIST FOR SANNY CLAUS! WILL YOU PLEASE GIVE IT TO 'IM AN' TELL 'IM TO PLEASE NOT FORGET EVEN ONE LITTLE THING!

I'LL CALL 'IM UP ON THE PHONE RIGHT NOW!

HELLO! IS THIS YOU SANTA CLAUS? THIS IS MRS. DUGAN, JIMMIE'S MAMMA! I WANT TO GIVE YOU JIMMIE'S LIST FOR CHRISTMAS! HE WANTS A BICYCLE WITH A COASTER BRAKE AND A DRUM AND A CORNET, ICE SKATES, CATCHERS GLOVE AND MASK SHINNY STICK.....

I'LL HAVE TO LOOK HIM UP ON THE BOOKS FIRST AND SEE IF HE DESERVES ALL THESE THINGS!

HERE'S A LETTER FROM SOME FELLER NAMED SANDY CLAUS WHOEVER HE IS!

HURRY UP AN' OPEN IT MOM! SEE WHAT IT SAYS

HERE! YOU OPEN IT AND READ IT!

Dear Mrs. Dugan

In looking over my books I find that your son Jimmie passed your book on March 3rd. On April 6th he didn't do his homework. On July 8th he went swimming without your permission. On Aug. 16th he refused to go on an errand. On Oct. 3rd he talked back to his teacher. Nov. 12th he tied a cat to a puppy dog's tail. In view of the fact he has been such a bad boy I won't visit him this year. That means NOTHING for Xmas.

Sincerely
Santa Claus

I WISH I KNEW THE TATTLETALE WHO TOLE ON ME! I'D WALLOP 'IM WITH THAT BIG BASEBALL BAT OF MINE.

NOW DO YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO LITTLE BOYS WHO DON'T OBEY THEIR MOTHERS? IT SERVES YOU RIGHT!

SANNY CLAUS IS GONNA BRING ME A SET OF GOLF STICKS. A BILLYGOAT AN' WAGON AN' ABOUT A MILLION OTHER THINGS

I THINK HE'S BRINGIN' ME A PONY!

WHATCHA CRYIN' FOR JIMMIE?

I'M GETTIN' A REAL AUTO! JUST MY SIZE! A RACER!

I DOWANNA SAY

THIS IS A SWELL CHRISTMAS EVE FOR ME! NO TOYS AN' NO STOKIN'! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO TELL THE FELLERS! AN' IF AGGIE RILEY FINDS IT OUT SHE WON'T TALK TO ME!

HEY THERE! WAKE UP! THIS IS CHRISTMAS MORNING! MERRY CHRISTMAS!

TAINT A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS FOR ME AWRIGHT! NO PRESENTS OR NUTHIN'! NOBODY LOVES ME! EVERYBODY HATES ME! BOO HOO!

YOUR PAPA WANTS TO SEE YOU! HE'S INSIDE! I HOPE NOBODY TOLD HIM ANYTHING!

I KNOW! SANNY CLAUS TOLE POP ALL ABOUT IT AN' NOW HE'S GONNA SPANK ME! BOO HOO HOO! I HEAR 'IM GETTIN' THE WHIP OUT!

There's no chance of him ever gettin' the toys back cause from now on I'm gonna be the best lil' boy you ever saw in your whole life!

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU FOR TWO HOURS! HERE'S FIVE DOLLARS TO SPEND ON ANYTHING YOU WANT!

Mrs. Dugan decided to give Jimmie another chance but if he does the least thing out of line she will send the toys right back to me Santa Claus

woof woof

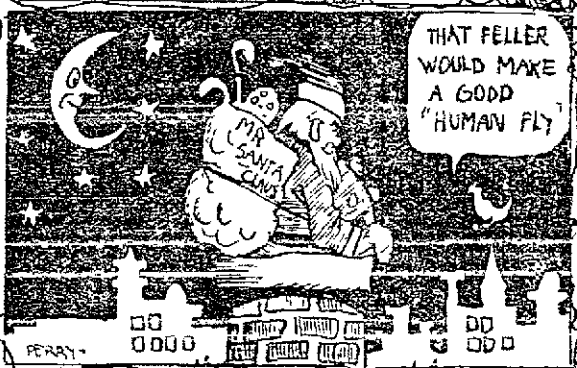
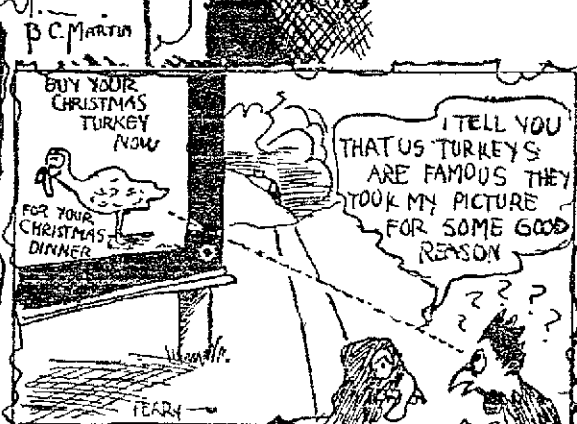
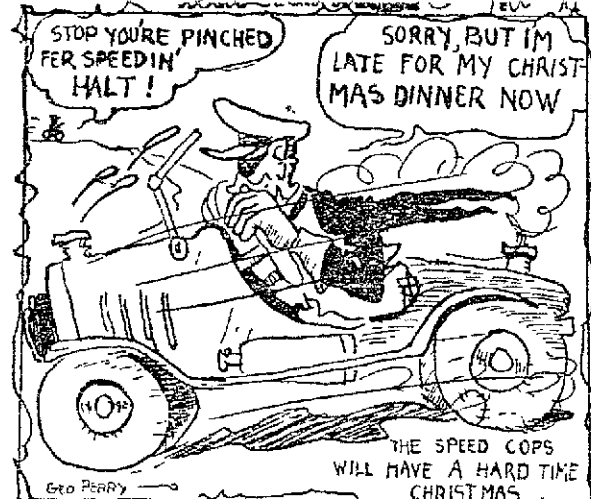
AUNT ELSIE'S MAGAZINE

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FOR ALL THE
GIRLS & BOYS

Sunday, December 24, 1922

MERRY CHRISTMAS!



SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Christmas contest stories were

possible to give the winners in this number, although we are printing some of the earlier arrivals. The winners will be printed next week so be sure and recover from your Christmas dinner in time to read about them.

GENEVIEVE WADSWORTH,
1414 Everett St., Alameda.
THE DUCK'S CHRISTMAS.
(PRIZE STORY.)

"Quack, quack," cried two young ducks, "say mother, tell us how you came to this wonderful place. Last night we got to thinking about it and couldn't sleep."
"Well, well, is that all that's worrying you," said the mother duck as she looked at her two babies

adorningly. "I really think we can go for another swim tomorrow."

"Oh, goodie, goodie," cried the you haven't told us how you came here yet."

"Well, I guess I'll have to tell you," said the mother duck with a good natured quack, "but I'm so terrible busy."

This was a conversation of a family of ducks residing at Lake Merritt, just one day before Christmas.

"We lived up north—that is your father and I, not so very long ago. When some men came up there and captured us and put us in cages. They were very kind to us but we were unhappy. Our troubles soon ended however for in a few days they brought us to this wonderful place. My, how happy we were. And what was our surprise to find several other ducks that greeted

us cordially. They were swimming and we immediately joined them. How cool and delightful the water

A fair haired boy came down on the banks to greet us. He fed us cake and other things. He was so kind and gentle that I've often longed to see him. I have looked and looked but have never found him. That night as we tucked our heads under our wings, there couldn't have been a happier pair of ducks. Well that's the end of my short story, my dears," she ended, with a contented sigh.

Chap 2. Christmas
Christmas morning dawned bright and cheery. Frost covered the whole lake, like a beautiful white cover. The ducks on Lake Merritt were up bright and early. They were having a lovely time. There were quite a few people on the banks, just to see the beauty

of the lake. They fed the ducks good things to eat and one of the ladies said "Those ducks make the

Of course the ducks were very proud of this saying, and all of them were very happy. The man that fed the ducks came rather late but when he did come, my what a lot of food he did bring. "Well," he said, "they might just as well have a big Christmas dinner!"

The ducks wondered what Christmas meant, but did not think much about it. How they did eat! They ate so much they could hardly move. In the afternoon they swam gracefully about, chattering noisily. They enjoyed themselves so much that the time sped quickly. When evening fell the old mother duck wondered why they had had

(Continued on Page Two)



(Continued From Page One.)

an especially good time. When all was still and the ducks had tucked their heads under their wings, the mother duck had a great longing to go out upon the lake. Softly she crept out on the water. A figure was on the opposite shore. Gracefully she swam toward it. A gentle voice called her. Oh, her heart throbbed with joy—she knew that voice. It was the voice of the fair haired boy that she had so longed to see. She swam faster. Oh, now she could see him.

He smiled sweetly. One more stroke and she was with him. She put her head upon his knee and he caressed her feathers. It was a true friendship that had called her, and for a time they sat in silence. Then the little boy spoke:

"I have longed to see you, oh, for so long," he cried, "but I have lived too far away. I cannot stay for long, although I would love to. You could not understand if I told you why."

The duck looked as if she had understood all that he had said. She raised her eyes and looked into his. It was strange that friendship between boy and duck could be so great, short as was the time. Soon the boy was saying goodbye.

"Goodbye, goodbye," he called. "Remember, I shall always love you and will return again next Christmas!"

The duck looked after him longingly, and she too said goodbye but it was said deep in her heart.

Then slowly she swam back to her bed. "I am so happy, so happy," she murmured over and over to herself.

CECILE WILDSWORTH.

AGNES CAROLAN WHITEBURN,
411 A St., Hayward.
(12 Years.)

THE GIRLS HAVE A CHRISTMAS BENEFIT.

"Say Pat, you can go and call the boys now," said Katherine, or Kit for short, to Patricia Muller, a curly haired blue-eyed girl who was a favorite with the boys.

"All right Katherine," she responded, "I'll go and call them," and she went down to the barn where the boys were having a game of marbles.

"Come on, my friends," said she, "you are wanted by the girls on a very important matter, so quit your foolishness and come at once!"

"Toob," said Robert, "as if a girl could get up anything important. We prefer to stay here."

"Very well," said Pat saucily, and started to walk away when the boys said, "Oh, wait, Pat, we're coming!"

"About time," responded that individual, "hurry up, and get down to business."

Chap 2

"Well boys," said Honor Warren. "We've decided to have a Christmas play for the benefit of the people in our district. If we are very successful in our play we might have some money for the hospital. We girls have already written and decided the name of the play. It will be called 'The Birth of Christ.' We will give you today to pick out a committee for decoration, one for tickets, and the selection of the best characters. I think that Bob, Roy, Tom, Dave, Stanley and Elton would do for the ticket committee. Pat, Kit, Rose Victoria, Lucille Therese and myself will attend to the decorations and of course we'll all help with the costumes. We girls haven't decided on the characters yet, but we'll vote on them now."

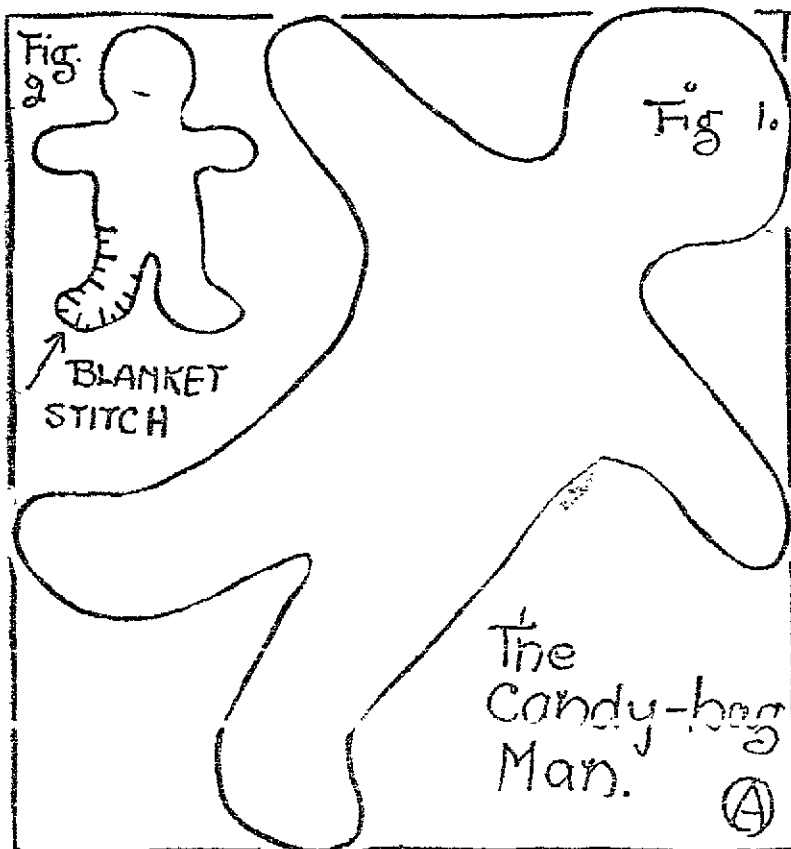
She passed papers and pencils and the girls devoted themselves to they were ready, and it was found that Honor was elected Goddess of Love, Pat was elected to sing some Christmas carols and to have some small parts in the play. Robert was God and Dave was Santa Claus, being fat. Some of the girls took the leading parts and the children in the neighborhood were later to be elected for the children in the play.

Chap 3

The girls and boys had been very busy making costumes, selling tickets and fixing the decorations. They were all ready now and the play was to be given that night. The admission was 25c per person. It was to start at half past seven.

At seven the streets were crowded with eager people. Ticket

MERRY MAKINGS BUILT FOR YOU BY AUNT ELSIE



"Kriminie-Krismas! What sort of candy bags will I make for the Christmas tree?" sighed Betty. "I'm so tired of old red and blue tartan ones—I want something different!"

"It's lucky you weren't around when the world was being made, young lady," snapped the Understanding Scissors. "You'd have wanted that different, too. However, I suppose I'll have to give you your wish as usual. Bring me that cotton scrim Mother had left over from the hall curtains."

Betty flew for the scrim, for when the Scissors was in that sharp mood wonderful things always happened. "And some red or green or orange wool," he called after her.

Betty was back in a jiffy with the scrim and balls of bright wool. Understanding Scissors seized the scrim and with little snicks and snickers of delight he cut out whole regiments of little man figures like

these shown in the drawing, only larger. Then the neighborly Needle sewed them together into bags, two by two, using the bright wools for the stitches on the edge, but leaving a little hole in the top for the stuffing.

Then Betty's turn came, and Jenny Linn and Peter Poodle helped her. Black licorice beans in the toes made them look exactly like nicely polished shoes (the way YOUR shoes should look when you go to school—but don't!). Red jelly beans at the beginning of each arm look like Chrisamassy-cold little hands. The arms and legs were stuffed with spicy candy to give them arm and leg shapes and dozens of round fat candies went into their tummies. Last of all, big fat peppermints made their heads and there stood the gayest little candy elves that ever hung on a Christmas tree!

(Copyright, 1922.)

after ticket was sold and the house was packed until people had to stand. At last the curtain went up.

Two little children in their nighties were saying their prayers. One of them said, "Please God, bless everybody, make mama well and give us a happy Christmas."

"Amen," said the other little figure. Then they climbed into bed and fell fast asleep.

Then down on a moonbeam came some lovely maidens, surrounded around a white figure with a beautiful crown on. She was the Goddess of Love. She hovered over the children, and then spoke in a silver voice, "Oh, innocent believers of God—thou shalt be granted what thou seest, as all other believers shall."

Then down floated some angels, and lo, and behold! The Lord was with them, and the angels stood together and sang, holding out one hand, and with the other pointing to the Savior—

"Oh come all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem."

Come and behold him, born King of angels.

O come let us adore him,
O come let us adore him,
O come let us adore him,
Christ the Lord."

Then they rose up and disappeared, all except one who sang, "Hark the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born king."

Then she too disappeared.

Second Act

After the curtain rose up Santa

his big boots and a smile on his fat, jolly face. "Hello, folks," he said, "I'm glad to see you again."

Then the Goddess of Love spoke: "Children," said she, "this night ye shall learn the secret of Yuletide. The Lord Jesus was born on that day and sent out a disciple who we call Santa Claus, but who is in reality the spirit of giving to others. You are a part of that disciple." So saying she and her maidens and the robust Santa disappeared.

The children woke up and thought they were dreaming, but no, there was the snow from Santa's boots and there was some leaves and flowers on the floor. They remembered this scene all their lives, and became two noble

sisters, charitable and helpful to the sick, and always giving.

Chap 4

The boys and girls received a large sum of money which they donated to the poor in their district and to the hospital.

AGNES WHITEBURN.

OLGA SCHANBACHER,
2026 Peralta Ave., Fruitvale.
"MERRY CHRISTMAS."

'Twas a dark and cold night before Christmas, when all good little children were in bed, so as to be up early the next morning to find their stockings full to overflowing, that MABLE BANT was sitting by the fireplace crying. Her mother, brother, and small sisters had long since been in bed. Mable was crying because she knew very well Little Bobby, Dora and Baby Jean would be up very early the next morning to look in their stockings and find them empty. IT almost broke her heart to think of it. Ever since the war had taken her daddy, never to bring him back again the little family had been very sad.

Mable was trying to think of some way to make her family happy. She heard her dog barking, he never barked unless something was happening. She thought she heard a scream, what could it be? She looked out of the window towards the Waller home. The Waller home belonged to a very rich family by that name. They had a girl named Carol. Carol was of the same age as Mable 13 years. As Mable was looking out of the window she saw a dim shadow of a

to be very heavy. Mable decided to find out what was the matter. She slipped into her coat, and carefully closing the door so as not to make any noise, she crept out into the dark night toward the Waller home.

She was up the large stone steps and rang the bell. The bell was answered by a servant who seemed to be very excited. Mable asked him what was the matter. He said some bags have been stolen belonging to Miss Carol which are of great importance to her. Mable asked if she could be of any help to them. He said he would ask Miss Carol. Mable waited for a long time, which seemed like hours to her, but at last the butler came and with a

nod of his head Mable knew that meant yes.

The butler took her to Miss Carol's room, where Carol was all excited. Mable asked her what was the matter, and she answered that someone had stolen a bag of money from her. Mable said "I will go and try to find the thief, and return the money to you."

Mable first went to the city hall, and asked the night watchman to let her see a record of the people who had just recently been released from the jail. He said that it was "too late to let anyone in the office and besides what do you want here now? Why it is 10:30."

Mable said she was after the thief who had stolen some money from the Wallers, the watchman let her in. As Mable had found a name she was after so now she could go after the thief. SHE found him right where she had expected to. She pulled out her automatic and held him up, and told him to get out in the street and not to move an inch. Once outside the door the police took care of him, and Mable took the sack and went to Carol's home with the money. There Carol's people were waiting for her return, with the money. Mr. Waller said "Here little girl is a check and a merry Christmas."

Mable was very angry at being called a little girl. As Mable was going home she heard Carol calling her. Mable turned around and Carol said, "What is your name?" Mable told her, and Carol said "Here is the money you can have it to divide it between her friends." Carol said too, "I was going to spend it but you have taught me a lesson how to keep care of my money. MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU AND EVERYONE!" The next morning when Mable's family woke up their stockings were not empty. OLGA SCHANBACHER (Marie.)

MARGARET O'CONNELL,
1220 Twenty-third Ave., Oakland.
LITTLE WOLF AND HIS
WOODEN SHOE.

Once upon a time not so long ago that everybody has forgotten the date, there was a little boy whose name was Wolf. He lived with his aunt in a tall old house in London City.

He was seven years old and could not remember of ever seeing his father or mother. The old witch as everybody called her, was very selfish and cross. She gave him dry bread, of which there was never enough to eat.

Not more than once in a year did she speak kindly to him. But the poor boy loved this woman as he had nobody else to love. Everybody knew that the old witch had a bag of gold under her bed.

It was nearing Christmas. The winter was very sharp and cold and the night before Christmas they were given an entertainment at the school house.

Little Wolf went with half torn stockings and shabby coat which he wore on Sundays. It was a gorgeous entertainment to the little boy who had never seen one before.

When the entertainment was over the boys went out with the school master. Little Wolf was the last to come, but lo, to his surprise there sat a little boy sleeping soundly but shivering with only his bare feet—not a shoe for which Santa may put some toys in. So Little Wolf sat down and took off one of his shoes and put it by the child.

Then in alarm he started for home. When he arrived in his cheerless home the Aunt cried, "You worthless fellow, where have you been? Where is your other shoe?"

But with trembling voice he told her what he had done with his other shoe. "Oh," she said, "oh, fine young gentleman takes off his shoes for beggars. But if you find anything in that other shoe in the morning, it will be a shoe to beat you with. Mind what I say!"

The wicked woman made the little boy climb in bed, sobbing with grief. Little Wolf lay on his hard cold bed and did not go to sleep until the sun had gone down and the Christmas bells had rung in the glad day of peace and good will.

In the early morning the old Aunt arose, grumbling to herself and went downstairs, but to her surprise a wonderful sight met her eyes. The great fireplace was full of toys, candy and many beautiful things and there in the place was his two little shoes in which the wicked Aunt had meant to put a strong switch. The woman was so amazed that she cried out! Little Wolf heard her and ran down crying excitedly. The door opened

and when he saw his little shoes was by the chimney place. But by the side of the town many of the neighbors were telling that they only got long switches. Then the wicked old Aunt's heart was softened and she thought how she had treated Little Wolf, who in many ways should have more than a mother's love.

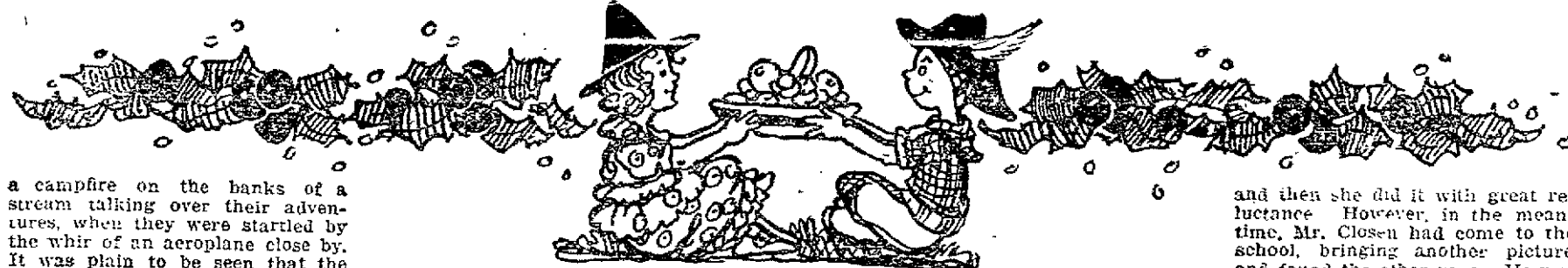
But the mystery of all the gifts is not yet found. It was all Santa Claus.

MARGARET O'CONNELL.

HELEN BRAIN,
203 S. Eighteenth St., San Jose.
(12 Years.)
SANTA'S ADVENTURE.

Some pirates were sitting around

(Continued on Next Page)



a campfire on the banks of a stream talking over their adventures, when they were startled by the whirr of an aeroplane close by. It was plain to be seen that the man had engine trouble for he landed in a field close by.

The pirates ran to see who it was and whom should it be but Santa with an aeroplane and a trailer full of toys. The pirates took him captive and said, "We won't let you go till after Christmas and then the children won't believe in you!"

"Now that would be dreadful," thought Santa. Then he had an idea.

Santa searched in his sacks until he found a wireless set that would have been for some boy. He sounded out a call for help and who should answer but the witches!

The witches came riding through the air on broomsticks. They beat the pirates over the head and made them set Santa loose.

There was still time for Santa to distribute his toys. With the witches' help Santa delivered his toys in good time. He didn't leave anything for the pirates but he gave the witches each a new broomstick and each of the black cats a catnip mouse.

HELEN BRAIN.

ISABEL SIMPSON,
3999 Grove St., Oakland.
(13 Years.)

A CHRISTMAS TREAT.

It was just one week before Christmas and the Jones Family were wondering if they would have a good Christmas or not any at all. Mr. Jones was out looking for work. Mrs. Jones was sewing, trying to get some money saved. Her two children, Bobbie and Dorothy, were very cute little children of eight and ten years old. They also were trying to think of a way they might do some good thing to make money.

Just then the door opened and in walked Mr. Jones. "Oh papa," called out Dot, "did you find any work?"

Mr. Jones heard and said, "No children. I fear we will have to do without any goodies this Christmas."

Mr. Jones fell down in a chair and was silent until there was a knocking at the door. "Come in," called Mrs. Jones.

In walked their next door neighbor. She wasn't much better off. She said her husband had just got a job as a milkman. Then she went. Dorothy called Bobbie out in the yard. "Bobbie," she said, "I've thought of a plan, but we must work fast." Then she told him her plan.

It was like this: "At eight o'clock tomorrow we will dress up and go around the streets and dance. I'll get mama's old Spanish costume," said Dot, "and put it on, and you can get an old pair of papa's pants, and we'll dance and have a hat and pass it around."

"Oh gee, that will be swell," said Bobbie, to Dot.

Then it was settled so they went in and they all went to bed as it was late. Next morning they got up early. It was the day before Christmas before Mr. Jones went out again looking for work. But the same thing occurred. It was now getting near the hour when Bob and Dot were to dance.

Mr. Jones went to bed with tears in his eyes. Mrs. Jones put Bob and Dot to bed. Then she went to bed too. Mrs. Jones also had tears in her eyes. When everything was quiet, Bob got up, put his clothes on, and Dot did the same. Then they went down Main street and started to dance. Bob sang also. Pretty soon a crowd of people were around them. Still they danced on and then Bob stopped and passed the hat around. Some dropped ten pieces in, some five.

Dot stopped when he had passed the hat around. They went into a barn to see how much money they had. They heard voices and looked around to see who it was. They were going out when Dot said "Shh—"

They heard two men say "We will rob Mr. Whales' house tonight at midnight."

Now Dot knew that the Whales were very rich. She told Bob to stay and watch while she ran to the police station. The police caught the crooks and Bob and Dot got a reward of one thousand dollars. They went and bought a house and with the other money they bought a load of presents and a tree and all the other things that go with Christmas.

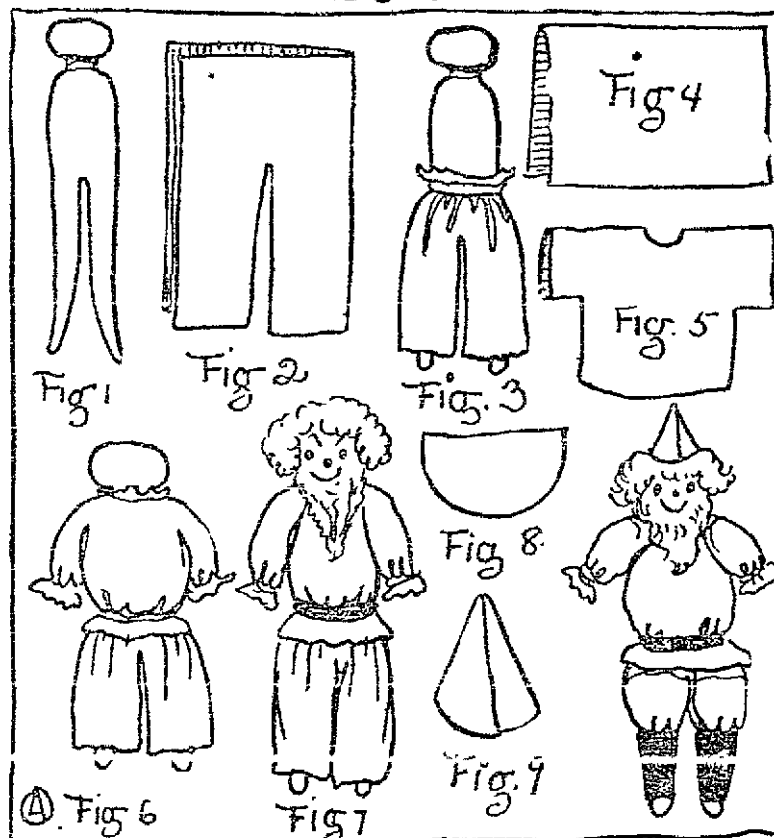
into bed. They slept two hours. When their mother called them they got up and dressed and ate breakfast. Then they said to papa and mama, "Let's go for a walk in the park."

They put their coats on and went. They were nearing the house that Bob and Dot had bought. Dot said to papa and mama, "Let's go in here just for a minute. Mr. and Mrs. Jones were startled, but they went in and they saw the prettiest tree. Then Dot said "Now mama and papa, get ready for the surprise of your life!" They sat there in the chair amazed. "This house," said Dot, "is all yours!"

"Dot!" cried out Mrs. Jones, "is

MERRY MAKINGS

BUILT FOR YOU BY AUNT ELSIE



"Of course Mother attends to the eating part of the Christmas dinner," said Betty importantly, "but the decorations are left to me and that is a very grave responsibility."

All the play chums giggled. Betty was SO funny when she tried to be important.

"Laugh if you want to," sniffed Betty, "but just you wait and see the Santa Clauses I'm going to make for each place!"

So they waited and this is what they saw. First Betty took some common, wooden clothespins (like the pin in Fig. 1), then some red crepe paper, some stiff writing blackened, and some puffy cotton. Figures 2 and 3 show how the pants were cut, pasted up one side and tied around Santa's middle. Figures 4 and 5 show the little red coat, cut with a folded bit of paper, pasted up on the sides, and with a hole cut in the center just large enough to slip over Santa's head. When it was on Betty

padded his tummy with cotton until it was jolly and fat, as all Santa tummies should be, and then gave him a bolt of black ribbon. She tied the ends of the sleeves as shown in Fig. 6.

In Fig. 7 the Friendly Paste Pot has fastened bushy white cotton whiskers and hair on Santa and the Polite Pencil has marked two merry black eyes and a snubby little nose. Next the Understanding Scissors cut a half circle of red paper as shown in Fig. 8 and pasted it into a little pointed cap as shown in Fig. 9. After this they added two smart black "boots" which were simply two straight strips of black paper, pasted about the legs, and there stood Santy looking sassy enough to burst through his whiskers.

"There, now, look what I did!" cried Betty.

"YOU did?" chorused the play chums. "How about US?"

(Copyright, 1922.)

it really all ours?"

"Yes, why certainly mother and dad!"

Mr. and Mrs. Jones didn't know what to do. Then Bob and Dot told them their adventures. When they ended everyone was so happy. Then they opened their presents up—and oh what pretty things they got. I think Mr. Jones got a job too, so everyone was happy. So I'll end my story.

ISABELLA SIMPSON.

MINNIE WALDIE,
1227 Monterey Ave., Berkeley.
(14 Years.)

WHAT HELEN DID.

"Boca, Boca!" shouted the conductor, of the Limited, "all off for Boca."

But Midge Buren was the only passenger to get off the train. She took her grips over to the station where she dropped them to the floor and looked eagerly around her. A look of disappointment came over her face and she murmured to herself, "I guess the only reason Boca was ever put on the map was because of the icing plant. And this is to be my home for a year! Oh well, I might as well make the best of it."

So she picked up her baggage and went over to the hotel. Everyone was gazing at her with curiosity until one of the post office men said "Hum, I guess that is the new high school teacher."

He was right. Midge had, after taking a course at the University, applied for a position as a teacher, and to her disappointment had been sent up to Boca, far up in the Sierras where there is snow till late July.

School started the next day but Midge, after a good night's sleep was well prepared for it. The High School was a one story building of ten small rooms. Formerly the pupils had to go to Truckee, ten miles away, but Mr. Closen, the town's richest inhabitant had endowed the town with a high school. It had been called Closen High School, in honor of him.

Midge was liked by all the pupils whom she taught, and she soon made friends with their parents. She was particularly fond of Helen Davidson, a bright and cheery girl of fourteen. Midge soon introduced new things into the school, and one day, electrified the town by

asking to have an Art Week in the school. The board objected at first saying it was near Christmas and that people would not be bothered to come. But Midge soon overcame all these objections and told her pupils that consent had been given for an Art Week.

Some of them had very pretty pictures in their home and induced their parents to let them take them to school. Mr. Closen loaned a beautiful scene picture which was valued at a thousand dollars.

One Thursday, the day before the exhibition was to close, Helen eagerly entered the Art Room to see the pictures. She had not been able to come before as her little lame friend, Jenny, had been ill and wanted her. But now she had plenty of time and lingered over each picture for she was an artist at heart. Then suddenly saw Mr. Closen's picture, and she stopped suddenly. "Oh, how Jenny would love that picture. I wish she could see it," Helen sighed after looking at it, "but she can't, so I will have to try and tell her about it."

But when she described the picture Jenny said, "I must see it, I must see it!" And knowing that she couldn't see it for she had to stay in bed, she cried until she made herself ill again. All that night she thought of the picture that Helen had described so well.

The next morning Helen on her way to school stopped to see Jenny. When she saw how sick she was she regretted that she had ever told her of the picture. But it was gone unless—Helen had an idea. She hurried to school, put her back to her locker, and taking a large piece of wrapping paper, hurried with it into the Art Room. There was no one there, but with great caution she shut all the doors and hurriedly wrapped the picture up. It wasn't very large and she carried it quite easily. Then she went back to Jenny's house and snowed her the picture.

At first Jenny could not speak, then suddenly she cried—"Now I know what the country is like," and took the picture in her hands.

"Now Jenny, I must take it back," said Helen, five minutes later. "I think I can return it and still not be late, because you know I came early this morning."

But it took another five minutes to persuade Jenny to give it up

and then she did it with great reluctance. However, in the meantime, Mr. Closen had come to the school, bringing another picture and found the other gone. He was just going to the office to report it when Midge came in. He told her, but they could not think who could have taken it. "It was right here," said Midge, pointing to an empty space on the wall.

Then she happened to look down and saw Helen's handkerchief on the floor. She picked it up and looking at the initials, guessed right away. "She took it—the little miss!" cried Mr. Closen.

"Oh, I don't think she did, Mr. Closen. She is not that kind of a girl," Midge exclaimed, but before she could say another word, Helen slipped into the room, carrying the picture.

"There," ejaculated Mr. Closen, "what did I tell you!"—for he knew Helen slightly.

"Helen, dear, did you take the picture?" Midge asked her gently. "Yes Miss Buren," she answered, "it is here. I took it for Jenny to see."

"And who may Jennie be?" demanded Mr. Closen.

Then Helen told him all about Jenny, and her love for pictures. "Oh," she said, "she could feel the wind blow after she saw the picture, and now she feels so much better!"

After a moment Mr. Closen said, "Since she likes this picture so well suppose you give it to her as a Christmas present?"

Helen was stunned. She had thought Mr. Closen a hard, mean man. Then when she could speak she cried, "Oh, thank you! Jenny will be so happy."

And Helen was right. On Christmas Day when she received the picture there was not a happier person in Boca, or in all the world in fact, than Jenny.

MINNIE WALDIE.

SANDA PETERSEN.

629 Third St., Hayward, Cal.

(13 Years.)

THE CHILDREN'S FIRST CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

Esther Allen were twins and were five years of age. It was the day before Christmas and the children were wondering how Santa Claus was going to get into the house and fill their stockings that evening. They knew the chimney was too small and he could not fit through the chimney with his pack as he would surely crack it and get stuck.

They decided to put a note on the chimney so he could get it and read it before he went down the chimney. The note read as follows—"Dear Santa Claus—Do not come down the chimney as you might get stuck and crack the chimney. The front door is unlocked. So come in through the front door. The Twins."

That night when Santa Claus came he saw the note on the chimney and went in through the front door. When he went into the children's room he said, "These are very kind children, I see, for leaving the door unlocked." So he filled their stockings, and put a heap of toys on the floor.

When they woke up in the morning they were very happy to see he left half of his pack at their house.

That afternoon they invited the children that lived near them to come and see their toys and play with them, and all the children hated to go home. After that the children always put a note on the chimney and were very good near Christmas time as they knew Santa would be good to them.

SANDA PETERSEN.

ESTA FOWLE.

6665 Claremont, Oakland.

WHAT THE WONDER FOLKS SAW.

It was a cold, dreary night. Outside the snow was three feet deep and it was still snowing. Little Jane, aged eleven, sat in the dim light of a candle, making paper dolls. She had three little girls in her care and was trying to make their Christmas as happy as possible.

"Oh, I'm so sleepy," she said, "I'm tired, so I'll go to bed."

So saying she put the work in the stockings, and went to bed.

At midnight just as the clock struck twelve, down the chimney came Santa Claus, very much to the surprise and alarm of Mrs. Paint Brush and Mrs. Scissors!

"Hello," said Santa, in his merry voice. "Want to help me surprise the little Miss?"

"Oh, yes," cried Water Glass, "I want to see the presents."

Then down the chimney came a beautiful Christmas, all decorated. When everything was finished Mr. Paint Brush acted as spokesman for the Wonder Folks and asked Santa why Santa had picked Jane to give the presents to. "Well," said Santa, "you see Jane did not think of herself when she made the dolls. She thought only of how disappointed the children would be if they got nothing. That's a fair sample of it."

"Oh," said the Wonder Folks. Santa then left.

A week later Jane stopped a minute and thought, "I wonder

(Continued on Next Page)

Why Santa picked me to give these beautiful presents to?"

But Mr. Paint Brush nodded his head wisely and winked. And we know, don't we? ESTA FOWLE.

"PILL AND MILL"

4503 Webster St., Oakland.
A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was a night before Christmas and all was still. Not even a mouse was stirring.

Little Johnny Cricket was in the living room reading when his mother called him, as it was getting late, to go to bed. Little Johnny bid his mother good night and went to his bedroom feeling very happy.

Little Johnny had not been asleep yet and could hear everything anybody said. He had heard that there was a Santa Claus, but believed it. At twelve o'clock he heard a very queer noise coming down the chimney. He put on his kimono and went down the chimney to see what it was. When he got down there he was surprised to see a cricket Santa Claus. This Santa Claus didn't see little Johnny Cricket looking at him. The Santa Claus unloaded lots of toys, oranges, candy, nuts and many other things. What caught little Johnny's eye were a pair of red boots.

Little Johnny couldn't wait to try on the boots, so he hollered out, "Gimme those boots!"

Santa Claus turned around quick at the remark and gave Jimmy the little red boots, and lots and lots of toys, oranges, bananas, nuts and lots of apples. Johnny thanked him for all Santa Claus gave him and then went to his bedroom, feeling very happy. In the morning his mother came in to get his toys, as he had kept them in the living room all night. Johnny related the whole story to his mother of what had happened the night before.

PILL AND MILL.

DOROTHY AYER.

1247 Fifty-second Ave., Oakland.
(12 Years.)

THE BOY WHO DID NOT BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS.

Once upon a time there was a little boy who did not believe in Santa Claus. His name was Danny. One day a week before Christmas his mother took him down town to tell Santa Claus what he wanted.

"I want a bike," he said.

"All right, dear," said his mother. "You had better tell Santa what you want."

"Oh, I don't believe in Santa Claus," said Danny.

"Why, Danny," said his mother. "You will not get another thing for Christmas then."

"Oh, I don't care," said Danny. When Christmas came and Danny went to look for his toys there was not a thing that looked like a toy in sight. Instead of toys he got a great big long whip.

Danny said he would never say a thing about Santa Claus again.

DOROTHY AYER.

INEZ REYNOLDS.

926 Kains Ave., Albany.
(12 Years.)

CHRISTMAS AT BROWN'S.

Mrs. Brown and Mr. Brown was very poor. They had four children. The children were happy, and they were telling what Santa was going to bring them.

Mrs. Brown told them she was afraid Santa Claus would forget them this time. They had ten cents left—just enough for a loaf of bread. Now a very rich man was passing by and heard all they said.

When they sent this boy out for a loaf of bread the man said, "Tell your mother to pray to give her money enough to buy clothes and toys for her children." The boy did this. His mother said she would do it.

Now this rich man was planning to play Santa Claus. He thought it would make him happy to do some good to the poor people, so on Christmas eve he went in the house quietly and put toys, clothes, money, a set of dishes for the mother, and a twenty-five pound turkey.

In the morning when they woke up they were so surprised to see the children all dressed and playing with toys.

They said to her, "See—we told you Santa would not forget us!" After they had eaten their breakfast they heard a knock at the door. Mrs. Brown opened it. The same man who had given them

Brown had seen him he called "Jack Brown!"—as that was the rich man's name.

As soon as Jack seen Mr. Brown he called out "Tom!" They were soon talking. Mrs. Brown said, "What does all this mean?"

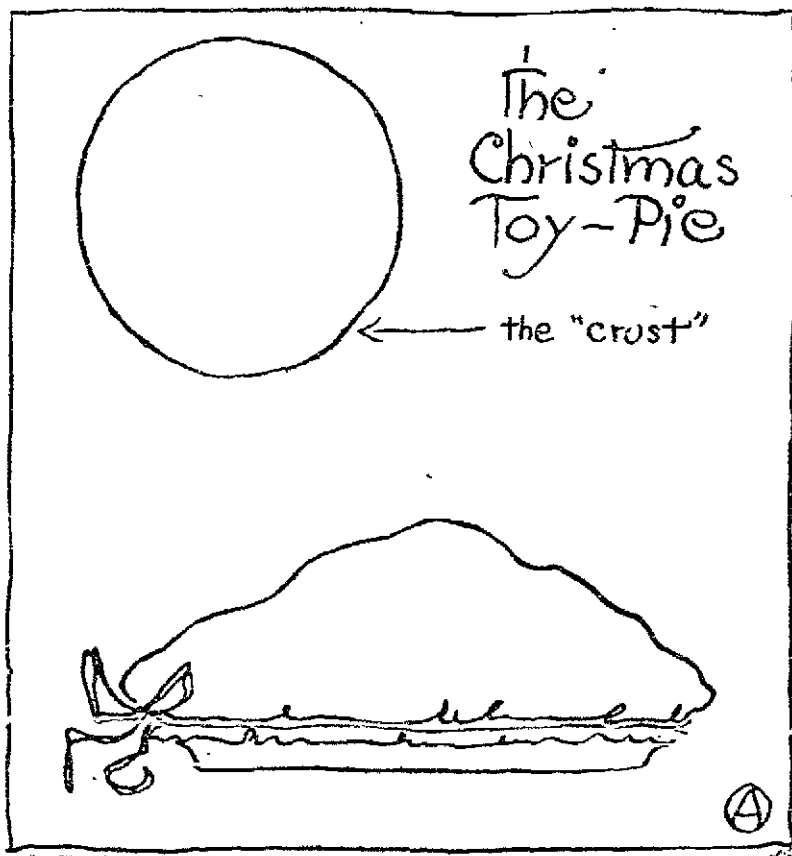
Jack said, "You see Tom is my brother—I was looking for him for two years, and now that I have found him I want you to come and live with me."

So they went home with Jack, and they got many things from Jack. Jack went about doing good and all the children grew to love him. They called him Saint Nicolas. After he died other good people took his place, and now still have Christmas, but our mothers, father and relatives take the place



MERRY MAKINGS

BUILT FOR YOU BY AUNT ELSIE



The Understanding Scissors, the Neighborly Needle and the Friendly Paste Pot were all grouped around the fire chatting comfortably, when Betty burst into the room with a bang.

"Listen! Listen everybody!" she cried. "I have a wonderful idea and you must help me."

"Out with it!" clanked the Scissors, who, in spite of his popcorny manners, was always ready to oblige.

"It's this way," said Betty. "My Girls Club—I won't tell you the name cause it's a secret—is going to give a Christmas party to five little orphans. I have just billions of presents for my little orphan, tiny things and big things, and I want to know how to make some new kind of a surprise package."

"She always wants something different," whispered the Paint Pot thickly to Jenny Linn, "and it fairly keeps my brain sticky, indeed it does."

"How about my brain?" complained Jenny Linn.

"Poh! Your brain's solid cotton stuffed, while—"

"Stop your squabbling and listen to my Wonderful Scheme," barked Peter Poodle, who had an idea for

the first time in his life, and was so excited over it that his seams were almost ripping. "Why not make a pie? Human people always seem to like pies, although I personally prefer a tender young cat. Then why not make a Christmas toy pie?"

"There are times when you're almost bright!" snapped the Scissors. "It's a great plan. Bring me the deepest pie pan, all the toys and some red crepe paper. Also a yard of holly ribbon."

Away Betty scampered and in a jiffy everything was ready. First the pan was lined with red paper. Then in went the toys and goodies—a tiny automobile, a top, dozens of marbles, a jumping frog and a water pistol, a harmonica and a magnet, a book of magic and a jack knife with piles of candies and cookies to fill the chinks. Then the Understanding Scissors cut a "crust" of red paper, large enough to cover it all and lap over. The Friendly Paste Pot pasted it to the edge of the pan and Betty tied it around with holly ribbon. And you should have seen that little orphan smile when he opened it on Christmas day!

(Copyright, 1922)

of Santa Claus and everyone should be happy on Christmas day.

INEZ REYNOLDS.

EDITH LOOMES.

636 Dowling Blvd., San Leandro.
A CHRISTMAS EXPERIENCE.

It was Christmas eve and all through the house not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse. The stockings were hung by the fire with care, in hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

Little Johnny was sound asleep in his little white bed dreaming of toys and Christmas trees. Nothing could be heard but the tick-tock of the large clock downstairs. All of a sudden the clock struck twelve, and so as the last stroke died away Johnny awoke, put on his slippers and went softly down stairs. When he reached the living room he found that Santa had not been there yet, so he decided to hide behind the door and wait for Santa.

He had waited quite a while and was just dozing off again when he heard a great rambling, tumbling sound and looking toward the fireplace, whom should he see but old Santy, sitting on the floor, covered with soot from head to foot, and rubbing his head and his back very hard.

Johnny was so surprised that he hid behind the door and watched himself in time and sat regarding Santa with breathless interest, to see what would happen next. After Santa had rubbed his head awhile he got up, brushed the soot from his red suit and started to fill the stockings and to take out present after present. Johnny was very much interested in the size of the packages and grew quite excited, wondering what they contained.

But all the while Santy was filling the stockings, he kept rubbing his back and head and muttering something to himself about "Never again."

After Santa had deposited all the presents in the stockings he climbed out the window and went away. Johnny jumped out from his hiding place when Santa had

gone and opened all his packages. He then went up to bed and slept happily, because Santy had brought everything he wanted.

The next morning Johnny noticed at breakfast that father had to have a cushion to sit on, that he had traces of soot in his hair and that he had a bandage around his head and that mother laughed at father a great deal, but it was all a mystery to Johnny.

EDITH LOOMES.

NORMA COELHO.

370 Sybil Ave., San Leandro.
(14 Years.)

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was at Xmas at Mme. Laure's School for Girls. Mme. Laure to begin with was a "crank." Among the eighty-five girls there she did not have a favorite.

As in all schools, there is generally a group of mischief makers. So it was at this school. This group was known as the "Six Chums" including Lorene, Hazel, Mildred, Marianna, Zelda and Melba. Lorene and Hazel who went together were as much alike as could be. Mildred and Marianna were just the opposite Mildred being long, lanky and freckled face and jolly, while Marianna was short, fat and as pale as a bucket of white wash. Zelda

arables—they were rightly named because where you'd see one you would see the other.

Between the girls they managed to keep the principal and teachers in a continuous turmoil. They were either riding each other up and down in the dumb waiter or taking blankets and sleeping on the roof and catching cold.

It happened that on Christmas eve they did not have anyone to tease because everybody except themselves, and one of the teachers, Miss Squires, had gone home for the holidays.

"For goodness sake," said Hazel, from the depths of a rocking chair, "won't somebody say something."

"Yes," said Lorene, "let's do

something besides sit here and keep the chairs warm."

"I tell you," said the ever mischievous Zelda, "three of us will dress up as boys and the other three like we are every day, and go out."

"Oh," said Marianna, "we're not supposed to leave the school without a chaperon and Miss Squires wouldn't go."

"Well, let's sneak out then," said Melba. "It's so quiet around here."

Finally they agreed, and all started for their rooms. A few minutes later six people were seen sneaking out of the side door. It would be hard to remember everything they did, but they finally trooped in about 12:30 A. M.

"Oh," said Mildred, "I'm so sleepy, I feel like going to bed like this. Say, did anybody see my necktie?"

"No," came from all of them. A few minutes later they were all in darkness.

Next morning while the six chums were dressing, who should walk in but Mme. Laure!

When the girls got down stairs they saw Mme. and Miss Squires talking. "Our doom is up," whispered Hazel.

"Girls," said Miss Squires, "will you please step into the next room?"

The girls walked into the mentioned room and gravely sat down.

"No doubt you are surprised to see Madame here. Are you not?" said Miss Squires.

All heads nodded.

"The reason for her sudden arrival," continued Miss Squires, "is that she is going to be married, and has come to make arrangements for filling her vacancy."

If the maid had walked into the room and announced the arrival of Julius Caesar's ghost the girls would not have been more surprised.

"Married!" echoed Zelda.

"Yes, and in her place I am going to be principal," said Miss Squires.

The girls sat like statues until Zelda sneezed and thus brought them back to earth.

When the girls were all back in their rooms again they all started to talk at once. "Girls," said Lorene, who was perched on the table, "who would have thought of her marrying?"

"Oh, I am so glad to have Miss Squires for principal, but don't you think we had to do something about our midnight spree we had last night?" None of the girls had anything to say, so the matter was dropped.

It was useless to worry about the matter because next day a package arrived addressed to Miss Mildred Packard, Laure School, and inside was the lost tie.

Down in the corner of the box was a note saying that "the next time Miss Packard wanted to shed her clothes, she should not shed them in the De Luxe theatre."

Of course when Miss Squires saw this she asked for an explanation. As it was, the girls did not get any recreation period for two weeks, but with so much excitement about the coming wedding, they escaped without severe punishment.

Many years later when the girls got together again they spoke of the incident, and laughed as they recalled the marriage of Mme. Laure.

NORMA CAELHO.

GLADYS YOUNG.

Box 27, Hayward, Cal.
(11 Years.)

THE WELCOMED STRANGER.

Beth, her mother, father and two children, Ned and Catherine, lived in the frontier. It was in the early days and they had to be careful of Indians.

Mr. Smith, Beth's father had cut down a fir tree in the forest, but did not bring it in until Christmas eve.

Mrs. Smith put the children to bed while Beth and her father put the tree up and began to decorate it with roughly cut stars, balls and other little trinkets. Mrs. Smith filled stockings with apples, candy and little toys.

"The children will be surprised," said Beth, "because I told them Santa Claus was not going to bring presents to little boys and girls this year."

The day before Mr. Smith had walked to the village and bought some presents. Mrs. Smith marked the names on the presents.

They were going to bed having prepared everything for Christmas when there was a knock on the door.

Smith.

No one answered. He got his gun and opened the door.

In walked a little child which was trembling.

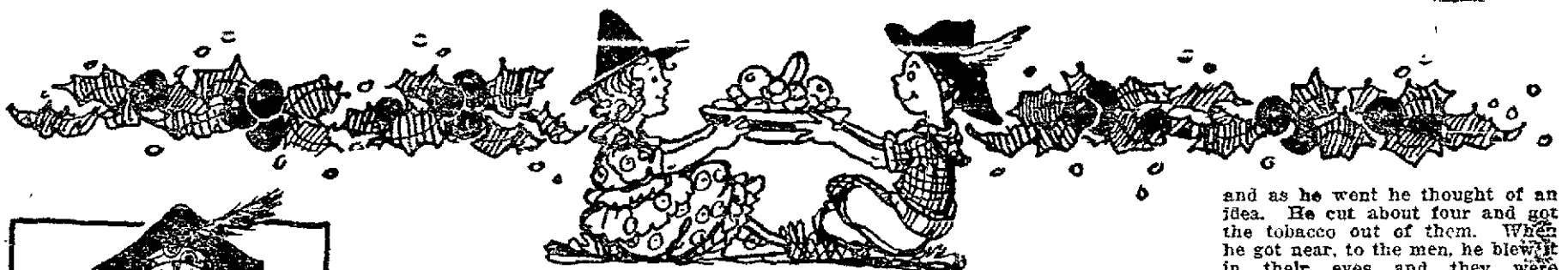
"Where did you come from?" asked Mr. Smith.

"When I was three years old some Indians captured me and while they were having a big time this evening, I escaped," said the child.

"We will keep you till after Christmas," said Mr. Smith, "then we will find your parents."

They all had a very nice time on Christmas and Smith thought they were doing right by giving a poor child a good time.

GLADYS YOUNG.



SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Christmas contest stories were so late in arriving that it was impossible to give the winners in this number, although we are printing some of the earlier arrivals. The winners will be printed next week so be sure and recover from your Christmas dinner in time to read about them.

CARROLL McCOMB,
1386 Seventh St., Oakland.
(14 Years.)

PRIZE STORY.
SANTA THE SECOND.

We all know Santa Claus works hard all summer to get ready to deliver toys to good children. "It's pretty near Christmas now, so I guess I will get the toys packed on my sleigh and fatten up my reindeer for a long, hard run," Santa Claus said with his smile from ear to ear.

But in another part of the city there lived a poor newsboy, about seven or eight years old who lived all by himself in an old deserted barn. "I hope Santa don't forget me, 'cause I'm poor," Jimmie said, which was the boy's name. Santa Claus got everything ready and fed his deer five times as much as they ought to have because Christmas was not far away.

"Now that everything is ready, I will go and do my duty in the big department stores, and ask the children what they want for Christmas," thought Santa.

After Jimmie sold some papers one day he decided to go and see Santa Claus. As he reached the store he saw a lot of rich children standing in line. "Oh, well, there ain't no use of me standing in line," Jimmie said to himself.

Just then Santa yelled, "This line isn't just for rich children—it's for poor boys and girls as well."

This made Jimmie happy, and he got in line. In a few minutes it came Jimmie's turn to tell what he wanted for Christmas. He gave Santa a big list of words about told him where he lived. Now almost every boy and girl was happy, including Jimmie. A few weeks passed and Christmas came.

"Well, I guess I will go to bed now and wait for Santa Claus," said Jimmie.

Along toward the middle of the night in popped Santa whistling a merry tune. "Hello! Hello! Santa Claus said, 'Here are your things, and have you anything to say?'"

"Yes, if you let me I would like to help make and deliver the toys!" Jimmie said, playing with a three wheel bicycle.

"That will be a merry, jolly, fine lollipop of a scheme," replied Santa Claus, "Come on!"

So, little children, instead of seeing Santa this time you might see another merry fat young man crawling down your chimney called "Santa the Second."

CARROLL McCOMB.
NORMAN CLARK,
1715 Lafayette St., Alameda.
(12 Years.)
JIMMY'S SURPRISE, A RADIO STORY.

It was almost Christmas, and Jimmy didn't know just what he wanted most of all. He had skates, a football, a magic lantern and a bicycle on his list, but he knew something was missing. What was it?

Oh—he knew what it was—a radio.

But how was he to get it? Jimmy had reason to believe that his gifts were already boughten because he had seen Ma hide some packages they were for him.

In about a week it would be Christmas and not a chance for a radio in sight. He absolutely had to have one!

He broached the subject to his dad, by hinting about how popular the radio was an how educational it was.

Jimmie fully expected to hear his father say, "Son, all right, you can have a radio," but he said not a word.

Chap. 3.
Christmas eve came and Jimmy went to bed with a heavy heart. He was not to get a radio that Christmas! At least that was what he thought.

That Christmas morning Jimmy



THE PUCKETT'S BARN GANG BY EARL ENNIS

(Continued From Last Sunday)
A CONFERENCE, AND A DECISION.
CHAPTER XXV.

Snub did not tell his idea to the boys right there. Instead he looked cautiously around.

"Let's go back to—to headquarters," he said mysteriously. The boys tiptoed out of the house. Toad lagged long enough to catch up the rope of Jasper, the sniffer dog, and drag him along.

There was not much conversation as they took a short cut back to the headquarters of the "Detective Club" at Puckett's barn. Detectives on an important case never talk much, and sometimes not at all. This was one of those times.

It was not until everybody had crawled through the secret tunnel and was safe inside that Snub told what had popped into his head back in the anarchist's shack.

"Listen," he said, as the boys all crowded around him. "If this is a medal, the Government must know all about it, because the government makes 'em and gives 'em away. Pinkie's brother got one."

"Yeah," said Pinkie, "and a Frenchman kissed him out in front of everybody and he had to stand for it or get shot at sunrise for money business without the general's say-so. He's a hero."

"Sure—that's it," said Snub. "Now—if we find out who the Government gave this medal to, then we've got a clue to the soldier who was stolen off of."

The boys almost cheered. That certainly was the cleverest idea and Snub was certainly smart to think of it.

"How are you going to find out from the Government?" asks Shucks Jones. "Who do you ask?"

Snub thought about that for a minute.

"I know," he said quickly. "I'll ask Mr. Rafferty. He's a policeman and he ought to know."

"Sure he would," said Dutch, "in a minute."

"Let's," suggested Pooch. "I move we appoint ourselves a committee of one to ask Mr. Rafferty about the medal," said Snub, as general manager and president. "Any kicks? Unanimous!" Snub always got "unanimous" wrong, but the boys knew what he meant.

"If we all go down in a bunch,"

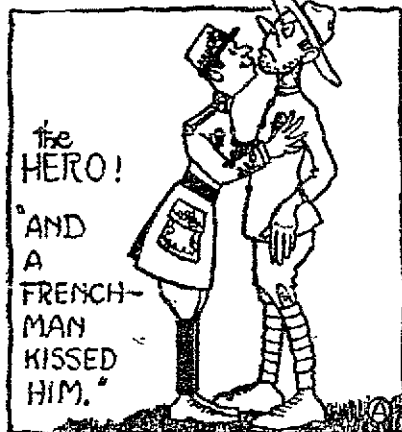
didn't care what he got for Christmas because he couldn't have a radio set. But soon he got up and looked at the tree. There were nuts, candy, fruit and plenty of toys, but they held no joy for him.

But what was in that box over in the corner? Jimmy walked over to it and what was in it but a radio set with receivers and everything. And that very day he put the set up and the Oakland TRIBUNE was the first thing he heard.

NORMAN CLARK.

ALLAN BUSBY,
1821 Fairview St., Berkeley.
(12 Years.)
TOM'S HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

Tom was a poor boy. He lived in New York. One day as Tom



said Freckles, "Mr. Rafferty will know we are detectives."

"Well," corrected Smith, "detectives have to work with the police sometime, else the police wouldn't have anything to do except on parades. We've got to tell him because we need a little help."

"Well, let's not take too much, or we might have to divvy rewards," said the frugal Pooch, cautiously.

So the "Detective Club" went down the hill and called on Mr. Rafferty. It so happened that Mr. Rafferty was at home, it being his day off. The was working in his garden, and looked up in surprise when the little group of boys came solemnly through his gate and said "Good morning" very stiffly.

Now Mr. Rafferty was a pretty smart policeman. At least that's what everybody said. He had only to take just one look at the faces of the "Detective Club" to know that something important had happened.

"Morning, boys," he answered, leaning his rake against the third picket. "What can I do for you?"

Snub Gibson held out his hand with the medal in it.

"We want to find out who this belongs to," he said in a most dignified manner, trying hard not to look excited.

The next chapter tells what happened after that.

(Continued on Page 7.)

(Copyright, 1932.)

was walking down Wall Street selling papers a thought came in his mind that he would sell holly. So the next morning he went to the hills. He wandered on till he came to the mountains. He saw a tree with wonderful holly. Just as he was about to the tree he fell down a hole, and down, down he went.

Till he got a bump on a hard piece of wood. He was knocked unconscious. When he awoke he found himself in a big room. A lot of men were sitting around a table. He was too frightened to do anything. A week passed and it was only two weeks more until Christmas. By this time the men made Tom work.

One day they said, "Bring us our cigarettes." Tom went to get them

and as he went he thought of an idea. He cut about four and got the tobacco out of them. When he got near, to the men, he blew it in their eyes and they were all blind. Tom got away and got the police. They got all the men except two. These men escaped and went further into the mountains.

Tom went home and told his mother to look out because the men were after him. Two days passed and Mr. Brown's daughter was missing. He told Tom and they went and got the police and went up into the mountains after the robbers.

One day as they were walking along Tom saw some smoke. He told Mr. Brown and they went to where the smoke came from. They found it was the robbers and captured them. Mr. Brown's daughter was not hurt so they went home. Tom was given a reward of six thousand dollars. For Christmas he got his mother a new home and he got a wonderful radio and many other things. When he was old enough he married Mr. Brown's daughter and they lived happily ever after.

ALLAN BUSBY.
WILBUR WRIGHT,
1911 Fifth Ave., Oakland.
(14 Years.)

PEPP'S CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

It was Christmas even and Pepp had to stay home and stir the pudding from seven till eight o'clock. He wanted to go with the rest of the boys to a picture show. He sat there stirring the pudding and watched his mother make pumpkin and mince pies. She baked them and put them on a shelf to cool. Pepp's father was a blacksmith.

Now when Pepp finished stirring the pudding he went out where he was to meet the other boys. But they were all there. They were sitting there talking when all of a sudden Pepp thought of the pies. So he said, "How would you fellows like some pie?"

They said all right. So he went home, sneaked in and got the pies and handed them out the window to one of the other boys. They said they would go to the marshes on the outside of the town to eat them. As they were eating the pies a man came along and said, "Give me those pies."

The pies were soon eaten by the man. He had iron rings on his legs. He said to Pepp, "You bring me in the morning a file and some extra. And don't say anything about seeing me to anybody, and the same to you fellows."

That night when Pepp got home his father said his mother was out looking for him wickler. Pepp knew what tickler was—it was father's cane. His mother came home and after giving Pepp a dose of tickler sent him to bed. After Pepp went to bed his mother and father fixed a Christmas tree near the fire place. That night while Pepp was asleep Santa Claus came down the chimney. Pepp was not asleep. He had been thinking of that man with the irons on his legs.

He got up to get some things to take to the man to eat. But who did he run into but Santa Claus. Santa Claus went up the chimney so fast he left of his boots behind and his bag of things.

Pepp quickly went over to see what was in the bag and before long everything was out of the bag on the floor. His mother woke up and came down stairs to see what all the noise was. She found Pepp in the middle of the room with the things all around him. His mother was surprised to see all the things he had there and asked him where he got them. He told her and she laughed.

Pepp went back to bed and dreamt that candy and nuts were being sold for a penny a barrel. He bought forty five barrels and was going to give one to all his friends.

He got up at four o'clock and got the eats and file and went to the marsh which was about four blocks away. He found the man and he soon ate all the things. Then he took the irons off his leg and Pepp went home.

His mother was going to have company for dinner. At the end of dinner Pepp's mother said she had four swell pies. Pepp thought his time had come. He ran for the door but ran into a bunch of soldiers. They wanted his father to fix the handcuffs they had. They were soon fixed and the soldiers went after the man that Pepp had given the things to. He was soon caught.

Some years later the same man came to see Pepp as he never forgot the little boy who had been so kind to him. WILBUR WRIGHT.

There been saving the following story for a special occasion. I don't know how it will agree with the turkey and cranberry sauce—they'll probably dance a jig together—but you'll be willing to have a stomach ache in payment for the thrill of reading this.

Homer McDonald, himself a mighty fine Pirate story-writer, says, "Don't you think the Pirates ought to give Raymond Crinnon three cheers for relating to us the story of the trip to Mars? I think so and so here goes—Raymond Crinnon—rah-rah-rah, Raymond Crinnon." Of course the Pirates will echo this to a man, and when

(Continued on Next Page)



you've read this new thriller of a trip to the Moon. I don't know what you WILL say!!! I guess it will take about a hundred cheers to express it.

RAYMOND E. CRINNION,

519 25th St., Oakland,
(14 Years.)

LIFE WITHOUT AIR.

"I tell you it can't be done, it is utterly impossible, it is madness to think of such a trip!"

"And I tell you it can be done and I am the very man that will accomplish it," insisted the other. "I am my young assistants will succeed, as we did on our other trip and make another startling record to the world of our journey to the moon."

This was part of the discussion between Professor Burke and Prof. Alden, both from a New York college of note. They had recently made a trip to Mars and had come back highly repaid for their hardships and were now contemplating a trip to the moon. Professor Burke believing it impossible.

"I wonder what they are talking about?" asked Frank, of Jack as they paused outside of the library door, just coming in from play, and overhearing the above conversation.

"I don't know, but it concerns us."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because didn't you hear Professor Alden speak of the young assistants—that's us?"

"Very likely. What they decide out of the part we heard, it would make a wonderful journey."

The two boys entered the library whence the voices of the two teachers could be still heard in earnest discussion. Mr. Alden looked up as they entered to the middle of the apartment.

"Jack, Frank!" he exclaimed, "I am very glad you are here. I have something important to communicate to you."

"It is impossible," broke in Professor Burke, "because there is no air or atmosphere on the moon, and all life there is extinct."

"It is not," interrupted Professor Alden, "even if the moon has no atmosphere, I believe there is something on the Moon which we can still live with, without the use of any artificial air or gases. I have calculated this from different tests I have made and I tell you it can be done, and shall be done. Frank and Jack—meaning no harm to you, Prof. Burke, will stand by me, will you not, boys?"

"I will at least father, and Frank will do as I do," said Jack.

"Yes," assented Frank, "I will follow Jack any place long as I get enough to eat and drink."

"I have my doubts upon your theories but I will help you to the best of my ability, old friend," at least put in Mr. Burke, his barriers broken down at last by the loyalty shown by the two boys.

"Then, come and I will show you my plans," said Mr. Alden.

They followed him into his laboratory where he had worked many a wonderful experiment. And now we will hear these wonderful plans concerning the lunar planet of the universe.

"See, here is the surface of the moon, and here is where I have directed the dial of my magnetic needle on my machine, to direct us when we near the moon. Here is where we will land, between Mr. Appennines and the volcano Apollonius which is long extinct" was what Professor Alden said to the little audience before him.

"How wide is the moon's surface?" asked Jack.

"It is estimated to be 14,600,000 square miles, but that does not matter on this trip, it will take us exactly six and a half days to reach the moon, going at the rate of ten thousand miles a day and the earth being 60,000 miles away from the moon," spoke Professor Alden who had well versed himself of matters of the planets.

"But tell us how we will live on the moon without air," questioned Professor Burke.

"As I have explained before, we will live on the Moon in suspended animation, that is we will know all what is going on around us without any food or clothing. I can not explain it in words suitable, but we will stay alive and I expect to find more valuable treasure there," explained the other professor.

"When do we start?" asked Jack.

"Any time, or just as soon as we can get the machine which we traveled to Mars in, ready for the journey," Professor Alden told them.

"I'll be ready a day or so later. How about you?" asked Mr. Burke.

"All right, do you all agree?"

"Yes, yes," cried Jack and Frank, eager for the adventure.

"All right, we start Tuesday at three o'clock in the afternoon."

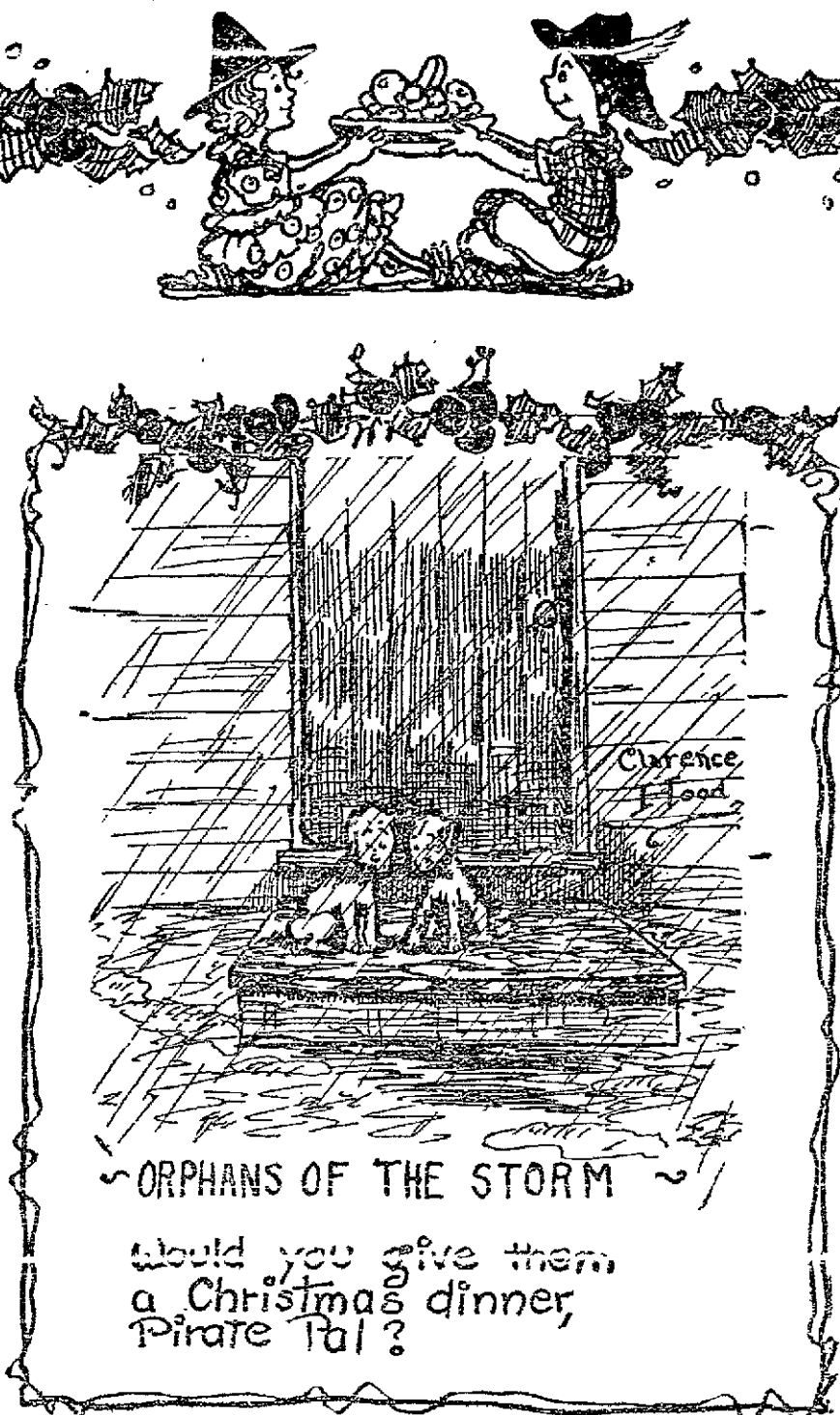
Chap. 2. Off for the Moon.

"Now for the Moon!" cried Jack, as the sun rose in the morning, and he jumped out of bed. "Hurry up Frank. One would think you didn't care about going!"

"Well I guess I do, but I don't see what good it does to get up so early!"

Nevertheless the boys were soon up and quickly dressed.

"Well boys, it's a grand day and I hope we have a grand success in



ORPHANS OF THE STORM

Would you give them
a Christmas dinner,
Pirate Pal?

going," spoke Mr. Burke coming up them as they were strolling along.

Three o'clock that afternoon all were in the machine and then the professor turned the lever and again inside of four months, they were shot into space on a journey to a planet.

"Hurrah, we are off!" exclaimed Jack.

"And another week of perpetual sunlight for us," cried Frank.

"That day was spent in reading or playing an electric orchestra invented by the Professor. 'If the people on the earth heard this music they would think the judgment day had come.'"

"Yes, but there is no danger of that, they could never hear music so far away."

"Is the machinery running well?" asked Jack.

"Yes, but not as good as I expected," answered his father.

"Oh well I am contented at the rate we are going now, aren't we out of the earth's atmosphere by now?"

"Yes, in some sense of the word, but Mars was further from us and besides the moon is in the radius of the earth," explained Professor Burke, "and more easily studied than Mars, through our telescopes and other scientific instruments."

"I wonder if we will have any more accidents on this trip?" remarked Jack.

"I hope you don't, but we are likely to," said Professor Alden.

"Well I am going to relieve Frank at the motor, so he may rest," said Jack, and so he started off.

But before he got there Frank burst into the room exclaiming in a loud voice, "The motor has stopped—we are falling through space!"

They then broke, in one accord to the motor room where the register showed they were falling in space and were in a direct line with the sun.

"The sun is attracting us towards it and we are helpless unless we can fix the motors as one of them has broken down."

"Do you think we can?" cried Frank in a voice that was almost broken in tremor.

"All I can do is to try, I think I can fix it, though it will be a hard job and will take much labor and time, but what I fear most of all is that the other motors will stop and we will be without air and will soon be exhausted and drop dead. The heat of the sun, if the motors do not break will soon

pend on this motor, if we can get it fixed in time."

SISS—SISS—BANG! "The motors have stopped—we must work quickly and we might succeed."

"How much air have we left?" gasped Jack.

"Enough to last an hour—we must work fast."

Then began a battle with fate that was never known before. A machine with four human beings, and rushing madly into the fire of the sun, with out any help!

"Jack—Frank—I can't go on," gasped Professor Alden, and dropped to the floor of the projectile. Jack and Frank ran to him, but seeing as they thought it use-

less, labored in vain to start the motor.

"Oh, help!" and then Professor Burke toppled over, overcome by the air.

"Hurry," cried Jack, "we must—Oh—" and dropped back on the floor.

Frank, seeing all this, gave the motor one turn and dropped to the floor senseless.

Chap. 3.

But the one lurch did the trick and the motors started working again, and the air came in and took the place of the foul air which was driven out automatically. Frank was the first one to revive and wondering, saw that he was still alive and so were the rest of his companions as they seemed to him. Then, feeling very much heated he saw that they were soon to reach the sun if the machine was not turned about. This he soon did and once more the machine was directed toward the Moon.

He then sought to revive the others. He revived Jack and Professor Burke but Professor Alden seemed too far gone to revive.

"Oh can you do nothing for him?" asked Jack in an agonized tone of anguish.

"There is one more thing, Frank get me that box over there," said Professor Burke.

Wondering, Frank did as he was told.

"Lay him out on that couch," said Professor Burke. He then opened the cabinet and took a large coil and attached to it was a storage battery. Dragging this near the couch he attached the wires to an electric light socket. The boys looked on in silence, wondering.

"Jack!" he said slowly as he worked, "this is called the electrical resuscitation, and I will try to revive your father by that."

He then applied the wire on the other side to the Professor's side. "Look he is breathing again," cried Jack, overjoyed. "Will he live Professor?"

"Yes but we must make no noise. Hush. I think he will want to talk but we must quiet him."

And so it was the professor soon sat up and assayed to speak but they would not let him. The professor soon recovered and the journey was resumed with as much vigor. It set them also thinking that if the same happened on the Moon, where would they gain assistance?

This all happened on the third day out on their trip, and one more day and Professor Alden was as well as ever. That day they were quickly sitting in the living room when a loud noise resounded without.

"What is that?" cried Jack, jumping to his feet. "Is that another comet?" recalling an incident happening on their trip to Mars when they went through one.

No, we are approaching a meteorite made of stone and hard crust of rock and if it hits us we are doomed," spoke Professor Alden seriously. After a consultation with the register he added, "And according to facts, this meteorite has just begun its journey and is also flaming hot and will consume us before it is in a radius of one hundred miles of us."

"Then there is much danger."

spoke Frank in startled tones.

"Yes, and the trouble is the motor has stopped and we are attracted to it," spoke Professor Alden in a serious way.

The others stood in consternation. "Is there no escape?" queried Jack.

"The gas in the machine might absorb the heat but we will hit the meteorite very soon."

Chap. 4. At a Terrific Speed.

There was nothing that could be done. There was no place to go—no place to run to—no place in which to hide. They could only stand there and wait for total annihilation, which they expected every moment. The roaring grew louder. It was like the howling of a mighty wind. The projectile seemed to tremble.

"Why not try more speed, then the apparatus might work," cried Frank.

They did so and then their machine shot forward at a terrific speed—a risk which they took with their motors. But lo—the machine's apparatus for steering started again, and they steered safely out of the way of the menace of the air.

"Wow! what a narrow escape that was," cried Frank in tones of excitement.

"Yes, and we may be thankful to Providence for such a narrow one. Frank, I congratulate you for your thought of saving us from that dreadful death," said Professor Alden in tones of gratitude, for his deliverance.

"But are we going to continue at this speed, the rest of the journey? It is such a strain on the motors," spoke Professor Burke.

"No, we will turn it off back to proper speed right away," spoke Professor Alden. And he turned the motor back to proper speed.

The roaring by this time had almost passed out of hearing also.

Chap. 5. The Moon's Attraction.

"This is our sixth day out and according to your statement we should reach the Moon today," said Jack.

"I think we will," responded Mr. Alden.

Three o'clock that afternoon the Moon was in sight, and at five minutes after three they were opening the door to the planet of mystery and beauty at night.

"My, but the air smells sweet up here," declared Frank.

"This is not air, but what we call radiation and is made of radium, Kamanite, taenite and plessite, because I know this I have analyzed the air already while you were pondering over the beauty of this far planet," volunteered Professor Burke.

"Is this Mount Appennines what you directed your needle to land us?"

"And is this the volcano Apollonius also?"—were the questions the boys asked of the professor.

"Yes, this is the exact picture of the place I had in my mind to land."

"How did you know this?" queried Professor Burke.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, but before I left Mars I went to their laboratory and took a map of the moon—better than we could ever attempt to draw. So I knew the whole planet," spoke Mr. Alden.

"What else did you get?" asked Jack.

"This—a letter addressed to Elsie Palmer."

This was like a bombshell exploded in their midst.

"What does it say? How did you get it?" and many other questions were asked of him.

"Here it is—I will read it to you. It is a letter of a great love a father has for his daughter. I will read it."

Dear Elsie—

This is my last message to you. I am leaving to a better world but am forced to go without you. I am now leaving Mars Tuesday Sept 16, 1923. I now take my last farewell of you. It is for your benefit I am doing this, and I will return if I can and bring many people and attempt to rescue you. If I did not have the Martians would kill you and me also, so I leave, but can retain hope of seeing you again. Darling Elsie I now take farewell of you. Your devoted father.

JOHN PALMER.

P. S. Remember God is watching above no matter where you are, in Mars or earth. So my little girl, be good.

J. P.

Farewell!

"We must rescue her from such a cruel life. Can we do it, Professor after we leave the moon?" asked Frank who was interested in to tell.

"Yes it is possible," answered the Professor, "and just what I intend to do if you are willing my friends."

"I am," cried Jack, and Professor Burke expressed his willingness.

"When will we start for Mars?" asked Frank.

"Well we can delay a few days to see what the Moon is like, don't you agree boys, and you Professor?"

"Yes, I guess we might as well see the moon when we have the chance."

"Why look—the country around

(Continued on Next Page)

here is continually changing colors—I wonder why!"

"That is due to the earth's reflections on the sun and the sun to the moon."

"Well, let us go up those hills, isn't it funny we are still alive and there is nothing to breathe with?"

"Yes, my boy it is one of the marvels of the moon and I think we will find many more."

"Do you think we will find any treasure on the moon?" asked Jack.

"I do not know what to think," answered the professor.

Chap. 5. The Moon.
For three days they explored the moon—that is that part which they were in, thoroughly. They found the earth was of a softer nature than ours. That it was desolate of anything alive. There were no plants and trees. It was a land of desolation and quiet. And so on the fourth day there, they returned to their machine and started off to Mars, to rescue a girl unbefriended by anyone.

Chap. 6. Through Space to Mars.
On their journey to Mars from the Moon they had no adventure of note. Though at one time the motor stopped for an hour and the machine was pitched in space that long.

In five days they completed the trip and got out of their machine on to the planet they had visited just a few months before.

They landed about twenty miles from Rouman, the place where they had landed the time before. They started quickly on foot as they could because there was no vehicle which could carry them there. Things were also happening in Rouman where Jans Sula had usurped the throne and had been made king of the country there.

trouble also. Jans Sula, enraged at her helping them escape, had caused her to be imprisoned.

Chap. 7. In Peril
Jans Sula, seeing the hopeless position of the girl offered to release her if she would marry him. She flatly refused to do and slapped him. Angered by her insolence he caused her to be tortured and on the King of Leons to be beheaded on the own to the palatons (the most ferocious animal on Mars). The day the boys landed was the day she was to be thrown to the palatons.

That afternoon the boys approached the city and were recognized and captured by some of the soldiers and were taken to Jans Sula who ordered them to be killed also, and decreed that they should be burnt to death by pouring Sula (an acid which burned very deep into the bones) on them. This was what the boys and the two professors were to suffer at the hands of the king.

But first let them see the girl die, your Majesty, and that will be double torture," said one of his courtiers.

Well thought of, I will do so.

Set their execution an hour after the girls. That will be four o'clock," replied his Majesty, Jans Sula.

That afternoon all the prisoners were led forth, the girl was then led to the edge of the pit and the hour of three was to be pushed over. It was not ten minutes of three, and the seconds were fast telling. Frank felt in his pocket for his handkerchief and there felt his revolver. His hands were not tied because the Martians did not understand tying, and also they took but few prisoners.

Frank rushed to the King and said "Release that girl or you die!"

The King laughed and said "That you cannot do."

"I will show you," he replied and shot one of the servants near by, in the heart, killing him instantly.

"Now will you release the girl?" asked Jack.

"Yes, I will do as you bid," replied the King and ordered the girl to be released from her position and to be brought to him. This was soon done as the King was terror stricken at which Frank did, never before seeing a revolver.

"And now will you let us depart in peace—or better still—accompany us to the machine," spoke the Professor as he grasped the situation.

The King demurred at first but at last accompanied them to the machine, but not before they got more of the treasure and other valuable instruments or science from one of the laboratories.

That day they left Mars leaving behind them a very sorrowful bunch of people, sorry because they lost their prey of vengeance.

Chap. 8. Home Journey.

Frank was overjoyed at having Elsie with him and Jack was very jealous till Elsie told him she had a sister home, just as good as she was. Jack contented himself that.

The journey home was made without any mishap and they landed on the earth at the professor's home on the island estate and there Frank was married to Elsie in a few days. Then came the task of finding Elsie's father. Reports had it that he had left for Colorado. And there the band of five went to look for him.

After many days of fruitless search they found him in a small cabin in the mountains, dying. His only daughter was administering to him what he needed. When he saw his daughter who he had thought dead by this time, he quickly recovered and soon the hand of seven returned home and there were four who were united in marriage before this story closes. RAYMOND CRINNION.



THE DETECTIVES WORK WITH THE POLICE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Mr. Rafferty, the policeman, took the medal that Snub extended to him in his hand and looked at it very carefully. He said not a word for a long time, but stood rubbing his chin with his thumb and looking at the medal, on top, underneath, on the edge—everywhere.

"Where'd you get this boy? he asked after a bit.

Dutch Schmidt stepped forward proudly.

"In the stove," corrected Pooch.

"I found him there," suggested Fat.

"There was 50 of 'em in the bushes watching us."

Mr. Rafferty said at the boys, each in turn. Then he took out a short-stemmed and very black little thinking pipe, lit it and lighted it, and set down on the steps.

"Let's hear all about it," he said. So Snub, beginning at the very beginning, told him all about everything—the Club, the plan, the ostrich, Captain Lady Letty's wireless, the secret message, the footprint, the dog everything, including the shack on the hill.

"We thought we better tell you," said Snub, "because anyhow detectives sometimes work with the police, don't they?"

"I've heard they do," said Mr. Rafferty, "though I've never seen it myself. He laughed and all the boys laughed with him.

"If we could read the radio message, we might have a better clue," said Snub.

"How did it go?" asked Mr. Rafferty.

"It was all mixed up," answered Freckles, who had copied it on the set in the barn. "It was letters



SNUB SHOWS THE MEDAL TO MR. RAFFERTY

and figures. I can get it for you. It's over in the barn."

"I'd like to see it, if you don't mind," said Mr. Rafferty.

Of course Freckles didn't mind and he was gone in a jiffy. While he was gone Mr. Rafferty asked some more questions.

"Was there an aerial up at the shack?" he asked.

and hung their heads.

"We forgot all about that," said Snub.

Mr. Rafferty laughed.

"The best of us do that," he said.

"Even Sherlock Holmes used to forget to eat."

"Huh!" said Fat Hanson, "he was always eating and could not understand how anyone could possibly forget as important a thing as that."

Freckles returned presently with the message he had copied over the radio. Mr. Rafferty studied it a long time. It seemed to puzzle him. Finally he spoke.

"You boys had better leave these things with me," he said. "I mean the medal and the message. I'll see



if I can find out who the medal was given to, and who sent the message."

"There," said Snub triumphantly, "I told you police and detectives worked for me. Now look it."

The boys all prepared to leave. Pooch had a question.

"Do you think those are anarchists up there, Mr. Rafferty?" he asked.

Mr. Rafferty answered without a minute's hesitation.

Worse than that," he said.

Now what could he have meant? In the next chapter you'll get a chance to find out.

WATCHING THE SUSPECT.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Detective Club met early the next day. It had some very important things to do. Snub outlined them as soon as everybody sat down.

"We'd ought to watch that shack," he said. "If the anarchists come we can follow them and see where they go all the time."

"Then let's spend all day watching," suggested Snub.

"That's the idea," said Snub. "Finkie's the smallest—he can watch the shack. Freckles can watch Pooch. Pooch can watch Freckles. Dutch can watch Pooch. I'll watch Dutch, and Fat Hanson can watch me. If anything happens, Finkie can give a signal and I'll tell Fat he can run and let Mr. Rafferty know."

"Hey," said Fat, whose feet hurt, "you are always making me run somewhere. Can I watch sitting down?"

"You eat too much," said Finkie, in great disgust. "A good detective has to work without food. You never saw a fat one in your life—not a good one anyhow."

"Well, I'm not fat from being a detective. After I've been a detective longer I'll be lots thinner from running."

"That's right," said Snub, "so you had better begin running today so you can be a good detective."

Fat was too used to argue the matter further, so he gave a big sign.

With everything decided the boys took a short cut to the shack where the anarchists had left egg in a plate and a medal in their own. On the way there the boys fixed up a code to signal with. One thumb up meant, "They are inside." Two thumbs up meant, "They are not inside." Both thumbs crossed meant, "I don't know whether they are there or not." Both hands up meant, "Beat it quicker, for your life."

Fat Hanson thought there should be a "neep" signal in case ten or a hundred anarchists pumped out of the bushes and tried to capture him.

watching. He thought a shunt whistle done through the teeth would do.

No, it won't do," said Snub. "It's got to be silent. If he whistles, the anarchists will know we are around somewhere. But if he acts silent they'll think he's alone and then



we can sneak up on 'em while they're watching him."

That sounded better—more detective like. It was finally decided that putting on a hat upside down meant, "I need help, now, up, I can't stand 'em off forever, and sneak on all fours." With this settled, the boys started for the shack again.

"Hey," called Finkie, "where's Jasper?"

"Sure enough—they had forgotten the sniffer dog. That was a mistake on his part. Now how could they send back a note to the United States Government or the police or even look or anybody if they got caught and made prisoners? They'd ought to have the dog's collar to tie it to, oughtn't they? Especially if they were acid or something."

I don't think I can get Monday junkies or him," said Toad. "But I'll see if you'll wait."

The boys sat down on the side of the hill and waited. Presently Toad returned with the information that Jasper was waiting at home for a

Well, we didn't get him dirty," said Freckles. "He was dirty when we got him."

Nobody said we did," said Toad. "I guess a dog has to have a bath once in a while, doesn't he?"

"Well, this isn't Saturday," said Dutch.

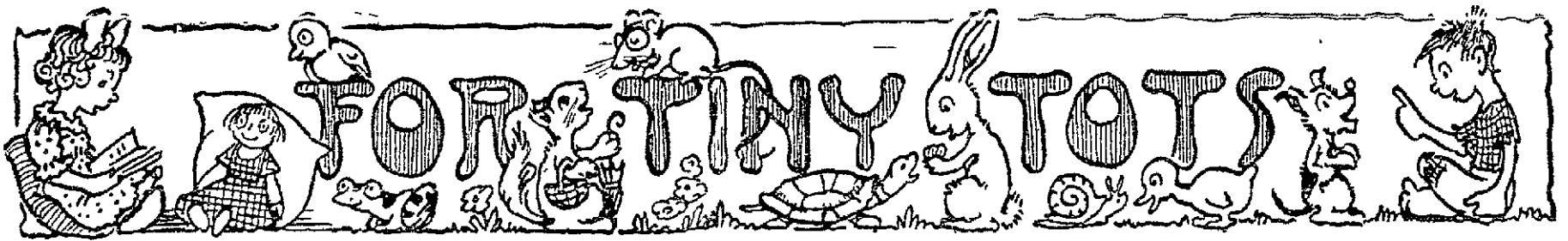
"Maybe it is for a dog, how do you know?" demanded Toad.

There was no answer to this because Dutch didn't really know at all.

"Let's go to work and forget the dog," said Snub, which was exactly what they did. And it turned to be the most exciting day of all, as the next chapter will show.

(Continued Next Sunday.)

(Copyright, 1922.)



WHY JIMMY
RABBIT
CHANGED SO
SUDDENLY.

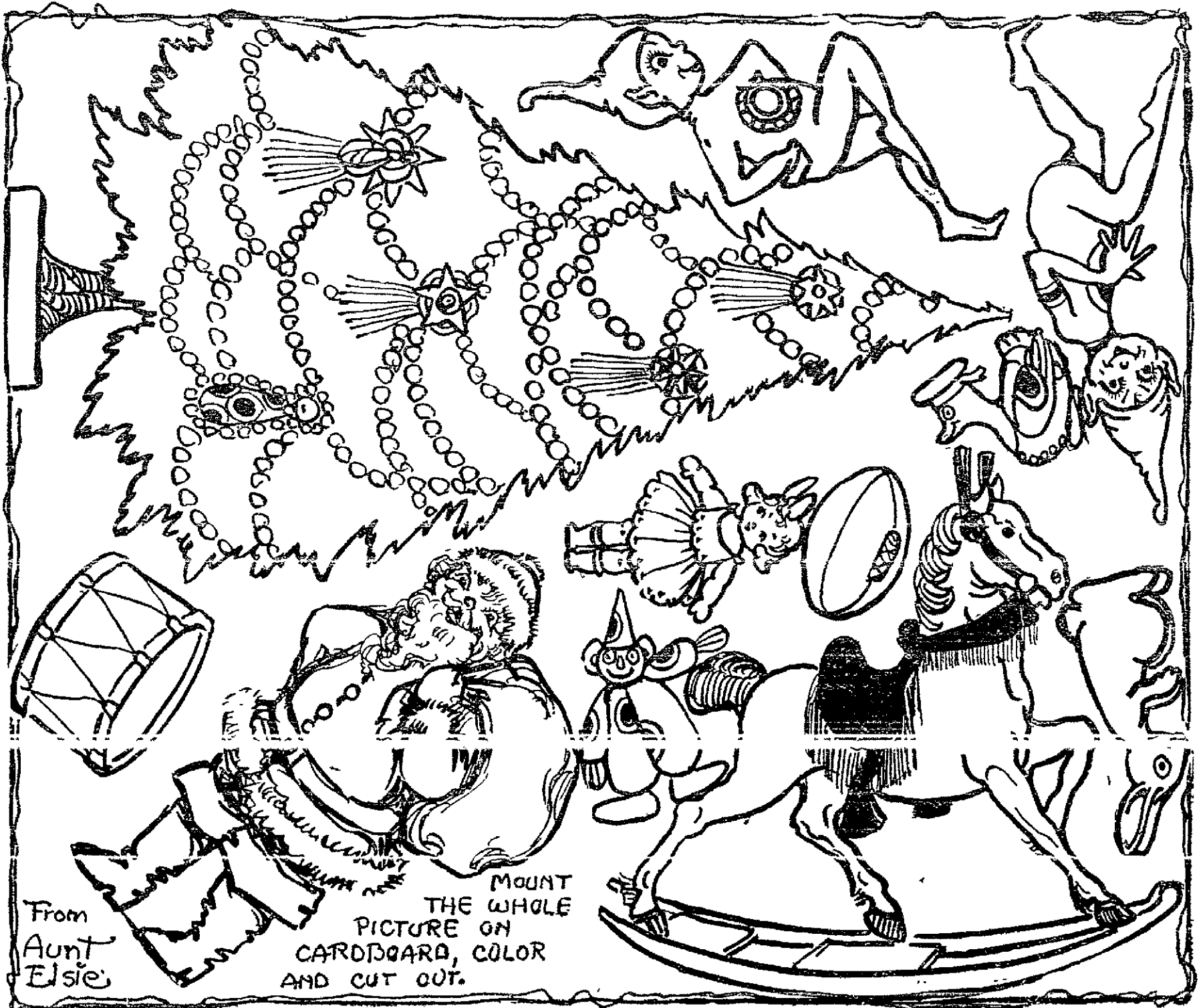
Now little Jimmy Rabbit was
As naughty as could be,
All year this frisky little scamp
Had acted **HORRIDLY!!**
But when the Christmas time drew near,
Young Jimmy said, "Now I
Must mend my ways, or Santa
Will surely pass me by!"
Then on a dozen helpful errands
He scampered up and down,
And news of Jimmy's change of heart,
Soon flew thru Rabbit Town.
Old Santa grinned when this he heard,
Said he, "He's like all boys!"
But, just the same, he gladly filled,
Jim's stockings full of toys.

By
Aunt
Elsie

HOW CHRIST-
MAS CAME TO
BILLY WOOD-MOUSE.

Poor little Billy Wood Mouse
As sad as he could be,
For he alone, of all the mice
Would have no Christmas tree!
His parents and his family
Had long since passed away
And Billy Mouse lay poor and sick
In bed on Christmas day.
Then up spoke kind old Grandpa
"Go tell them, far and near,
That little Bill is ill and needs
Their friendly love and cheer."
From field and forest, hole and hill,
Wee folks came racing in.
And decked a tiny holly tree
With merry squeak and din.
And then about poor Billy's bed
They thronged with gifts so gay,
That all his aches and lonely pains
Went scampering away!

By Aunt Elsie



From
Aunt
Elsie

THE WHOLE
PICTURE ON
CARDBOARD, COLOR
AND CUT OUT.

CHRISTMAS SEALS SOLD BY SCHOOLS

Financial Results Prove
Satisfactory to Committee
In Charge of Raising Fund
For Drive on Tuberculosis

The sale of Christmas seals by the public schools this year has brought highly satisfactory results in a financial way, it was announced by the committee in charge. The amount raised through the sale of seals by the Piedmont public schools was \$51.68. Lafayette school raised \$21.52. Durant school totaled \$218.27 in sales.

The committee states that many thousands of seals that were sent out by mail were neither purchased or returned. The committee urges that those who received seals and did not respond, purchase them or return them as soon as possible.

The Christmas returns from the seals, which are sold to help in the fight against tuberculosis, was as follows for the various schools.

Piedmont public schools	\$51.68
Oakland Public Schools	59.49
Alameda school	51.62
Beulah school	10.08
Bella Vista school	12.00
Campbell school	14.74
Claremont school	132.80
Clawson school	35.61
Cleveland school	30.00
Cole school	15.59
Crocker Highlands school	5.90
Dewey school	29.30
Durant school	218.27
Elmhurst school	66.27
Emerson school	41.58
Franklin school	62.00
W. P. Frick school	54.61
Fremont high school	171.69
Fruitvale school	52.52
Golden Gate school	60.20
Grant school	128.55
Harrison school	29.30
Hawthorne school	24.71
Highland school	10.49
Intermediate school	60.00
Jefferson school	80.00
Lafayette school	21.52
Lakeview school	14.50
Laurel school	21.51
Lincoln school	158.57
Lockwood school	148.20
Longfellow school	45.39
Mammoth school	50.00
McKenney school	16.87
Meirose school	35.84
Montrose school	141.21
Oakland high school	68.31
Piedmont Avenue school	27.90
Prescott school	75.32
Rockridge school	75.32
Santa Fe school	72.00
Sequoia school	72.00
Shelburne school	17.10
Technical high school	108.38
Tompkins school	58.80
University high school	25.99
Vocational high school	174.55
Washington school	7.00
Webster school	7.00

WHEN PROFITTEERS WERE BEHEADED

By KARL H. VON WIEGAND
Universal Service Staff Correspondent

BERLIN, Dec. 23.—War profiteers did not get off lightly under the mob rule of the French Revolution as they are managing to do in Germany, Austria, France, the United States and other countries during the present world upheaval, according to an interesting old document just unearthed by a German literary searcher.

Miscreants of this sort were dragged summarily to the guillotine, followed by a howling mob who rejoiced to see their human victims meet with their just deserts.

One instance is cited of a French banker, discovered hiding away "Louis d'Ors" in soap and pomades, to whom the mob called jeeringly as he stood on the guillotine:

"You'd better soap your face well, so that Charles doesn't cry you when he shaves you."

One man was executed for having evaded the "head laws," another for forging passes for refugees, still another for giving bread to his chickens while a whole nation was starving.

A baker caught putting sand in his bread aroused such indignation that the entire Rue St. Jacques turned out on the day of execution and attempted to burn the man and his own hands.

Profiteers and profiteers had a merry life, but a short one in those days when the phrase "to get away with it" had not been added to the vernacular.

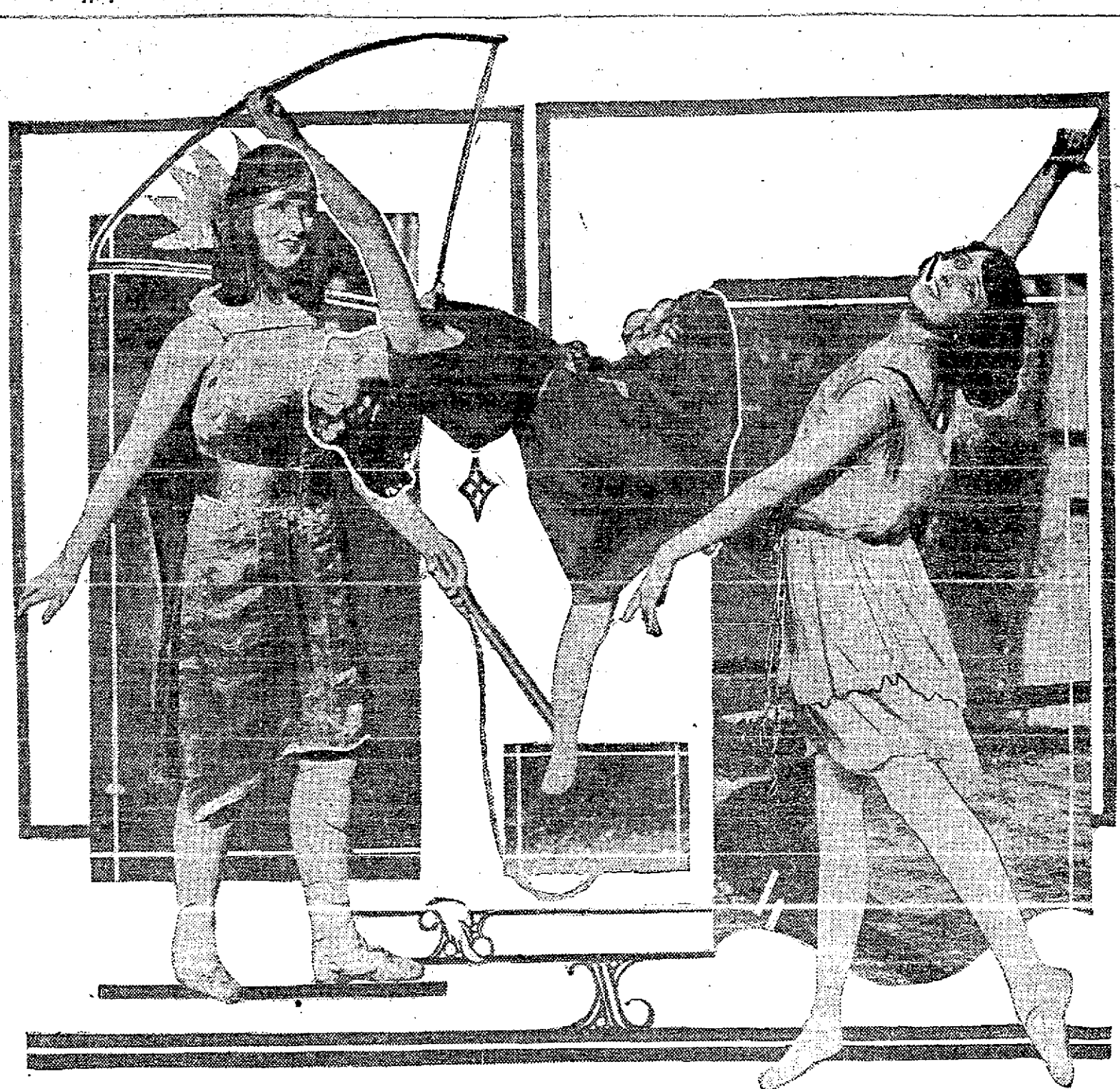
There was another crime to which capital punishment was meted out, and by a curious coincidence a poor serving maid was made the first example of this penalty on the self-same day on which the unfortunate Marie Antoinette was led to the guillotine.

On all this the old chronicler observes:

"Crime is a necessary evil of every revolution, for the reason that the energies thus unchained can not easily be deflected into ideal channels."

Dancers Portray Christmas Spirit

Exponents of esthetic dancing interpret the Yuletide spirit amid sylvan surroundings in Berkeley. (Left) ELIZABETH BORDWELL, a talented pupil. (Center) SYLVIA HALL, gifted danseuse, and FRANCHOM COLLOM, former pupil of Kosloff, famous Russian dancer.



ROBINSON LAUDS MILLS COLLEGE

"A gleaming jewel in the crown of California in general, and of Oakland in particular."

Thus did Harrison S. Robinson, president of the Oakland Chamber of Commerce, describe Mills college in the course of an interview yesterday, as he outlined the program to be initiated by the Chamber of Commerce during the new year, and enumerated the numerous attractions offered by Oakland as an industrial, home and educational center.

Robinson said: "Mills college is one of Oakland's great drawing cards. The college has acquired a national and international fame, and ranks foremost amongst institutions of learning for young womanhood. Mills college enjoys such a high reputation in the east that the Rockefeller Foundation is willing to endow it handsomely, provided, of course, that the usual quota is forthcoming."

"Oakland may well be proud of this great institution and its traditions, and of the president and faculty in charge."

Irvington Men File Freeholder Petitions

IRVINGTON, Dec. 23.—Residents of Irvington filed petitions in Oakland yesterday, asking for their candidacy for the board of freeholders of the proposed Irvington Sanitary district. They are: J. H. Durham, H. C. Brewer, O. N. Birch, Frank A. Leal and A. Meno.

January 19 is the date set by the Alameda county supervisors for the election of the officers and the formation of the district.

Retired Pastor Hurt In Automobile Crash

HOLLISTER, Dec. 23.—The Rev. Dr. Emery, retired nonagenarian Methodist minister, was injured here this week when a car driven by his daughter, Mrs. A. B. Shaw, crashed into a car driven by William Bellomo. Dr. Emery suffered contusions on the head and a bruised arm, but it is believed no bones were broken. The Bellomo car was wrecked.

\$100,000,000 Spent For Chicago Gifts

CHICAGO, Dec. 23.—Chicago spent \$100,000,000 in preparation for the celebration of the Christmas holidays, according to reports from merchants in this city.

Free Christmas Dinner Awaits City Unemployed

The unemployed who are in Oakland tomorrow, away from home and without money to purchase Christmas dinners will be given a free Christmas dinner by Alameda County Veterans No. 257, Forty and Eight, the social branch of the American Legion. The funds for the dinner were provided by donations from the individual members of the organization in Alameda county.

The dinner will be given at the Municipal Wood Yard. The fund provided by the Legion men is to be augmented by contributions from the wood yard fund. Prepared rations are being made for the feeding of 200 of the unemployed.

Woodstock Lodge Officers Installed

ALAMEDA, Dec. 24.—Impressive ceremonies marked the installation this week in Masonic Temple of officers of Woodstock Lodge No. 291, F. & A. M., for 1923.

Special music was given preceding the installation. The ceremonies were in charge of Frederick A. Frisvold, past master, and Charles Siverson, master of ceremonies.

Man Killed in Duel With Wife

BY UNITED PRESS
LEADS WIRE TO TRIBUNE.
CHICAGO, Dec. 23.—While their two children played on the lawn with their Christmas toys, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Filinow fought a gun duel which resulted in the husband's death, according to a confession the woman made to police tonight.

"We shot it out with pistols," declared Mrs. Filinow, who claimed her husband had abused her and the children.

Ethel Kaminski, a neighbor who witnessed the shooting, said Mrs. Filinow fired the first shot which went wild. After a brief exchange of bullets the husband fell.

ILLINOIS BANKER DEAD.
BENTON, Ill., Dec. 23.—W. W. McCall, president of the First National Bank of Benton and founder of the McCall Hardware Company, died last night in a hospital at Glendale, Calif. It was learned here today, McCall was 78 years old.

PIANOS IN PARLOR CARS.
SYDNEY, Australia, Dec. 23.—Probably nowhere else in the world are traveling conveniences so elaborate as on the Australian transcontinental railway. Among the unusual comforts supplied for guests are pianos in the parlor cars.

"SYSTEMS SERVICE GRATIS"
KARDEX
410 First National Bank Bldg.
Phone Ben F. Edwards, Oak. 380

WIFE SUES FOR PROPERTY SHARE

The charges that Aturano Cappello, her divorced husband, defrauded her out of her share of community property valued at \$70,000 by representing that he was poor and by compelling her to sign an agreement by threats of death, is made by Mrs. Josephine Cappello in a suit for an accounting and division of the property.

Mrs. Cappello says she was divorced on July 25 last and granted an allowance of \$40 a month when her husband represented that he was poor, and she signed the agreement without being able to read it. Since then, Mrs. Cappello alleges, she has found out her husband really was a ranch in San Joaquin county valued at \$40,000, property at One Hundred and Seventh avenue and Plum street worth \$20,000 and notes worth \$10,000, which he has concealed by placing them in the name of his brother, Vincenzo Cappello, who is made a co-defendant.

FINDER OF LOST ROLL OF BILLS IS SAMARITAN

SEATTLE, Dec. 24.—Half an hour after Thomas L. Russell, city health department employee, had found a roll of bills totaling \$200 ground into the mire of the Seattle-Edgewater road this morning, he restored the currency to an aged and weeping couple from St. Paul, Minn., who were about to break down from their loss. The couple, whose names Russell failed to obtain, were searching the road asking all comers if the money had been seen.

"It was the only money we had on earth," the aged man, an octogenarian, told Russell. "It certainly looked like a desolate road."

Russell accepted a \$20 reward, promptly returning it to the happy pair as a Christmas present.

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Good Results Are Guaranteed You

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OPTOMETRIST
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OAKLAND

'Triplets,' Nurse Announces; Dad Hangs Up Phone

WELLESLEY, Mass., Dec. 23.—"It was the day before the night before Christmas."

Frank Fair sat at the telephone in his home. The other end of the wire was in Newton hospital.

Frank listened breathlessly. "It's a boy," said a voice over the wire.

Silence for a while. The voice again: "It's twins."

Frank was overjoyed. More silence. Again the voice spoke up: "It's triplets—Mersey Christmas."

"The same to you," Frank replied feebly and hung up.

President Named By Scoutmasters

ALAMEDA, Dec. 23.—Kenneth R. Cunningham, scoutmaster of troop No. 2, was chosen president of the Scout Leaders' association at the monthly meeting of the organization which was held in the social hall of Christ Episcopal church in Santa Clara avenue this week. Cunningham succeeds George T. Crandell, scoutmaster of troop 3. Twenty scout leaders were in attendance at the meeting and outlined plans and activities of the scout organization in the city for the month of January. Refreshments were served at the conclusion of the evening's business with E. H. Levy, quartermaster, in charge.

GERMAN PRICES SKYROCKET.

BERLIN, Dec. 23.—Present prices of commodities in Germany average 84 times those of eight years ago, according to a recent compilation of wholesale prices published in Frankfurt.

Callaghan Marsh Business College

519 14th ST. OAKLAND

Opportunity Comes to Everyone

ONCE IN A LIFETIME—Seize it and you rise to successful achievement. Ignore it and you trail along in despair. This GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY is now offered you by training under skilled tutors.

Day School, \$15
Night, \$6

611 14th St. Oakland

NEW CENTER OF ART SET IN BERKELEY

Pupils of Mrs. H. A. Wisler Presented in an Artistic Dance Recital at Twentieth Century Clubhouse

BERKELEY, Dec. 23.—One more artistic center has been established in Berkeley.

Drama, music and dancing will be the three Muses to be wooed at the latest school of estheticism which has its setting on a Berkeley knoll overlooking the bay and surrounding country. Mrs. Herman A. Wisler, late of the Cornish school, is the founder of the new art center which is established at 2830 Garber street.

Although in operation only two months, Mrs. Wisler presented her pupils in an artistic dance recital a few evenings ago at the Twentieth Century clubhouse. Miss Franchom Collo, graduate of Miss Head's school and a pupil of Kosloff, famous Russian dancer, and Miss Sylvia Hall, another gifted danseuse, who are supervising instruction in dancing at the school, had charge of the program, which is the first of a series which will be given to show the various phases of activity.

In the initial program, Miss Collo demonstrated her ability as a playwright as well as a dancer, having written and arranged the offering, which was given by the pupils. The theme of the drama, formed the theme of the dance, with fairies, roses, sun gods and other creatures in the "land of make-believe" dancing their way through the offering. Among those participating besides Miss Hall and Miss Collo were Evelyn Cavanaugh, Mary Vincent, Betty Layne, Frances Chase, Eugenia Cross, Janet Margaret George, Billy Wood, Shirley Radstone, Elizabeth Bordwell, Katherine Rochester, Madeline Hall, Portia Bordwell and Elizabeth Sibbett.

NOTE SAVES GIRL FROM CHINA DEN

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 23.—A smuggled note to a sympathetic Chinese youth, resulted today in the rescue of "Fung Yet," 15-year-old Chinese slave girl, from a den at 764 Jackson street.

Detective George Richards and Henry Kalmbach chopped down a heavily barricaded door with axes before they succeeded in reaching the shrieking, shivering girl hidden away in the place.

Mrs. Donaldina Cameron of the Chinese Presbyterian Mission was told of the girl's plight by the Chinese lad and was informed that the note had said that the early morning was the safest time to rescue her. When the officer broke in, only one man was in the place, Ng Gang Jung, a cook, of Oakland. He was taken to the city prison and the girl removed to the Juvenile Detention home.

New Contra Costa Treasurer Selected

MARTINEZ, Dec. 23.—Charles Dodge, prominent business man of Crockett, was appointed as treasurer of Contra Costa county to fill the unexpired term of J. Rio Baker who died Wednesday. There were twelve or fourteen announced candidates for the vacancy.

Dodge also probably will be nominated by the supervisors to fill the office of county treasurer during the term, beginning January 8.

Dodge, who took the oath of office immediately, announced that John L. Rinn of Richmond, who has been deputy county treasurer for the past six months, will be continued in that post.

\$50,000 Felines Ordered Killed

KENSINGTON, Eng., Dec. 23.—During her life-time Mrs. Hilda Sinhope Hargreave's hobby was cats. She spent \$50,000 left by her husband in raising a lot of her pets in luxury. She died suddenly without making any provisions for their care and all the animals have been ordered executed in a lethal chamber.

TAXI DRIVERS UNIONIZE.

MONTREAL, Dec. 23.—Taxicab drivers here have formed a union by which they hope to standardize wages.

Sam Pierce Wins Championship in Scout Ant Drive

More Than 12,000 Homes Were Supplied With Poison to Kill Pest.

ALAMEDA, Dec. 24.—The champion "ant shooter" of the Alameda Boy Scouts organization is Sam Pierce of Troop No. 1, according to a declaration made by Mayor Otis when he presented him with the first prize in a recent campaign to exterminate the Argentine ant in Alameda. The presentation of the prize was made at an annual scout meeting held this week in Legion hall.

Records show that Pierce visited 100 homes in Alameda during the drive and personally supervised the placing of poison at each house, as well as watching the results of the extermination.

More than 12,000 homes were supplied with the poison by the scouts during the campaign and 132 members of the organization participated in the drive, according to scout executives who were in charge of the work, which was accomplished during the summer months.

Other scouts awarded prizes for commendable work in the drive were as follows: George Skidora, Troop 8, second; Israel Hamilton, Troop 6, third; Clifford Kennedy, Troop 5, fourth; Paul Shang, Troop 5, fifth; Morgan Woods, Troop 11, sixth; Gerald Dunne, Troop 8, seventh; Henry McManus, Troop 6, eighth; Herbert Haslam, Troop 2, tenth; Ralph Hunds, Troop 9, eleventh; Maynard Morris, Troop 6, twelfth; Philip Ritzau, Troop 5, thirteenth; Walter Walther, Troop 1, fourteenth; Jack Clark, Troop 4, fifteenth; Robert Welch, Troop 4, sixteenth; Bill Jones, Troop 1, seventeenth; Thomas Lucas, Troop 11, eighteenth; George Johnson, Troop 4, nineteenth; Robert Stuart, Troop 5, twentieth.

Mayor Otis commended E. Levy, quartermaster, for his work in assisting the campaign, in bottling and distributing the poison to every fire station in the city.

POLICE JUDGE VICTIM OF OLD BUNCO GAME

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 23.—Police Judge Lyle Jacks is poorer by the sum of \$22, as the result of an old-time bunco trick worked on his stenographer Miss J. Solomon.

Early this morning Miss Solomon answered the telephone in the judge's private office in the Mills Building. A voice, which she thought she recognized as that of Judge Jacks, said: "I just received a package on which there is \$25 due to pay. I have not that much money with me, so I am sending the bearer and parcel over to the office and want you to pay for it."

The judge followed the instructions, and paid the money. When Judge Jacks arrived later, it was found that this was the first he knew of the matter.

Eastbay Newsies Will Have Turkey

Turkey and all the "fixins" will disappear with surprising rapidity when the newsboys of Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda sit down to a glorious Christmas feast at the East Bay market tomorrow noon. The newsies will be the guests of Senator A. H. Breed, Norman De Vaux and Maury J. Diggs and their generosity has provided a menu for the Christmas dinner which includes everything from soup to nuts. Second and, yes, even third "helpings" will be in order.

400 Chinese Bodies Shipped to China

BOFON, Dec. 23.—Chinese who died as long ago as 1889 are included among the 400 whose remains were shipped to China from this port aboard the steamer Esther Dollar recently.

The corpses are in zinc caskets, each four caskets being encased in a wooden packing case marked with Chinese characters. The 100 wooden boxes represent New England Chinese of varying degrees of wealth who have died during the period from 1889 to 1918.

Ordered Killed

DURING her life-time Mrs. Hilda Sinhope Hargreave's hobby was cats. She spent \$50,000 left by her husband in raising a lot of her pets in luxury. She died suddenly without making any provisions for their care and all the animals have been ordered executed in a lethal chamber.

TAXI DRIVERS UNIONIZE.

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J. H. SOMERS DEFENDANT IN OIL SUIT

Cancellation of Oleo Rica Stock and Return of Over \$10,000 Asked for by Several Claimants From Court

J. H. Somers, known as a promoter of many enterprises, is made defendant in a suit charging fraudulent sales of oil stocks filed by G. P. Kiefer on behalf of several claimants. The complaint asks for the cancellation of the stock and the return of the money to the value of \$10,237.50.

The charge is made that Somers, as agent and manager of the Oleo Rica company, violated the corporate securities act by selling the stock in question before a permit had been issued by the corporation commissioner.

When the sales of stock were made, Somers intentionally and fraudulently withheld the information that a permit had not been granted, the complaint asserts, and though demands have been made upon him for a rescission of the sale contracts and return of the money, he has refused to comply.

The sales of stock were made prior to May 17, 1921, upon which date a permit was granted by the corporation commissioner. It is asserted that the company has no claims at McKittick Kern county, it is said. It is reported that former claims for cancellation of stock aggregating \$27,000 were settled out of court by compromise.

FOOTLOOSE CRAFT TO CRUISE PACIFIC

MANTILA, Dec. 23.—A group of 15 Americans, residents of the Philippines, are planning to cross the Southern Pacific Ocean in a Japanese fishing boat, which has been christened the "Footloose." They propose to make the trip in a leisurely fashion, visiting the various island groups in the South Seas. Their destination is the western coast of South America. They propose to carry with them a newspaperman, who will be detained to keep the log of the journey and write up the voyage for later publication. The boat is new and carries a trained crew. The skipper of the expedition, Captain Thomas Martin, of Cebu, is an old-time sailor who has had long experience in the Southern Seas. The expedition will probably start this month.

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Don't Go Short on Health!

It's bad business,—but you do it every day of your strenuous life.

Cramped, unnatural shoes subtract both dividends and principal from your stock of Health, Vitality and Life!

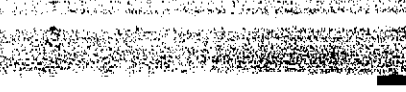
ORIGINAL GROUND GRIPPER

WALKING SHOES

Develop "Nature's own" shock absorber. Thousands of successful, tireless business men owe their never-failing supply of energy and drive to the famous "Health Gripper." They are in every part, saving you along with the Spirit of Youth. A gift idea to test on any market.

Insist on GENUINE "GROUND GRIPPER" Ground Gripper Shoe Stores New Location 520 16th Street

"but Never Duplicated"



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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1922

THE DISABLED VETERANS.

In large volume the flood of Christmas thought this year is turned toward the disabled soldiers and sailors of the world war. Their Christmas and their years must be made as happy as it is possible for the country to make them. There can never come a relaxation in the efforts to that end without bringing with it an ignominious confession of ingratitude.

The disabled veteran believes the coming year will bring him improvements in the functioning of vocational, hospitalization and financial agencies of the government and there is an obligation upon the country to see his belief is well founded. C. Hamilton Cook, of Oakland, Commander of the United American Veterans, has voiced the hopes of his fellows and the determination of his organization to carry on in a Christmas message. While it is directed to the veterans it holds much that may be taken to heart by the American people. Mr. Cook's greeting follows:

"As official and friend I desire to extend my most sincere felicitations of the season to my tens of thousands of comrades who bear the honorable scars of national service.

"Despite the maddening discouragements of governmental procedure, my travels have unmistakably convinced me that the American people are not—and will not be—numb of their solemn obligation to relieve—so far as relief is possible—the distress of those who went to the colors in order that the ideals of the nation should prevail in this world.

"Upon those of us who you chose as your representatives rests a peculiar responsibility for we must discover and expose those who stand as barriers to the attitude of your fellow countrymen that the debt to you shall not be repaid.

"On the threshold of another year, I rededicate myself to your problems and the alleviation of your sufferings. I feel we are about to march into the dawn of another era when the vocational, hospitalization and financial agencies of the government charged with your relief shall be immeasurably improved in their functioning. In the matter of legislation, I am grimly determined to stimulate to the utmost those in Washington who can liberalize the laws, rules and regulations that have thus far proven insurmountable for hosts to whom the republic is eternally indebted.

"I pray Almighty God that the coming year will witness the restoration of your former health, happiness and prosperity which you, at all times, so rightly deserve."

EDUCATION AND LUXURIES.

"Among the most startling things are statistics. They furnish material for argument, back causes and condemn measures and are available for any purpose, a great mine of figures the vein of which never peters out.

Mr. Tigert, of Education, has lined up some impressive totals to carry his plea for the passage of the Towne-Stearling bill now before Congress, a bill to create a Department of Education and appropriating a hundred million dollars among the states in the aid of education. They are statistics to impel thought.

For instance, Mr. Tigert quotes from the book when he says the country spends more for chewing gum, cigars, cigarettes and cosmetics than it does for education. The figures, the billion and a half spent for education, and the larger sums spent for these other luxuries, pay it.

If the total costs of education could be computed as easily as the money spent for gum, cigarettes and the like, it is probable the billion and a half would be shown to be small. There should be added the costs of books and all the expenses involved in indirect ways but, even so, it cannot hope to reach the size of the luxury sum.

The battle over the Towne-Stearling bill will be a bitter one and no more than the quality of some of the statistical ammunition has been shown. The arguments, of course, will center

on the size of the appropriation, the tendency to take control of schools from the states, and on the need for recognizing education as an important branch of government. If it can be shown a national expenditure of \$100,000,000 will mean a reduction of state expenditures and will enter the hope of raising the literacy level of this country to that of France and England, for instance, proponents of the measure will be on the road to victory. The comparison of money spent for education and the things Mr. Tigert mentions, however, can do little more than add a picturesque emphasis to his argument. If the appropriation is made the goal and the cigarettes will still lead. The only way to overcome this lead, it may be, is to devise a pleasant method of administering education in five-cent packages.

A CHANCE TO SERVE.

This is a season when the thoughts of every man and woman are turned to ways in which their neighbors may be helped. The spirit of charity and love descends upon the whole world for a week or so and many good works are done. Within a short time, in the middle of business and other activities, there will be many who will look back regretfully to the good will season which will have passed and wonder, as men wonder each year, why it is the Christmas impulse cannot last the twelve months through.

With some citizens, fortunately for the community, there is no brief holiday season for worthy effort. Others, and this includes a large number, have the desire without the opportunity. They are willing, even anxious, to serve their city and their state, but, somehow, the right chance does not come along at the right moment.

In the belief that many men in the Eastbay will be glad to volunteer their services and their interest in behalf of the boys, the Boy Scouts are asking for Scout Masters. At a meeting a few evenings ago forty men signed up for the work. A class of instruction will be opened and these men, and as many more as can be found, will prepare themselves for the task.

The Boy Scout idea can never be extended too far. The hundred per cent enrollment of Scout Masters would mean that every boy in the community was reached by the organization. In this service the exuberance and curiosity of youth are directed in the healthy and constructive channels. The spirit of teamwork, of competence, ability and honor is inculcated firmly because it is done wisely and through the boy's best instincts for recreation and education.

For the man of today who would contribute something to his community's welfare there are few tasks offering a larger opportunity than that which is directed toward giving the man of tomorrow a cleaner and better outlook.

AMBASSADOR HANIHARA.

Masumoto Hanihara has been spokesman for his country, Japan, in most of the important "conversations" concerning Shantung. As Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs he has served his country in important capacity. Recently he was named ambassador to the United States.

A year ago when Hanihara was made Secretary General of the Japanese delegation at the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments, he stepped quickly into prominence. The illness of Baron Shidehara, then ambassador and one of the delegates, brought him forward as a delegate and he soon became one of the most active workers in the group from his country. Hanihara played a leading part in pledging his country to the terms of that conference agreement, terms which Japan has lived up to with conspicuous fidelity.

Because of his excellent Secretary and Counselor to the embassy at Washington, the new ambassador possesses a good knowledge of America and Americans. He is a popular and capable official who can do much to cement the friendship between his country and this.

The bandit seems to find good pickings around the banks and financial institutions. Formerly he operated in lonely places, and was content with very inconsiderable returns.

He has achieved a colossal sum. The recent Denver incident is in point, and a later hold-up incident, though less impressive as to amounts realized, is also illustrative, though for the matter of that, a fresh example is furnished nearly every day of the difference between these and the good old days.

Now that Roscoe has been pardoned by the film czar the important thing is whether he will be condoned by the film fans to the extent of reestablishing him in his former prestige. The somewhat extended film has allowed much discussion and consideration of his case, and the public may have become somewhat weaned of his sort of film by the hiatus. It may be a rather interesting problem whether he comes back entirely.

On January 5 Long Beach will vote on an annexation proposal which, if carried, will make that city the fourth in the state. In other words, 15,000 persons will be added to the 75,000 Long Beach now boasts and the city will pass San Diego and Sacramento and rank next to Oakland on the list.

NOTES and COMMENT

First off, when the despatch appeared, the Maharajah of Cooh was dead there. They have been an inclination to class it with that famous skit about the "Akoon of Swat." But the detail tells us that the Maharajah of Cooh was an Anglized East Indian, resident of or at least a well-known sojourner in London, prince of a great domain and sovereign of an immense population, very rich, and who contributed liberally to the war funds. He was a real and important, and apparently commendable personage.

A bigger fund is asked for the University of California than College. Bigger funds will be asked by many of the institutions of the State. An expanding commonwealth finds the expense of its institutions growing. All of which may be somewhat disconcerting to the Governor-elect in his efforts to reduce taxation. One possibility and even probability is that the outlay to date has been greater than was necessary. Reduction now simply means that for the present there will be no increase. Taxpayers may not give credit for that sort of reduction. They want to see tax bills lessened in figures.

The San Francisco chief of police puts it reasonably when, in addressing his officers as to their duty in enforcing prohibition laws, he tells them to "clean out eyesores" but not to invade homes. A man's home is proverbially his castle. It is a sacred haven, at least sacred from such invasion as that of officials who have nothing to do on but suspicion, and if it ever comes to be regarded otherwise in the law there will be an intolerable condition.

Anybody who engages in research to ascertain just what the Wright Act is will learn that it resembles, as far as California is concerned, both the Eighteenth amendment and the Volstead Act. But the outstanding thing is that it is now settled that enforcement of prohibition devolves upon sheriffs, police officers and State attorneys, instead of being an exclusive and purely Federal matter. It makes a considerable difference, especially to the order of bootleggers.

The Governor-elect has come forth with a budget in earnest of his promise to reduce the expense of State government. He does not forget the effort as a novice, having been San Francisco's treasurer for four years, and therefore having had opportunity to know where the money goes, and whether all of it need go where it has been going. However the "death" comes out, it is now certain that the Governor-elect has fired the first gun.

What has been an amply disclosed secret for some time has now become a blazoned record. The city of San Francisco is now a new element in the city's politics. Under the circumstances it might be said to be the entering wedge of the new State administration in municipal affairs of the big city, without violence to the probabilities.

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Seattle Times: "The thing the world now fears most concerning the ex-Kaiser is that his recent literary success will move him to attempt the publication of his love letters to the Princess Hermine."

Chicago Tribune: "Probably most Americans have assumed, as The Tribune has, that the American troops in the Coblenz beleaguement were being brought home from time to time. Our careless supposition was that a very few new recruits, and that, whatever the number, it was soon to be reduced to zero and by an uninterrupted process. But, although the force has been reduced to 1200, it is still at Coblenz. This is nine months after the announcement that it would be withdrawn. The only possible inference is that reasons of state have restrained its withdrawal."

Goldfield Tribune: "A Detroit woman admits that she may have hired a man to kill her husband, but if she did she has forgotten the incident. With a memory so uncertain as that she's bound, we fear, to forget somebody's Christmas present—maybe her husband's."

New York Evening Post: "Among the unfortunates of the Christmas season is the assurance that one figure from the ancient lore of childhood has not been swept away by the series of writers of nature tales for juveniles. Rubens Santa defies the authors of the Mother Bunny Twilight Tales, the Father Fox Bedtime Stories, the Brer Possum Evening Chats, and all the other creators of innocuous animaldom. The fairies have disappeared, the brownies have slunk bunk into obscurity, and the goblins hide their diminished heads, while a host of furry creatures scamper up and down the family pages of the newspapers and magazines. But Santa, protected by his association with the one great day of children, is unharmed."

THE FORUM

The editor of The TRIBUNE declines responsibility for opinions and statements expressed in this column. Each contributor is responsible for his own contributions on current topics of general interest are welcome. They will not, as a rule, be printed unless recommended by the editor. Contributors, if desired, will be credited from publication.

ANOTHER BOG TALE.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

Reading some articles in The TRIBUNE regarding the city pound I am stating my experience in trying to get a dog from the pound in 1921. My husband and I went there and I picked out a shepherd dog. My husband asked saying I presume you have nothing to pay but the license. The man said yes you have, you have to pay \$10 for that dog besides the price of the license. My husband said, "I have only \$5 with me, besides I think it's too much to pay for a dog." He said, "I feel I can't afford it just now." The man replied, "Well, you can't have him for any less than \$10." My husband asked if he would rather shoot a dog than give it to a person who will pay for license and give it a good home. He very bluntly told my husband, "Yes, shoot him every time if you don't pay the price and that dog's limit is up and will be killed tomorrow morning." My husband asked him if he charged every one a price. He said yes, we get as high as \$50 and \$75. So we went home without any dog, as my husband was in ill health a short time previous to his death and we could not afford to pay the price, though my husband was very fond of animals and wished to have a dog very much at the time.

MRS. M. DeLACY.

FORGIVENESS.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

I see that a few people are opposed to the reinstatement on the stage of Roscoe Arbuckle. Do not these very righteous men and women believe in forgiveness as they pray forgive us our debts as



EXCERPTS from the NATIONAL PRESS

New York Sun: "Reports from college bureaus of student self-help prove that any young man can get an education without capital if he has industry and vigor to work part time for his sustenance. At Yale, during the last academic year, 1300 students, working at all kinds of jobs, earned \$170,441. The total earnings of 500 men partly or wholly earning their way through Princeton totalled \$161,530. These excellent records pale beside that of the University of North Carolina, where 1250 students out of a total of 1700 did work. Their earnings came to \$354,000."

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Bluefin Tuna

Three bluefin tuna, weighing more than 100 pounds each, were seen in Avalon bay within 500 feet of the pleasure pier on December 8. That they were bluefin tuna is beyond the question of a doubt, because Captain Mike Marinovich and Captain Hugh MacKay, with several other old-time boatmen, saw them. The tuna circled the pier, according to witnesses, and then disappeared. They have not been seen since.

The visit of the bluefin tuna in December has again raised the oft-mooted question as to their migration to southern waters. The fish remain in the vicinity of the Channel Islands the entire year is a theory that has been advanced several times but no definite proof could be obtained. Some local students claim that the tuna is physically built to stand the pressure of deep water and that for the winter the sun never penetrates and the pressure is very great.

Other theories are that after the summer season the bluefin tuna, broadbill swordfish, marlin swordfish, white sea bass and bonita migrate to Mexican waters, and there they remain for the winter, disappearing themselves on the surface in the warm sunshine.

It has been estimated that the tuna travel at from 40 to 60 miles an hour. Calculations made last summer by the writer from a seaplane, as it passed over several schools, would indicate that the fish were not moving at a speed of more than twenty miles an hour although they were headed for the channel between Catalina and San Clemente Islands. The seaplane was moving along at sixty miles an hour, and the writer was able to circle and pass the school three different times in ten minutes.

Another observation made from a seaplane last summer, was that a marlin swordfish was not afraid of passing seaplanes, but that a broadbill swordfish plunges below immediately the shadow of the plane hits the water.—Catalina Islander.

THE TRUTH—

Clerk—How much do you wish to spend for your wife's Christmas present?
H—1.—About one-quarter of what I shall have to.—Farm Journal.

YOU SUPPOSED HIM.

"Supposin'" is one of the greatest games, with all manner of chance for childish improvisation. Jamie and Donald were sitting on the front steps, eating wedges of pie.

"Don't you wish you had a million pies to eat?" asked Jamie. Donald couldn't reply; his mouth was too full.

"Donald, 'sposo a poor, ragged, hungry boy came along. 'Spose he didn't have anything to eat. Would you give him some of your pie?"

"No," was the prompt and heartless reply. You give him some of your pie. You supposed him?"—Portland Oregonian.

HER BRIGHT IDEA.

Hub—What are you doing with your check book?
Wife—I'm signing all the blank checks, so that if anyone steals one he won't be able to forge my name to it.—Boston Transcript.

GETTING EVEN.

"Mrs. Black certainly avenged herself on me for neglecting her husband."

"How?"

"She remarked to everybody that I was old enough to be a trifle forgetful."—Boston Transcript.

SONGS OF CHRISTMAS

GOD REST YOU MERRY, GEN.

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Savior
Was born on Christmas Day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.

Chorus.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.

From God our Heavenly Father,
A blessed angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same;
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.

O tidings, etc.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All other doth deface.
O tidings, etc.

—Old Carol.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

We know that the spirit within us
The Creator made perfect and good.
We should walk without fear on
our journey,
Should understand and be understood.
There are many who need consolation.
Many whose days are like night;
There is love for them all if they seek it.
Let us help them to see this
great light!

Like a beacon it shines on the pathway,
Let us show it in kind word and deed,
Let us live that we radiate sunshine,
That our world many feel the great need
Of love and good will to all nations,
Let us understand and be understood.
Let us bring the millennium nearer
By being just and kindly and good.

—J. W. J., 1922.

IF I WERE SANTA CLAUS

If I were only Santa,
I would give a thousand "joys."
First I'd get all the Christmas data,
Then I'd give everybody toys.
To the poor I'd give galore,
And to the rich I'd give a few.
For I know the poor need much
more than most of you.

Down each chimney I would glide,
And in each stocking a cone of sugar,
With some kind of toy would hide,
But alas, some will only get a little sauce.
But that is what I'd do if I was
Santa Claus.
CRANDALL COLVIN (Age 13).

WHAT IS DOING TODAY

Contra Costa Hills club hike,
Indian Gulch and Redwood Peak.
Russian Art Exhibit, gallery, U. C.
The Little Shubard, Plymouth
Center church, evening.
Municipal Christmas Eve Victory
concert, Berkeley, 8 p. m.
Fulton—The Meanest Man in the
World.
Vallejo—Vaudeville.
Pantages—Vaudeville.
American—One Week of Love.
Century—Merry Christmas.
T. and D.—The Man Who Played
God.
State—Pawnee.
Franklin—Churence.
Broadway—Kindred of the Dust.

EVENTS FOR TOMORROW

TRIBUNE radio broadcast.
Piedmont Parlor band concert.
county infirmary, morning.
Broadway—Russian art exhibit, gallery, U. C.
Abie's Irish Rose, Auditorium,
afternoon and evening.
Christmas program, Hotel Oak-
land, evening.

20 YEARS AGO TODAY

The pupils of the Lockwood school at Elmhurst gave an entertainment this week to raise funds with which to purchase suits for the football team of that school.

Mr. J. V. de la Torre, cricketer, and Mrs. Carrie Brown Decker, socialist, will be among those to assist the First Presbyterian Sunday-school, Oakland, in its Christmas entertainment.

Health Office reports show that approximately 1000 buildings of various kinds were erected in Oakland in the past eleven months.

The Republican City Central Association will be called to hold the Republican City convention on the evening of January 30.

"YOU SUPPOSED HIM."

"Supposin'" is one of the greatest games, with all manner of chance for childish improvisation. Jamie and Donald were sitting on the front steps, eating wedges of pie.

"Don't you wish you had a million pies to eat?" asked Jamie. Donald couldn't reply; his mouth was too full.

"Donald, 'sposo a poor, ragged, hungry boy came along. 'Spose he didn't have anything to eat. Would you give him some of your pie?"

"No," was the prompt and heartless reply. You give him some of your pie. You supposed him?"—Portland Oregonian.

HER BRIGHT IDEA.

Hub—What are you doing with your check book?
Wife—I'm signing all the blank checks, so that if anyone steals one he won't be able to forge my name to it.—Boston Transcript.

GETTING EVEN.

"Mrs. Black certainly avenged herself on me for neglecting her husband."

"How?"

"She remarked to everybody that I was old enough to be a trifle forgetful."—Boston Transcript.

SPORTS SECTION

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A

NO. 177.

BERKELEY LOSES STATE TITLE

FIRST EAST VS. WEST FOOTBALL GAME TOMORROW

West Virginia Meets Gonzaga At San Diego

Pitt-Stanford and Penn State-U. S. C. Games Follow Within A Week

SAN DIEGO, Dec. 23.—Football enthusiasts of Southern California were today wildly excited over the East vs. West football game to be played in the stadium here on Christmas Day between the undefeated West Virginia and the Gonzaga University of Spokane, Wash. The 40,000 bowl is expected to be well filled in the present clear and warm weather maintains. The splendid condition of the highways throughout the southern counties, particularly the elimination of all dangers along the main Los Angeles-San Diego road was making itself felt today. Many fans have parties began to arrive for the game and to take in the cafes and horse racing at Tia Juana over the holidays.

The Gonzaga Bulldogs worked out today on the Coronado polo grounds, making through fast signal practice, punting and passing. Yesterday they ran signals on the beach, garbed in bathing suits. The entire team is in the pink of condition and to a man are confident of winning.

The West Virginia squad has been running signals every time their train stopped for ten minutes or more along its transcontinental route through New Mexico and Arizona. This afternoon they were trained at Los Angeles for their first western game, facing the Appalachean College and will arrive at San Diego tonight at 10:30. Tomorrow the easterners will look over the stadium and run off light signals and passing practice.

The Gonzaga outfit is but little known as compared to the famous eastern team, but they made an enviable record this fall in the northwest, piling up 202 points to 53 for their opponents. Their most notable showing was against the University of Idaho, which they defeated 14 to 7, after the Idahoans had held the great University of California squad to a 14 to 0 score. On these figures the Gonzaga eleven compares favorably with the Golden Bears.

Setting here this evening was a 5 to 5 in favor of the easterners on the basis of the undefeated record of the Virginians and the comparative inexperience of the Washingtonians, but offers of even money that West Virginia would not score two touchdowns found no takers.

Following the first of the East vs. West games tomorrow football fans will have two more important contests, Pittsburgh and Stanford clashing at the Stanford stadium Saturday, December 30, while Penn State and the University of Southern California will entertain football enthusiasts of the southern section of the state on New Year's Day at the Rose Bowl at Pasadena.

Jimmy Duffy and Long May Mingle

Promoter Tommy Simpson is still angling for a New Year's main event. Yesterday he was in communication with Ray Long who wants to box Jimmy Duffy and this pair may top the holiday card.

Brick Muller Gets Job As A Stevedore

BRICK MULLER, former University of California star athlete, likes to eat his Christmas turkey home, likes it so well in fact that he spent last week stevedoring on the San Francisco docks at eight dollars per day in preference to umpiring the Christmas Day football game at San Diego.

Brick needed a little money for use during the holidays and the San Diego offer looked alluring until he considered that it would take him away from home on Christmas. He was away the last two Christmas days so he "accepted a position" as stevedore and has been doing a swell job hefting packing cases and sacks of sugar and things.

High Priced Players Are Coming Back

Majors Seeking Remedy, Minor Heads Trying to Interpret Draft Decision.

By GEORGE CHADWICK.
(Special Correspondent of the Oakland Tribune.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—The minor league magnates today are seeking the interpretation of the remark made by Judge Landis, high commissioner of baseball, when he declared that the draft was a dead issue. Perhaps the interviewer didn't get him right. At any rate, it would not seem as though the draft question has been as the youngster put it, altogether killed.

Back of it all is the unquestioned effort of the major magnates to try to bring down the high cost of ball players. Yet it is not much of a remedy, for the action they took at the recent joint meeting here. All it was necessary to do was to stop paying \$50,000 and \$75,000 and \$100,000 for players.

In time the minor leagues will be adjusted to the present condition. They were knocked still all right by the radical action taken at the joint meeting.

TO REMAIN SAME.
When they left Louisville they had every reason to believe the regulations governing the disposition of the ball players would operate in 1923 as they had in the previous years. They expected that certain organizations would be exempt from any draft, including the Pacific Coast, International League, American Association, Western League and the Three Eye League as they had been since the leagues in general had signed up with Commissioner Landis to be their generalissimo.

The Texas League, the Southern Association and the Eastern League felt so happy and so elated at the success which they had enjoyed in the general prosperity attaching to all that they were prepared to ask exemption from the draft. Then some one threw loose powder into the stove. Perhaps the fact that more leagues were going to ask draft exemption precipitated the straight arm from the majors to the minors.

DRAFT FAVORS MAJORS.
The draft in baseball means that the big fish may always feed upon the little fish by paying certain sums for the privilege. It means that the minor league clubs cannot retain players wanted by other clubs which are in a classification higher up. It is arbitrary if a club is subject to draft and has a ball player who hits like Tunket and fields as if he were nine ball players in himself. It is 99 to 1 and a little better that the club than will have the player more than one season. Some bigger

When baseball signed up with the present commissioner and also signed to behave itself as regards individual leagues and clubs, it was expressly stipulated that those leagues now out of the draft were out for seven years, which is the length of the term of the agreement. Garry Herrmann and Charles Ebbetts made speeches at dinner of the minors in Louisville in which they said the National League never would be party to the violation of any written agreement which it had signed. No particular agreement was mentioned, but everybody knew that referred to the seven-year peace treaty, and the minors who sat around the tables looked up from their coffee and said: "Now ain't that nice, fellows."

STARS IN TITLE GAME AGAINST BAKERSFIELD

Although defeated by Bakersfield for the state championship yesterday afternoon at Bakersfield by a score of 18 to 12 Berkeley High was not without her stars.

Sharing the spotlight along with the stars of the winning Bakersfield team were BREWER, quarterback (left), SLEEPER, fullback (center), and SMITH, halfback (right).



BAKERSFIELD BEATS BERKELEY HIGH FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

Drillers Take Early Lead of Two Touchdowns Only to Have Score Tied; Win Out In Final Quarter.

BAKERSFIELD, Dec. 23.—By scoring a touchdown on straight football in the final period play Bakersfield High school won the state football championship from Berkeley High here this afternoon by a score of 18 to 12. The Bakersfield Drillers, champions of Southern California, entered the game favorites and soon displayed a fancy aerial attack that carried them to an early lead of 12 to 0 by the end of the first quarter.

Bakersfield was a favorite to win by a margin of two touchdowns before the game started and at the outset it appeared as though the Berkeley team was to be snowed under in an avalanche of scoring.

Berkeley vs Bakersfield Play by Play

Berkeley won the toss and chose to defend the west goal. Caldwell kicked off and the ball was returned to the 26-yard line.

The features of the first quarter were passes by the Bakersfield team which netted them 29 yards and 15 yards respectively, bringing the ball into play on Berkeley's 35-yard line. Caldwell kicked the ball over the line for a touchdown and the effort to convert failed, making the score, Bakersfield 6, Berkeley 0.

In the latter part of the first quarter Caldwell kicked a 35-yard pass to Lewis for a touchdown and a 10-yard gain on a pass, end of first quarter, Bakersfield 12, Berkeley 0. The attempt to convert failed.

Berkeley was penalized five yards for stalling in the second quarter and Bakersfield was penalized 15 yards for rough playing. A 40-yard pass by Caldwell of the Drillers was grounded. Bakersfield was again penalized 15 yards for roughness.

MURPHY GOES OVER.
Caldwell kicked to Berkeley's 42-yard line and Murphy ran around right and for 30 yards. Murphy again tore loose for 15 yards around right end and went over for a touchdown on the line. Caldwell blocked Murphy's attempt to convert. Bakersfield 12, Berkeley 6. Carter replaced Graud for Bakersfield when the latter was knocked out. Caldwell kicked 45 yards and the ball rolled across the Berkeley goal line. The ball went to the 20-yard line and Berkeley kicked to the center of the field. Bakersfield was again penalized 15 yards for roughness and following the intercepting of a pass by Berkeley and a 10-yard gain on a pass, Mills to Buzzard. The first half ended with the score: Bakersfield 12, Berkeley 6.

On the kickoff by Berkeley, Caldwell returned the ball to Bakersfield's 35-yard line. Clyde replaced Bower for Berkeley. On an exchange of punts and spectacular run back by Clyde the ball was Berkeley's on her own 35-yard line. Berkeley kicked to Lewis on Bakersfield's 25-yard line and Caldwell kicked 45 yards. Berkeley later blocked a kick and recovered the ball on Bakersfield's one-yard line. Two attempts to rush the ball over the goal line failed and with only one yard to make it and one more down Murphy finally bucked the line for a touchdown, making it by a mere matter of inches. Harris blocked the attempt to convert and the score stood: Bakersfield 12, Berkeley 12.

Smith replaced Buzzard and Caldwell kicked for Bakersfield. Berkeley's 35-yard line where Mills returned the kick to Lewis on Bakersfield's 33-yard line. Carter made 14 yards around right tackle and was injured in the play, but remained in the game. The third quarter ended, Bakersfield 12, Berkeley 12.

THE FINAL QUARTER
In the final session, Wilkins went in for Berkeley. Mills grounded Berkeley's eight yard line on a reverse play. Repeated line backs by Baldwin gained several more yards and he was injured during the play. Lewis gained a yard around right end and with one yard to go Baldwin went through right tackle for a touchdown. The ball sailed outside the goal posts in the attempt to convert. Bakersfield 18, Berkeley 12.

Post kicked to Bright and he was downed on the drillers' 40-yard line. Lewis gained 5 yards for Berkeley. Following a series of hard fighting in which there were no sensational gains, the contest closed with ball on Berkeley 20 yard line. Following is the lineup:
Position. Berkeley. Substitutes-Bakersfield: Carter for Graud. Berkeley: Koch, Wilkins, Buzzard, Moffet, Hassler, Marshall, Sleeper, Clymer, Hemp-hill and Davenport.
Officials—Franklin Meyer, Referee; Foley of Ohio Wesleyan, umpire. Whipple, head linesman and F. Hubbel, field judge. The Berkeley aggregation left tonight on the 7:15 train for the north.

The early start served Bakersfield in good stead as later developments proved, for Berkeley, solving the Bakersfield aerial attack, at the start of the second quarter, checked the valley team and held them scoreless for more than two quarters during which the tide turned.

Berkeley came to life in the second quarter and with their attack growing better on each attempt, succeeded in piercing the Bakersfield line for a touchdown in the second quarter.

Gaining confidence by their success against the heavy Bakersfield line the Berkeley team came back with a sweeping rush in the third quarter that carried the Bakersfield team down to straight defense. Sehafer's Berkeley contingent swept gloriously down the field to knot the count at 12 to 12, at which time the game stood at the third quarter.

Bakersfield had relied on her passing attack throughout the first and second quarters to no avail in the second period as the Berkeley secondary defense had fathomed the offense and were breaking up pass after pass, forcing Bakersfield to kick.

In the fourth quarter Bakersfield settled down to a straight offensive football that showed the strength which had carried them undefeated for the season to the championship of the southern section of the state. Playing straight football the Drillers succeeded in crashing through to the winning points a few minutes before the end of the game.

The victory of Bakersfield this afternoon gives the local team the state championship with a clear title. Last year the Bakersfield team met Berkeley at Berkeley in a game of mud and was held to a scoreless tie although on dope last year's team appeared stronger than the team which won this afternoon.

This is the second time that Bakersfield has won the state championship from Berkeley high, having defeated the Berkeley team in 1919 at Pasadena of a score of 14 to 3.

Star Coaches Will Teach in Summer
IOWA CITY, Ia., Dec. 23.—The great football triumvirate of the University of Iowa—Howard H. Jones, Aubrey Devine and Gordon Locke—are now members of

will comprise the Iowa 1923 summer coaching school instructional staff, according to an announcement by university officials.
Courses will be offered in football, basketball, track and field, tennis, cross-country running, baseball, and athletic conditioning. The courses have been adapted to suit the requirements of high school coaches of the middle west.

Siki Starts Suit Against Commissioner

PARIS, Dec. 23.—Proceedings were started against the French Boxing Federation by Battling Siki, the Senegalese boxer who was expressly stipulated that those leagues now out of the draft were out for seven years, which is the length of the term of the agreement.

Irish Sportsman Announces New Race
NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—An announcement was made here today by the Duke of Leinster, well known Irish sportsman, that plans had virtually been completed for an annual event of international yachting.

Athletics Good For Many Ailments
Miss Camilla Sabia, young Nov. ark girl, champion all round athlete of her sex, fell in love with physical fitness and the spirit of competition. She had many handicaps but overcame them. Miss Ethelinda Biebtrey, considered the greatest woman swimmer of all time, cured a curvature of the spine in her club. Miss Suzanne Lenglen, world's champion of her sex, refused to allow a bothersome heart prevent her from becoming the tennis marvel she is.

SPORTING GOLIATH BY BOB SHAND

Prominent little four-round box-fighter lands home bright and late this morning with two dark glims, no more collar than one of these near-steams they're peddling now, coat torn, necktie down his back and scratches all over former good looks.

"Smatter," chirps Friend Wife. "They wasn't no fights that I seen advertised last night. Stoo bad you couldn't get by Christmas without gettin' slammed in a street scrap."

"Street scrap nothin'," chirps little Four-rounder, indignantly. "It wasn't a street scrap, then come through with the medal or some part of it," advises Better Seven-Eighths.

"Here's the 'medal'—all of it," says four-rounder hubby as he passed over two pair silk leg-wear. "I got the likin' crowdin' a bunch of Janos tryin' to get Christmas stockings at the last minute. Gimme the regular Auditorium exercise next time."

Jinx Is Trailing West Virginia Team

SAN DIEGO, Dec. 23.—Hard luck is pursuing the West Virginia football squad, en route here for their game with Gonzaga Monday.

Moss Is Appointed U.S.L.T.A. Secretary
NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—The appointment of Edward E. Moss as executive secretary of the United States Lawn Tennis Association was announced here this afternoon by Julian Nyrck, president of the Lawn Tennis Association. Moss will succeed Paul B. Williams, who resigned to become editor of the Utica Daily Press.

American Tossers Winning in Manila

MANILA, P. I., Dec. 23.—The Fort Mills Army team fell before the all star major league baseball team from the United States here today by a score of 6 to 4.

Christmas stopping early so he can enjoy Mr. Tu-k.
Both remaining members of the Barbours' Union will now chant that beautiful old refrain: "Put Some Ice-Cream in My Sody."
While Al White will recite: "THE TEXT ON THE BAR-ROOM FLOOR."

BERKELEY WILL HOLD CHRISTMAS FETE TOMORROW

Victory Square to Be Scene of Yule Fete Which Begins at 4:30 o'clock

BERKELEY, Dec. 23. — Beside a towering Christmas tree, Santa Claus will receive the children of Berkeley tomorrow afternoon at the sixth annual municipal Yule fete arranged by the city.

"Not a child forgotten," the motto of other years will again dominate the holiday festivities, "Victory Square," the block of land fronting the city hall, will be the scene of the Yuletide party. The time has been set for 4:30 o'clock in order that the giant fir tree, with all its ornaments, may be lighted to the best advantage during the festivities. This year Santa Claus will be impersonated by Jack Whitney, well known Berkeley club merchant.

The complete program for the tree has been announced by Chairman J. S. Mills. Ed Collin, "Santa Claus," will sing carols among which will be "Shepherd Watch Your Flocks at Night," "We Three Kings of Orient Are," "God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen."

Another chorus of several hundred children's voices will be led in carols as another feature on the program by Miss May C. Wade.

A special stage has been erected about the towering Yule tree and every child will be given an opportunity to personally interview Santa Claus.

Today and yesterday, mothers of the city filled their homes with more than 7000 bags of candy and hundreds of gifts were made ready for distribution. Gifts were distributed to about 300 homes of the city by the mothers aided by Boy Scouts.

Following an address of welcome by Mayor Louis Bartlett, the celebration will open with the presentation of "Nativity" in pantomime by community players under the direction of Irving Fichel. The production will depict the birth of Christ with some 75 townspeople participating.

The choir of the First Presbyterian Church under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. George N. Calfee will sing carols among which will be "Shepherd Watch Your Flocks at Night," "We Three Kings of Orient Are," "God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen."

Alameda School Attendance Listed

ALAMEDA, Dec. 23. — Lincoln school with 383 pupils in the elementary grades and 40 in the kindergarten leads in the number of pupils attending grammar schools in the city, according to statistical figures from the board of education.

The schools as listed are as follows: Lincoln, 379 pupils; Mastick, 623; Washington, 542; Porter, 523; Haight, 576; Longfellow, 495; Everett, 322.

The Alameda high school now lists 1124 regular pupils during the day session, 1501 registered for the part time classes, and 42 pupils in the special classes. In the Americanization department there are 83 enrolled, while figures for the night school classes, which are held Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights of the week show an attendance of 885. Pupils in the Americanization class, which is declared to be one of the largest of its kind in the bay region.

McCraith to Direct New Title Company

Thomas D. McCraith will have direct charge of the operations of the new Eastbay Title Insurance company, according to announcements made yesterday by the board of directors.

"Abstracts and certificates of title are new things of the past," explained McCraith yesterday. "The new plan is title insurance, in which the title to your property is absolutely guaranteed. The purchaser is always protected under this procedure because, if flaws develop, he is entitled to ample compensation for any damage sustained. Banks now demand title insurance."

Accused Slayer of Husband Gets Bail

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 23. — With the conclusion of the police court hearing in the case of Grace Cheney Baratti, accused of the murder of her husband, Harry Baratti, a musician, the court yesterday had declined to fix bail by reason of the seriousness of the charge.

Attorney's office agreed with the woman's counsel, J. B. Zindars and fixed bonds at \$20,000 or \$100,000 cash. Her friends immediately began efforts to raise the amount.

Teachers Pledged For Summer Session

BERKELEY, Dec. 23. — The Berkeley Chamber of Commerce is in receipt of a communication from the agent of the Southern Pacific Railroad in Atlanta, Georgia, stating that the John L. Mowbray Tour Company has tentatively assured them of a train load of teachers from the southeast to attend the summer session of the University of California next year.

The railroad is asking the cooperation of the Chamber of Commerce in securing circulars of information about Berkeley and the bay region.

Christmas Cantata To Be Given By Choir

RICHMOND, Dec. 23. — Tomorrow evening the Christmas cantata, "The Star of Bethlehem," will be given by the choir of the First Christian church under the direction of Mrs. A. B. Humphrey. Warren.

The soloists include Miss Gertrude Irwin of Berkeley, soprano; Miss Helen Morehouse, contralto; E. E. Osborne, tenor, and Charles Concorde, baritone. A violin duet will be given by Miss Edith Mansfield and John Currow.

Art and Artists

French Moderns To Be Shown Across the Bay

By LAURA BRIDE POWERS.

A New Year gift to San Francisco and her neighbors, France—the fairy godmother.

The French moderns—sculptors and painters—promised us two months ago, are here. And at this moment are in the throes of being unpacked, applauded and set down for hanging—the exhibition to open in Polk hall at the Exposition Auditorium January 2.

When M. d'Oelsnitz came among us in the fall, telling us that with proper support, he would bring to San Francisco a representative collection of French moderns, a chorus of eager voices went up, "With all our hearts, if you bring over the right things—the big men—Gauguin, Cezanne, Matisse, Redon, Degas, Picasso."

"To be sure—and some three hundred other notable examples of men of high repute in France not so well known to America. You shall see."

And forthwith the group of artists and laymen always back of any movement that promotes the art interest of California, pledged their support.

The collector has kept his promise—Gauguin, Cezanne, Redon, and the rest are here, with another Cezanne on the way, besides an example of Pissarro, Chabannes and other innovators.

But the strength of the exhibition, it must be confessed, lies not in the examples of the masters, but in the accompanying canvases of lesser men, among them two hundred or more fine examples of disciples of the innovators and independent spirits that are finding their own way.

The sculpture collection stands up as one of the best exhibitions of the kind since the Exposition, twenty-one Rodins, a noble group by Bourdelle and a few examples of Joseph Bernard establishing the quality of the presentation.

A Courbet is among the unexpected contributions—a beautiful example of the forerunner of the moderns, he who, ruled out by the academicians, set up an exhibition of his own in a little hut around the corner—and won.

Glancing around the walls—the artist is standing in a deep around the baseboards—an intriguing head by Derain appears. Near it a landscape by Charles Guerin.

Over there is the pastel by Cezanne—too trivial to represent the master, but of interest to painters, to note how the great pathfinder proceeded in his work. But as another and more important example is on its way, we shall be patient.

Painters are not lying about loose. With the exception of the exhibition of Cezanne's in New York two winters ago at Russell Durand's, examples of his work at home or abroad are practically of the market.

However, there are enough esthetic riches in this amazing show to carry us on through the year on a high wave of enthusiasm. Truly, the year opens well.

Twelve galleries are being erected for the treasures of our sister republic, with an admirable lighting and day, and the hall has the admirable quality of accessibility.

Such an exhibition might be looked for and found in New York. But it was the work of a hero to bring it to the Golden Gate, for which we here and now express our gratitude.

And that it shall find adequate appreciation in California is a foregone conclusion.

"Will every art club about the bay take note of it? And every lover of art that is able-bodied, with an hour to spare from a rushing world?"

Firenc Imrey's Phantasies Portray Brilliant Imagination

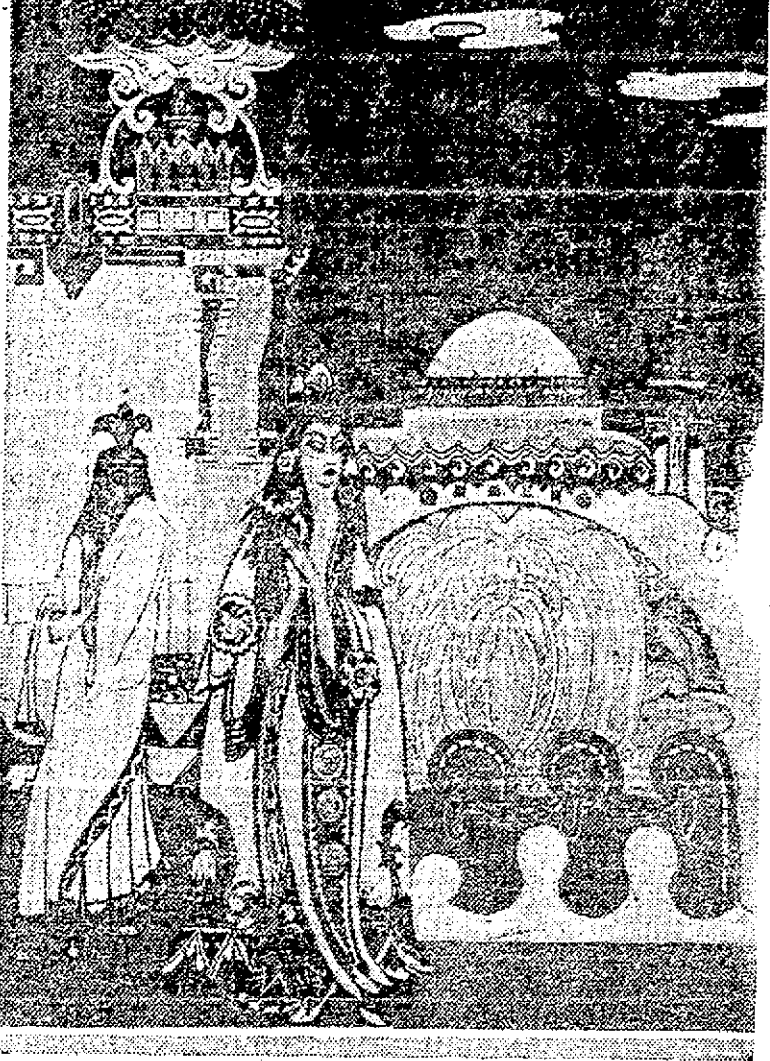
"In captivity, it means something to paint," said Firenc Imrey, the Hungarian whose work is the most stimulating presentation that Director Clapp has vouchsafed us at the Oakland Art Gallery for many a moon.

"In captivity, it is something to make a record of your emotions, because there is no inspiration except and then there is nothing with which to express them, one's emotions are stifled. But now that I am free, I am sure that the conditions imposed upon me were more stimulating than the ease and distraction of the beautiful world outside. I know now that the isolation and the bitter need for employment of the imagination was the power that drove me on. This"—and we stood before an aquarelle that portrayed a ship, captured by death, a flock of vultures in the wake, a midnight sun illuminating the waters that danced in mawkish before it, red and yellow—"this symbolizes the death of hundreds of thousands of soldiers, comrades, forgotten in the snows of Siberia. And when relief came it was too late. Death was king. An eloquent symbol, this of the horrors that are not of the battlefields."

Clearly, the war had burned deep in the soul of the painter, but the eternal spirit that glows in the soul of the artist has saved him from morbidly even in this, the grimest record of the war in the exhibition. So much for the literary side. Now we do insist upon the "meaning" of works of art, as if an emotional reaction to color and line and arrangement—in short to beauty—were not enough!

"That—and the painter smiled—made him both a mechanic and a chemist friend suggested it, and

"LADY OF THE SNOWS"—A decorative panel by Firenc Imrey, whose group of aquarels at the Oakland Art Gallery, is attracting the attention of artist and layman.



together we worked it out. It was all the while I had in all these, and the colors are all mineral, worked out under the same conditions. It was a continual struggle to get colors.

As it is known at the outset that Mr. Imrey is not dependent upon the dramatics of his trade for prestige, but the successes he has achieved under the stress of circumstances intensified his accomplishment, but why should we revere it?

Few artists have come among us with a more fertile imagination, yet it is imagination under control. It runs the gamut of human emotions and experience—gay, grave, tragic, ecstatic, but never trivial. Too grave a soul behind the work for that.

The Japan subjects in the south gallery are representative things, and less interesting. The artist is free, he is no longer in perspective. But it is upon the symbolic things that the Hungarian, in truth is a cosmopolitan, will stand. They are his own—his very own, in concept and technique.

A half dozen brilliant little aquarels have been accomplished since coming to California, one inspired by the tale "The Conquerors," "Darkness and Light" and "Phantom Ship"—the last a gem in arrangement and color.

It is interesting to speculate upon what the painter will contribute to art in California, at whose shrine he is a devoted worshipper.

The exhibition will continue for a week.

Joseph Pennell Producing Aquarels in New York

From New York come tales of a diverting exhibition of aquarels by Joseph Pennell—an illegal digression you may say. A digression surely, but why should we restrict so eminent an artist to the medium through which he made himself known to us?

Of course, his enemies are at his heels. As an etcher, Pennell will stand or fall.

But competent critics aver that his excursion into color is satisfying and the worst hostile spirits can do is to keep silent about it. Here is his spirited forward of his watercolor show at the Macbeth galleries, characteristically Pennellian.

"When in the dear, dead days I would come home, to my home, to America, by way of New York, and in the dawn of the last, glad day, I stood alone on the ship's deck and the Unbelievable City came like a vision from the mists of the morning. I saw what I knew I wanted to try to do, and I could not find in Europe and no one else here. I had then the most wonderful view of the great city of the Old World, London, but beyond, though I alone saw it and I alone

great city of the New World, the new New York.

"I came here, after being spurred by my own city, that I loved, too, to the city that I had always wanted to come to and at last had come to. Now I am here all the time, and here, too, the sun rises and sets before my windows, but I do not know, from the moment the tall town comes from the night and the towers turn to rose and gold or are ghosts and shadows till they are lost again in the night, what the day, or the hour, or the minute will bring forth; for it is all new and strange, ever changing, never ending, all done, all to be done. On these walls are some of the things I have seen and tried to do, only a few, but they are endless, unknown, unbelievable, only I am trying to put down what I see with what skill I have gained by looking at and working on great subjects for a lifetime.

Young Russians Exhibit At Architectural Hall

The young Russians, Nicolas Nedashkowsky and Serge Scherbakov, whose work has stirred the art followers about the bay as no other exhibition has since the Anis-

Arts, are exhibiting for a fortnight at Architectural hall on the campus of the University of California.

The brilliant work of these young painters has been reviewed so often in these columns that it is unnecessary to go into analysis again. But let me urge that every open-

ASTOR POST OF VETERANS TO HAVE CHRISTMAS PARTY

New Officers to Assume Duties At First Meeting in January.

R. E. Mitchell, who served throughout the World War with the 222 Field Signal Battalion and who participated in five major engagements, will be installed as commander of the Col. John Jacob Astor Post No. 85, Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States at the first meeting in the new year, Friday, January 5.

Other officers elected for the ensuing year are: Jean Hadley, senior vice-commander; H. H. Leutke, junior vice-commander; L. W. Gerke, chaplain; M. D. Kronquest, quartermaster; L. D. Borge, adjutant; R. E. Green, guard; R. I. Newell, surgeon and C. V. Hurieu, trustee.

George W. Powers, T. D. Foster, Dr. R. I. Newell and C. W. Sheets were elected delegates to the Alameda County Council of the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Dan E. Scherle, commander of the state department of the V. F. W., will officiate at the installation of the new officers.

Elaborate preparations are being made by the V. F. W. men and the members of the Ladies' Auxiliary for the Christmas party for the children to be held Wednesday evening, December 27, at memorial hall, city hall. In addition to a musical program there will be a Christmas tree and Santa Claus will be present to distribute gifts to the children.

Prior to the Christmas tree party for the families of the V. F. W. the auxiliary and members of the post will visit Letterman General hospital in San Francisco and will carry a large supply of cake, candy and smokes to the boys whose war injuries still keep them abed.

MILLIONAIRE PAYS UP. MADRID.—Senior Evaristo Gollon, a 40-year-old millionaire, sentenced to jail for refusing to pay a \$100,000 bond, handed over the money as he reached his cell.

Forest fires were particularly destructive in northwest states during the summer of 1922.

WIFE'S AGE DEFENSE LOUGHBOROUGH, Eng.—Arrested for deserting his wife, Harry Dredger defended his act on the ground that his wife claimed to be only 38 when he married her, but was in reality 59.

CLARICE PATTERNS



No. 1075. Smart and very easy to make. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 yards figured material with 1 1/2 yards 36-inch plain material.

No. 1604. Serviceable Indoor Frock. Cut in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards 36-inch material.

No. 1605. Pretty Serving Apron. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards 2 1/2 or 36-inch material. Transfer pattern No. 602—in blue only—15c extra.

No. 1303. Corset Cover that will make your outer garments set smoothly. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure.

Oakland TRIBUNE, Oakland, Calif. CLARICE PATTERN BUREAU

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Name (Write plainly)

Music and Musicians

ARTHUR W. MIDDLETON, noted Metropolitan baritone, who will sing at Auditorium Opera House on January 3.

A Christmas program of vocal and instrumental numbers was given by the Etude Choral, the members of which were vested in white for the occasion, and carried red Christmas candles. As a professional they sang "Adeste Fideles." This was followed by "God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen," "Silent Night," "The Shepherd's Christmas," "There Was a Rig" (from The Animals Christmas), and "Sing Noel."

Directing the choral singing was Mrs. Louise Polos, soprano solo by Miss Louise Polos, soprano solo by Mrs. Herschell Hagan, with Mrs. Gayle Moseley at the piano; a violin solo by Mrs. Frederick F. Hall, with Mrs. Herbert Avery at the piano; piano solos by Marie Conley, and contralto solos by Miss Janet Know, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Gayle Moseley.

These were followed by selections from Handel's "Messiah." One, the "Hallelujah Chorus," was given by the String Ensemble, including Mesdames Milton Shutes, Dexter Richards, Donald Schnabel, Louis Kistler, Harry McNulty and J. H. McMillan. The two last selections from the oratorio were sung by Mrs. J. Wilson-Jones, who was accompanied by Mrs. Martyn F. Warner.

CLAVE WILL SING AS YEAR CLOSURES.

The closing days of the old year are the busy ones for Miss Z. W. Potter, Oakland's impresario, who will close one of her most successful and strenuous years with a double attraction on successive nights on Friday and the 29th at the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra the following evening. When Isadora Duncan, listed for the third attraction, canceled her bookings, Miss Potter determined to fill the bill with a feature that would be even greater, and finally secured Emma Calve, who had not intended to visit Oakland during her present tour.

This tour, by the way, is proving a veritable triumph for the singer, who is charming her large audiences with her wonderful technique by the press notices that follow her every appearance, the diva is in good voice, and her "Messiah" performance provides thrill after thrill during the program. We have heard Gadski, this season, and are now to have the opportunity to hear another of her contemporaries, and to compare their voices and their art.

VARIED MUSIC ON SYMPHONY PROGRAM.

In addition to Calve on Friday night of next week, Miss Zammata Potter has the fourth of the series of San Francisco Symphony Orchestra concerts on Saturday.

This is a "pop" concert, and the program follows:

1. Prelude to "Lohengrin"..... Wagner
2. "Peer Gynt" Suite..... Grieg
3. "Rienzi" Overture..... Wagner
4. Ballade Suite from "Le Cid"..... Massenet
5. (a) The Serenade..... de Swert
(b) Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 10..... Liszt
6. "The Merry Widow"..... Strauss
7. March Slav..... Tschaiakowsky

STUDENT SECTION TO GIVE PROGRAM.

The December program of the Alameda County Music Teachers' Association will devote from the usual custom of presenting active members and will be given by members of the Student Section. This is the first occasion on which this plan has been adopted and it is believed that the concert will be one of unusual interest.

The program, which will take place on Tuesday evening, December 26, at 8:15 in Ebell Hall, Oakland, is as follows:

I.
a. Dance Caprice..... Grieg
b. Prok..... Grieg
c. Whims..... Schumann
Miss Aurelia Frazer

II.
a. Romance..... Wieniawski
b. Canzonetta..... D'Ambrósio
c. "The Swan"..... Debussy
At the piano, Miss Helen Merchant

III.
a. Romeo in Georgia..... J. P. Scott
b. Two songs..... Dent Mowrey
c. Two Little Stars..... Geoffrey O'Hara
d. The Living God..... Geoffrey O'Hara
e. Miss Jeanette Miner
At the piano, Miss Virginia Ayer

IV.
a. March Wind..... Macdowell
b. "The Swan"..... Macdowell
c. Capriccio Fantastique..... Paderewski
Miss Helen Merchant

a. Bourree..... Bach
b. Kammer-Ostrov..... Rubinstein
c. Polonaise..... Chopin
Miss Vine Lowry

V.
Second Movement from Sonata in A major..... Cesar Franck
Miss Helen Hjelte
At the piano, Miss Grace Hjelte

VI.
a. Hol Mr. Piper..... Curran
b. Thank God for a Garden, Del Rio
c. Love is the Wind..... Fayden
Miss Marie Rambo
At the piano, Miss Marie Harkett

ARTHUR MIDDLETON FIRST 1923 ARTIST.

Coming to Oakland, as one of the musical achievements of the season will be Arthur Middleton, noted Metropolitan baritone, who will sing at Auditorium Opera House on January 3.

The first of the trans-bay Colbert concert course series. It will comprise in all, four concerts by international artists. Arthur Middleton, Vladimir Rosing, and the Russian pianist, Mischa Levitzki, the phenomenal pianist whose recent recitals in this country and abroad have been nothing short of sensational, and the famous London String Quartet, acclaimed as the finest of all ensemble organizations. The series is arranged by Jessica Colbert, manager, and Miss L. Blumberg, associate manager. Miss Blumberg is making her concert headquarters at the Hotel St. Mark.

Middleton has been in great demand throughout the state since his recent return from a concert tour of Australia and New Zealand where performances were greeted with sold-out houses.

SEMI-ANNUAL RECITAL IS GIVEN.

Pupils of Mrs. Eva Sanden-Johnson gave their semi-annual piano recital last Friday evening at her studio on Dolores avenue. Those participating were Mrs. H. H. Hafford, Jack Pryer, Thelma Murchison,

PADEREWSKI TO COME TO COAST IN MARCH.

Paderewski, the famous pianist, will come to California next spring. He has just started on the first series of recitals he has given in five years. When he arrives in California, he will give a limited number of concerts under the management of Selby C. Oppenheimer, which will include one appearance only in San Francisco, on March 8.

Charles Hackett, noted American tenor, sang at the Exposition Auditorium in the San Francisco Civic Center last Tuesday for St. Ignatius church and college. This concert marked Hackett's third appearance in San Francisco.

Elly Ney, famed woman pianist, gave his second and last concert in the Pacific Coast debut Tuesday night, December 12, when she appeared at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, San Francisco, under the direction of Selby C. Oppenheimer. Ney will give another concert in Scottish Rite Auditorium on Wednesday, December 20.

Feodor Chaliapin, the great Russian basso, will come to California in February. He is arranging for him to make a single appearance on February 15 at the Exposition Auditorium in the Civic Center.

Louis Gravier, noted baritone, gave his second and last concert in San Francisco last Sunday afternoon at the Columbia theater. He was accompanied by Arpad Sandor at the piano.

Campfire Girls Hosts to Children

Twenty children, chosen from households supported wholly by their mothers, were guests of honor at Christmas party given last Friday afternoon at the George F. Edwards home in Crescent avenue. Friends of the young hostesses volunteered to take the children to and from the celebration in automobiles. Miss Mary Middleton, past president of the group, directed the transportation and general arrangements.

Christmas games were played around the big tree. A toy, a book and bag of candy were distributed to each guest. A home a generous repast of cookies, ice cream and cake were served.

The Yuzutza Campfire Girls have been preparing for the festivities for several months. Committee chairman were Betty Edwards, toys and candy; Elsie Bred, entertainment and refreshments; Constance Edwards, decorations and tree.

Alameda to Plan For Music Week

ALAMEDA, Dec. 23.—Tentative plans are being made by the city of Alameda's part in the observance of Alameda County Music Week next April at a meeting called for Thursday night, January 4, according to an announcement today by William Varcoe, chairman of the Alameda committee.

The meeting is to be held in the office of the city manager in the city hall and will be presided over by Mrs. F. J. Collar, Ernest McCandless, J. D. Thomas, Rev. Earle Cochran, D. E. Graves and Varcoe.

Woodmen of World Entertain Children

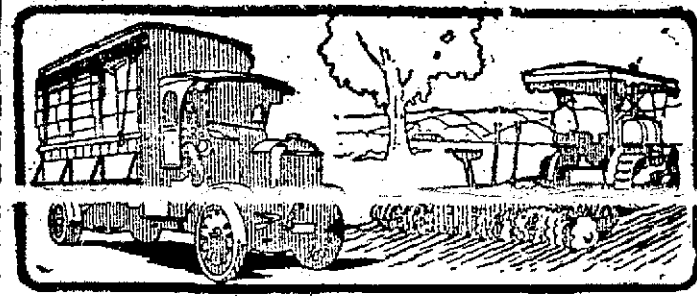
Local lodges of Royal Neighbors and Woodmen of the World entertained members and their families at a Christmas party Friday night in Odd Fellows' hall. Thirty motherless children were special guests of honor during a visit from Santa Claus which featured the program. Music was contributed during the evening by a group of children and by Mr. Nangorgus, Miss Thelma Uryea and Miss Marion Emes.

FOUR CHILDREN IN GRAVE.

SCRANTON, Pa.—While four children of Douglas McCrae were being buried in one grave, a fifth died of scarlet fever.

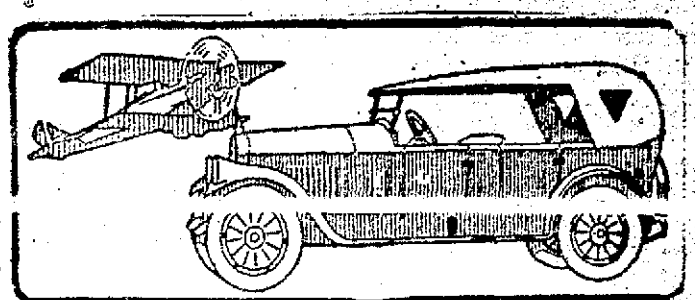
KAHN'S

A very happy Christmas to all the inhabitants of the East Bay counties. We should make merry because of the day, the plenitude of rain and the absence of the unemployment evil of last year. What we still long for is Peace on Earth and Good Will among Nations.



Oakland Tribune

Automotive Section



VOLUME XCIV.

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1922

NO. 177.

NEW YEAR LOOKS BRIGHT FOR MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS

1923 LOOKS BRIGHT FOR AUTO MEN

By F. ED. SPOONER.

Special to The TRIBUNE. DETROIT, Dec. 2.—No disquieting note arises nowadays in automotive circles. Not one but says that 1923 is going to be a great year for business. Not one manufacturer found in a journey from New York through the country to Chicago, to St. Louis, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Dayton, Columbus, Canton, Springfield, Cleveland and Detroit but has spoken most optimistically of the future. All are making preparations to advertise. All are looking forward with equanimity to the shows. The attitude is not as it was a year ago, not by a long sight, for everyone is going to the shows for business. Last year they went haltingly, because it was a habit long cultivated. They were not going then for business. Times have changed, conditions have altered and everyone is apparently looking forward to more business at the 1923 shows than was ever booked before. This is true of the passenger car maker and also of the equipment maker. The motor truck manufacturers expect to see their business jump in 1923, while the tire makers look for far better times. The latter have been and are engaged in a war of extermination. Of this there can be no doubt. That war is going to end shortly, for prices must be raised very soon now. One large maker has taken the step. Rubber at double former figures and fabric at greatly increased prices will force the increase. Holding prices down to "crack" the little fellow will soon be a thing of the past. Every tire maker is busy, busier than ever, but few, if any, are making any money.

CONFIDENCE RETURNS.

With confidence returned to motorists generally, the outlook is very bright and troubles of the past are being forgotten. True, there is a somewhat of a price war for the passenger car field also. Some prices have been reduced. Others have been increased. Just how any prices can be decreased at this time is a problem which is proving a guessing match. The answer is, of course, more production. But one big maker said in Cleveland that the prices on bodies had gone up and up, that axles had increased in price and that many other parts had gone up. He said that the material men were forced to make increases, having made little or nothing for two years. As a matter of fact, these material men and equipment men made possible low prices, bringing back buying, and now must get their prices back to a profitable basis or go under. It is believed by the auto men that the price of cars will go higher after the first of the year and that increases will be general.

Just now the manufacturers are preparing to increase their dealer organizations. They are going to restore those organizations to normal if possible and so are going to advertise liberally. Dealer bodies have been knocked galley west by conditions of the last two years. Especially is the case in the districts where farming is the mainstay of business. Farmers have not replaced worn-out cars and will be the big buyers in 1923 and this fact has been made plain by many a manufacturer. The replacement business in the large cities has been largely taken care of by the 2,400,000 cars of the present year's production. Next year business in the cities will be at normal. Business in cities dependent on the farmer has not, however, been so good this year and those cities will see good business in 1923.

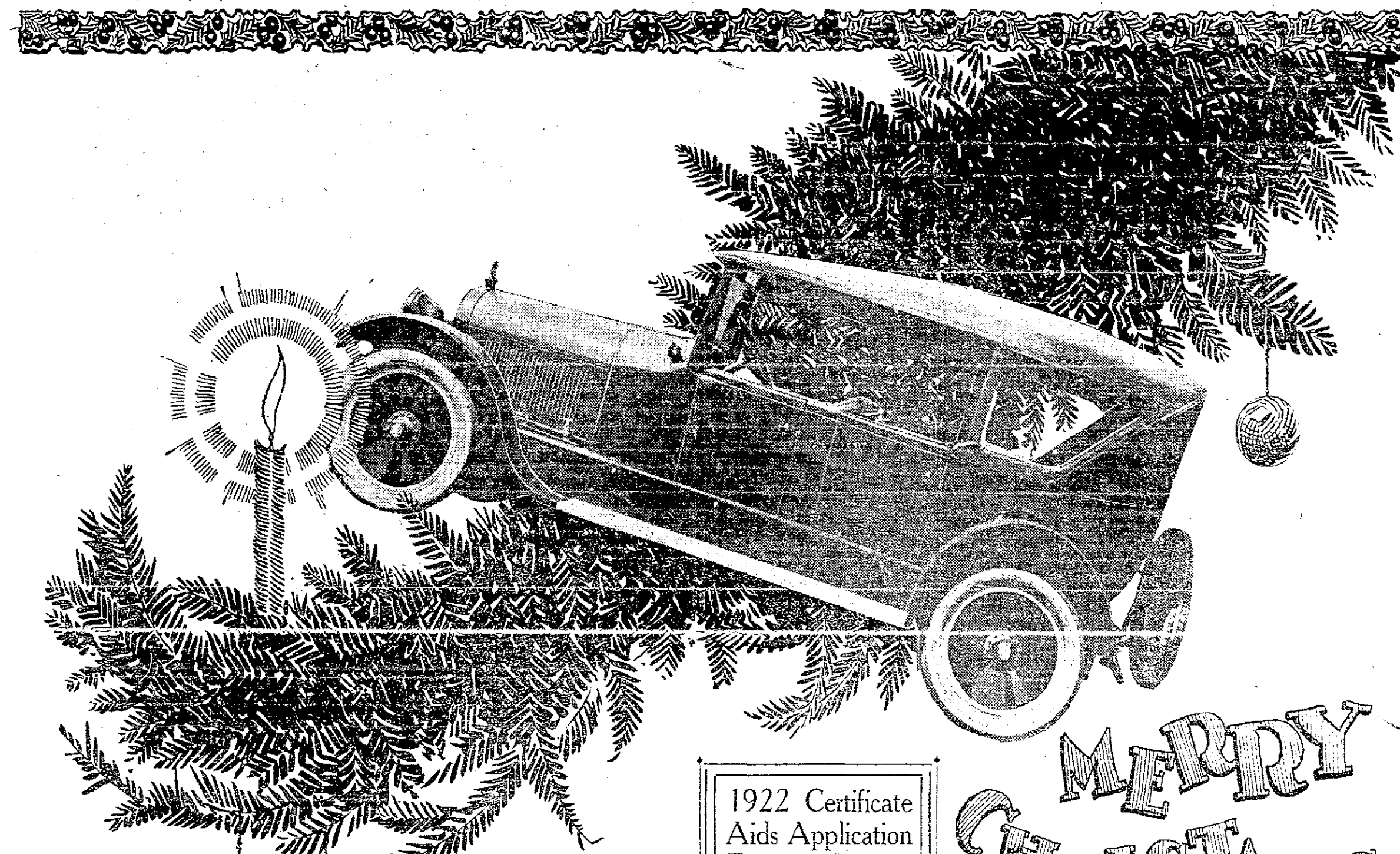
Meanwhile there is the question in every large city of getting rid of the used cars taken in trade. And if anyone right now wants a good, high-grade car at the lowest prices he should get busy. The country is full of them and the price is being offered that was never before known.

LOOK FOR BIG SHOWS.

More than ever before the national shows are being looked forward to now. The cars that will come forth at these shows will be many. New models are to be offered by a majority of the manufacturers and most of these will make their appearance for the first time at the national shows. Attendance of dealers, therefore, will be larger than ever in spite of the mortality among dealer organizations. Prospective dealers will be particularly numerous. For at such a time as this, when business in every field is coming back, and

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 6.)

Peace On Earth, Good Will Toward Men—Merry Christmas
Merry Christmas one and all. If you have a new automobile for Christmas tomorrow you will be happy all the year long. It is a present that everyone likes and wants. The motor car dealers of Oakland, wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



CONVENTION OF AUTO MEN COMES HERE

Oakland has been selected for another convention.

The California Automobile Trade Association, the largest of its kind in the world, will hold its northern division convention in Oakland on February 26 and 27, according to an announcement of Robert W. Martland, secretary-manager of the organization, which has 3000 members throughout the state, all in the automobile business.

The northern division convention was scheduled for Santa Rosa next year, but Martland was able to induce the officers of the association to come to Oakland. Committees will soon be appointed by Nelson N. Scotchler, president of the Alameda County Automobile Trade Association, to make arrangements for the two-day meeting, which will bring delegates from all parts of the state to this city to discuss automotive problems.

The California Automobile Trade Association is composed of many local units, all affiliated with the state body and working with the central body to the common good, making better business men of those engaged in the automotive industry.

The first day of the convention will be given over to division meetings and the second day to the general meeting. The banquet will be held Monday night, at which experts will address the convention and tell the delegates how to run their business economically.

Battery Should Be Kept Well Charged

Special cars should be taken to keep the battery well charged and full of distilled water in cold weather. If this is not done the danger of the battery freezing is increased. A completely charged battery, whose specific gravity is about 1.275, freezes at 90 degrees below zero; if the specific gravity is 1.150 the battery will freeze at 20 degrees above zero.

BRAKES REQUIRE CLEANLINESS TO KEEP WORKING

To keep brakes in perfect working order they should be thoroughly cleaned once a month—first with a narrow brush, then with kerosene (to loosen the grease and dirt), and finally with gasoline, to wash off the kerosene. Allow a little time for the brakes to dry, after which distribute an application of light cylinder oil. This will over night soak in and raise the fabric. The polished surface will be gone, and the soft raised fabric will grip the drum tenaciously, yet softly—quietly and firmly. Brake clevises and pins, the equal of the state to this city to discuss automotive problems.

The California Automobile Trade Association is composed of many local units, all affiliated with the state body and working with the central body to the common good, making better business men of those engaged in the automotive industry.

INDIANA HIGHWAY MODEL FINISHED

The paving of the model section on the Lincoln Highway in Indiana, 37 miles south of Chicago and adjoining the Illinois state line, has been completed, according to word from the Detroit office. Much remains to be done before the section is ready for dedication as the most ideally designed and constructed link in the transcontinental road, but the forty-foot, reinforced concrete surface, 10 inches thick, is finished.

The section will not be open for traffic until the completion of the two bridges, which are expected to be finished before the first of the year. The contractors have pushed the paving work with utmost speed in an endeavor to complete the job this year.

SPIKE COMES BACK TO OAKLAND

Hotel OAKLAND—City of Oakland, S. A. California. Sat. A. M. at 11 O'CLOCK. Messrs JIM HOLLISAN ESQ.—Auto ED of TRIBUNE paper. CITY—13th & Franklin St.

Dear JIM: I scene in the society columns you had come back to our mutual GREAT CITY OAKLAND from the frozen East (meaning N. Y., CHI-Boston-Philadel & etc.) & Jim as I have just came back 2 Oakland from the land of the leaping TUNA & the glass bottom boats (Catalina Island) I think it is a good idea I tell you a MERRY YULETIDE & see you all the big news items which has happened since you was back in the East of the ROCKY mts on your annual yearly vacation or something.

VERSES FOR XMAS.

1st. Jim I think it is a good idea if I write a little verse about Xmas & Yuletide & etc. so you can put it in the TRIBUNE paper. All the boys like Les Manning, RALPH FRIEND, Harry McKNIGHT, CLIFF BUKANZ, Joe King, Ed ANDERSON, Dave Barrows, Joe Roshorrough, Bill Berovich, FRED MELLMAN, ED TULLER, Mare Davis & etc. can see it & I won't never half 2 send them no YULETIDE card in the post office mail or something. Here is the verse Jim.

"YULETIDE COMES, BUT ONCE PER YR."

By SPIKE HENNESSEY, D. V.D.

can; which is the privilege of every man. They fill up on bootleg XMAS cheer as YULETIDE comes but once per year. It is never proper to moech, a shot of moonshine hooch: But all your friends so dear, no YULETIDE comes but once per year.

This verse Copyright in Denmark, Turkey, Emoryville, Piedmont & other foreign countries by Spike Hennessey B. D. Coco Cola & ARISTO MEDIUM.

FOOTBALL GAME. JIM I guess you seen in the TRIBUNE paper where a team of Football boys from the moonshine mts. of West Virginia was coming out hear to play the bird from GONZAGA collich at Sandy AGO on XMAS day, which I understand comes this yr. on Dec. 25 if I am not mistaken. Well, JIM, some of the younger set of the city including such sports like Paul Gold-

1922 Certificate Aids Application For Auto License

YOUR 1922 certificate will act as an application for your new license, points out Harvey Bernard, manager of the Motor Vehicle branch in Oakland. When application is made for renewal of license, you must submit your 1922 certificate of registration as evidence of ownership and that your motor vehicle has been properly registered for the year 1922. You MUST make application for a new license prior to February 1st.

Check your certificate against your car so that any discrepancy in the description of same may be rectified. If your certificate has been lost or destroyed, apply at once for a duplicate certificate. If your 1922 certificate bears the name of a legal owner whose equity in your car has expired, have him sign the certificate on the "Endorsement of Transfer" side on the second line from top, and the 1923 certificate will be issued in your name.

smith, A. J. Mount & My pal the mare, mister JOHN L. DIVIE, wanted I should go down to see the game but JIM I decided it was important I stayed hear at Oakland so I could follow the time honored custom invented last yr on XMAS day of paying a visit to all the boys which has nice deep & fragrant cellars. If I visit enough of the boys from which I have invitations I will not be able to see a football game by time for the kick off & I could not never remember nothing to tell BOB SHAND for him to put in the paper so what is the use of going to the game anyway? Besides JIM I know who is going to win. It will either be Gonzaga or West VIRGINIA unless it is a tie & any bird don't half to have much branes to know that so why spend all that car fare to go to Sandy AGO? Besides Jim, I was at Sandy AGO in the war with Ralph Panoff.

Blumert, Mose Martick, Harry Huber, Bob Huntington, Fred STROVER, Walk Petersen, Thornton MALLALLY, Johnny Pershing & several others & why should I go back there now when they is not no good place to go except to sleep?

LOT OF SCANDAL.

Since you was away JIM, I dug up a lot of scandal. This bird Mr. Geo. C. HENDERSON which is well known in police circles as the BALZAC of Alameda county, tried to get me to go out with him to Emoryville to look for local color. Well I never worry about the color anyhow after the second drink and I remember how this bird CHARLEY ERB of the U. C. collich in Berkeley went out looking for local color & got some publicity that never helped him none in getting on the All American team & almost ended his career of football before he had a chance to start his last season as CAPT.

COME TO RENO and divorce your tire troubles with KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES

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MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR



of the Cal. Varsity. At that Jim these birds learn a lot of things in U. C. Berkeley collich which the faculty cant find out. I seen mister BLANKS EVERETT which according to the AD the newspaper is located with the CHAMBER of COMMERCE. Blanks had a cane & I ast him if he carried the weapon for the same reason second lieutenant carried them in the late war. Blanks never answered at the time & when I last seen him the jury was still out.

DINNER FOR SPIKE.

Now Jim I guess you want to know why I am hear at the HOTEL OAKLAND instead of at the B. P. O. ELKS club or the DEMON KLEIN temple? Hear is the reason. Last P. M. this bird A. L. Warrington & some of his friends gave a dinner in honor of SPIKE HENNESSEY. It was not generaly known that the dinner was in honor of Spike & some of the birds which was not wise that it was in honor of CHARLEY McCABE, HARRY STRUGNELL & JACK FAY. Of course JIM, being modest about it & everything I never told them any different because I never wanted to disappoint them. But the party was a great success and this A. M. I was quite able to get up at the regular time. At this dinner they was a

DECORATORS PREPARE FOR AUTO SHOW

With less than a month remaining before the doors of the Oakland Auditorium open for the fifth annual Oakland automobile show, plans are well under way for the big exhibit. The decorators, Abbot & King, have a large crew of men at work on the big scenic canopy which will cover the steel rafters of the great building and another crew of artists painting the large desert scenes that will cover the walls.

The decorations will be the most ornate ever attempted on the east side of the bay. On entering the building, old Egypt will loom before you. The famous ruins of the desert will fade into the distance, flanked by the pyramids and huge ships of the desert.

Dealers throughout the Eastbay district are busily engaged in preparing their cars for the show. There will be a greater array of new models than has ever before been seen at an Oakland show. Several of the cars will be shown for the first time on the Pacific coast at any show.

In staging the first show on the Pacific coast for the new year, Oakland will have the honor of displaying new models to the viewing public. Many of the cars, built especially for the national shows in New York and Chicago, will be displayed first in Oakland.

Many of the Oakland dealers have made arrangements with their factories to have duplicate cars made so that they could be displayed in New York and Oakland at the same time. This is the first year this has been done. There will be a wonderful display of custom-built cars, too. Some of the best known body plants in the West are now building this type of body for the show. Special colors will be made to order for this show, too. Painters on the east side of the bay have many cars in their shops for the show and they will be worth looking upon.

There will be a larger display of accessories this year than ever before. The whole west corridor of the auditorium will be used for this necessary part of the automobile industry.

RACER UNSPOILED BY RECORD YEAR

Six victories, three seconds, two thirds, one eighth and once failing to finish, a complete set of new world's records from 100 to 250 miles, the world's driver's championship and the greatest amount of prize money ever won by an individual driver in the history of the sport—that is the sensational record that marked the racing career of Jimmy Murphy, Los Angeles velocity wizard, during 1922, which came to a close with his non-stop, spectacular victory on the Beverly Hills speedway on Sunday, December 3.

Yet with all that fame, added to his achievements on the speedway last year and his winning the Grand Prix race in France over the famous Le Mans course, in which he established a new world's record to be recorded in that event by an American driver or an American car, he rises modest as a choir boy. This young man does not answer to the description of the mental picture that his name—Jimmy Murphy—signifies. Instead of a big, brawny Hercules, he is a trim, well-conditioned boy of 23 years, a neat dresser, quiet and unassuming and all the way a thorough and clean sportsman.

Passengers Should Leave Car on Right

When crossing in traffic to dismount, passengers should leave the car on the right-hand side of the car. Many a person has been seriously injured by being "winged" by passing vehicles when alighting on the left-hand side of the car. While the driver is not responsible for his passengers under such conditions, their safety is a matter of great interest to him. Make them use the right doors.

64,864 Motorists Visit Yellowstone

During the Yellowstone Park season recently closed 64,864 visitors reached the park by motor, as compared with 33,358 by rail. No fewer than 13,373 incoming automobiles and motorcycles passed through the park gates. Every state in the Union was represented by those who motored to the park.

A Body for Your Truck
Made just as you want it. Of the best materials, by skilled workmen, backed up to the limit.
Wood Brothers
151 12th Street, Oakland. Lake. 1131.

Mirrors Required On Motor Trucks
Fifteen states and the District of Columbia now require mirrors on motor trucks. The states include Alaska, Arizona, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming.

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Fill with Waverly Oil today and you will notice that your motor has acquired a snappy pick-up and climbs hills better.
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REPAIRS THAT SATISFY
PLEASING PRICES
Ask for the Electrician at any WILLARD Station
Auto Electric Service Co., Inc.
21st and Webster Sts. CLYDE W. CARY, Mgr.

SPIKE SAVES
MERRY XMAS
TO EVERYONE

(Continued from Page 1)

I took the photograph. It looked like some I had made at Mr. HARTSOOKS tin-type gallery last wk. I bet you bet that from Bob BERWIN or Jim Ballard or some other famous hatter of this great CITY OAKLAND.

I was expecting to get a green hat like that myself but mister Brandes says it was the only one of its kind.

EZRA DECOTA met me on BROADWAY and ast me t half a MERRY XMAS. I followed him t blocks landed up in the Tribune barber shop, where all I got was a shave, when I paid for it GUS which is something but Steve said for me to half a Merry XMAS. He forgot to give the necessary equipment just like did EZRA DECOTA. But at that JIM life is a lot better after you get a little Xmas cheer. Take for instance last Wed. P.M. when I went over to see CHRIS HEILAN and he had one of his XMAS presents on the table. It was mostly in me about a hour later & then I started to pack the house in a nice Italian place over on BROADWAY of West Oakland where Mr. Leen J. PINKSON lives.

LOTS OF DINNERS.

DICK BROOKER, Jerry Collier, H. G. Markham & me all had dinner the other P.M. but not together. I wood not never trust my sweet lulu around that brand of birds they might top her away from me or something but Steve gave a swell Xmas present to Jerry & Brooker so that proves they are all buzzum pale again. I was riding down BROADWAY in my car which I had borrowed for the evening from CLIFF DURANT & seen a big sign in the window of Jerry Collier's place, announcing the organization of the DURANT-VEYES Incorporated. That is the way to help t your buzzum pal O.K. How about it JIM?

Jim they is a new bird in Oakland. His name is W. K. GAWLEY. He hails from the place where they do it with hammers commonly known as Los Angeles. When he was down in SOUTH OAKLAND he sold cars for the W. P. HERBERT CO. & has come up near to the Hebrank, Hunter, Peacock Co. where he says he is going to show the boys how to sell Chandler, Cleveland and Hupmobile automobiles.

I got a note from mister T. HAROLD SMITH of the same company & he ast me to put some stuff about him in the paper so he could get some business. I never new he was a bootlegger before. They is another bird up at the Hebrank place. He is from Watsonville and his name is T. P. HAMMEL. He was a big time auto salesman in Watsonville & he says he is going to knock the birds cuckoo up near in the big city. I always like to see the boys break away from home & the farm & come to the big cities like Oakland, New York and Tracey.

BOYS ARE JEALOUS.

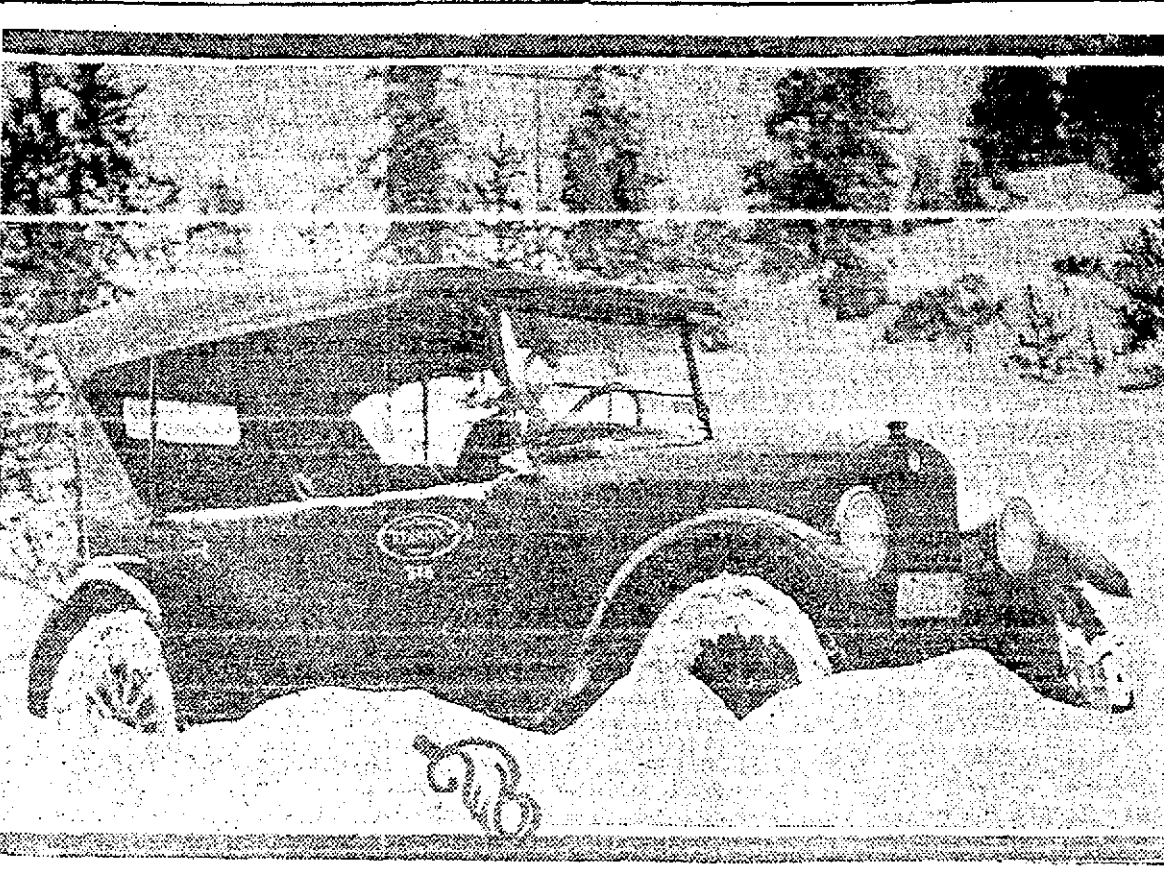
I seen the Xmas cards which mister E. "Bain" RICHARDS has ast sent out to his friends. Of course I never got none because this REINHART bird is jealous because you put the letters which I line to you in the TRIBUNE paper & don't never put none of his letters in the paper. It is just a case of professional jealousy. Jim, you know what I mean?

Well I half ast about everything there is to say except about the Xmas present I bot for my Mrs. Jim I bot her a nice bottle of gin which is a fine thing because she don't like Gin & I do so that is a chance t me to come out ahead on this Xmas stuff.

I was going over to see Geo. Scott this A.M. & perhaps he might slip me a cigar or something but I had to go out to see

Cars Plow Through Snow in the High Sierras

Manufactured Light car, used by the California Edison Company, in service in its power house at Huntington Lake, in the Sierra back of Fresno. It is shown here going over the snow-covered road.



Ad Anderson at the Alameda Post Office see if I could get some reduced rates on postage as I was sending about 15 presents out. & figured I should get the wholesale rate. He said nothing doing but ast me to remember him to you & then I figured I might get him a good job at Mills COLLICH secretary for ladies exclusive. As he is now SUPT of Mills I figure he should make a good supt. of females & that is just about what they need out at MILLS COLLICH & the next time I happen to meet President REINHART I'll see if I can fix it up for Ed.

When you see DON Ensminger tell him Happy YULETIDE t me & then run over to the ELKS club & tell the boys SPIKE HENNESSEY is back in OAKLAND again & so is JIM HOULIHAN. Besides Jim, I am glad you are back all safe & everything so wen can get Nelson Scatterer to take us t a ride in his new FORD car auto on Xmas day when I believe is next Monday.

Till I see you in person a lot of welcome & good wishes in pairs, quarts & gallons which is the finest welcome they is & makes us all BLKS.

Yours in a Merry YULETIDE, SPIKE HENNESSEY.

P.S. some more Give a merry Xmas to all the boys up in the composing room of the TRIBUNE paper for SPIKE & here is a little verse which I rote for their free gratis for nothing.

The boys up in the composing room is the boys which makes the paper be.

Without the boys in the composing room no Tribune paper wood they see.

The boys which prints & does all the work with the ink & type. Is the boys which I takes my hat off t you for your life. Merry Xmas, from SPIKE.

"S" Wrench Best for Use on Auto Bolts

The mechanic "S" wrench is the safest for use when removing a bolt, because it has a handle of the proper length, which is scientifically proportioned to the work which the tool must do. The ordinary wrench is apt to strip the threads of the bolts or nuts when the handle is too long for the capacity of the jaws.

Motor Buses Used By Paris Workers

In Paris a great part of the laboring class goes to work in motor buses, which serve all sections of the city. First-class passengers sit in the front, while those who pay the lesser second-class fare must ride in the rear.

Have you observed how quickly and enthusiastically the boy at the filling station has responded to your requests for free air and a little water in the radiator this last week? The best answer to this intricate problem will win a genuine soft rubber monkey wrench tuned to the key of G flat.

Blessed is the man who can't afford to give his wife a car this Christmas, for verily he shall not have to teach her to drive it, and peace will hover over his household.

A chap we like is Santa Claus: Each Christmas morn he comes across With slippers, which we can not wear. Because we have no time to spare.

UNCLE EB, HE SAYS—Old Lady Nature or Providence, or whoever it is that shuffles and deals in the game of life, has a way of squaring up things, after all. For instance, compare the joy of the woman who gets a sedan trimmed in gray when she wanted a robin's-egg blue, and that of the couple around the corner who have drawn out their year's savings and invested in a filver.

CAUTION ON TURNS REDUCES ACCIDENTS

Here's a good steer on right steering.

"Avoid sharp turns to right or left when leaving or approaching curb, do so in a gradual line and slower; tell the driver behind you all you can by left-arm signals; keep in the extreme right when planning a right turn, and swing into the main line of traffic on the left before making a left turn, so that in either case you will not have to pass directly in front of another car."

Back Your Auto Into Your Garage

When putting the car away for the night back it into the private garage while the engine is warm. A car is hard to handle when cold and to back through a narrow driveway when leaving the garage is not an easy task. Drivers would find it worth while to do the job under the most suitable conditions.

COED KING
WINS HIS
FIRST CUP

Jimmy Murphy, national speedway champion, never won a cup or a medal until he won the recent 250 mile championship even on the Los Angeles speedway with Cliff Durant's Durant special; but he is now making up for lost trophies.

He was awarded the Palos Verdes sterling silver trophy when he finished the race at Los Angeles and broke the world's record for 250 miles with a lot to spare; and now R. C. "Cliff" Durant is presenting him with a medal such as no other speed king has ever won before.

Even the diamond-set medal awarded Barney Oldfield when he won the last of the Los Angeles Phoenix road classics, is a poor specimen of the jeweler's art compared to the medal Durant is giving the popular little Irishman. Jimmy's new medal is suitably engraved, showing that he won the championship for the year of 1922 and it is set off with a huge diamond that adds something like \$2000 to the sum of more than \$100,000 won by Murphy during the past season on the speedway.

When Murphy went to France and won the International Grand Prix, he was to have been awarded the gold medal given annually by the Automobile Club of France to the winner of the Grand Prix, but he is still waiting for the medal and is likely to wait much longer. It seems that there is a law in France forbidding the exportation of gold from that fair country and all that Murphy got for his victory was a bunch of withered flowers and an offer of the dais for the Grand Prix medal from which he could have his own medal struck off at his own expense in this country if he so desired.

The different cups offered for the events which Murphy has won in his sensational rise to fame on the speedway all had strings attached to them which made it impossible for Murphy to carry them home. All he got was his name on the cups with the promise that he would get the trophies if he won them three times or better.

The Palos Verdes trophy was given outright to Murphy when he won at Los Angeles by a sportsman by the name of Lewis; and when R. C. Durant learned that Murphy did not get the Grand Prix medal, the local motor car manufacturer decided to give Jimmy a medal to remind him of his championship performances in 1922 that he need never be ashamed of.



Medal Awarded

Here is the medal that Cliff Durant has presented to Jimmy Murphy for winning the 1922 speedway championship. The diamond in the medal is a beauty.

TIRES RUINED BY
SCRAPING CURBS

Even the most skillful and prudent of motorists will occasionally drive too near the curb, it is said, and find when he goes to drive away that he cannot turn his wheels without scraping them against the curb and seriously injuring them.

The injury entailed to the tires by this condition is considerable, and Steve Corgiat of the S. A. Corgiat Company, Mason tire distributors, suggests a practical way of handling the situation.

"When the motorist has driven too close to the curb," he says, "it is a good idea to put the jack under the front axle and to lift the front wheels a few inches from the ground. Then if he will give his car a substantial push sideways off the jack away from the curb he will find that he has enough space to turn his wheels without scraping his tires again at the curb."

TREAD FILLER
CUTS IN TIRES



Small cuts in tires, not over a half-inch, may be repaired with a tread filler. For longer cuts, especially when the face of the fabric is laid bare, vulcanization is essential. Every cut in the tread should be thoroughly cleaned out before being repaired. A cloth soaked in gasoline may be used for wiping out the cut, and then a bit of cloth in the end of a screwdriver may be used for removing any dirt lurking inside. Next, a coat of cement could be applied to the sides and bottom of the cut. After this has dried, a second coat should be applied, and when this is thoroughly dry, the filler should be inserted. A piece of filler may be worked into the cut with the blade of a knife, the mass being leveled off with the surface of the cut. If the tire has to be used immediately, a small piece of cloth or paper should be cemented over the filler so that it will not pick up dirt from the road.

NEW MACHINERY
SENT TO PLANT

Several large shipments of new machinery have been received by the Savage Tire Company in San Diego, according to word from the factory.

It will be used as additional tire manufacturing equipment. Huge kettles have also been purchased. They are fifteen foot in size and each weigh seventeen tons. They will be used as vulcanizing kettles.

These are busy days at the Savage plant, according to officials. Regular production continues unabated, turning out Savage cord and fabric tires and inner tubes in quantities to meet the requirements of jobbers and dealers throughout the United States and in foreign countries.

The company is now adding still another tire to its line, a new cord which is known as the Trailmaker. Both motorists and the trade have evinced their interest in this newest Savage product. The Trailmaker is a full-sized black cord of high quality and is made to compete with cord tires of other makes on the market, and it is excellent only by its big brother, the Aristocrat Savage cord.

A fleet of 328 motor vehicles is maintained by the city of Philadelphia, Pa.

AMALIE
100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA
MOTOR OIL
GENUINE SPICER UNIVERSAL GREASE
Distributed by
COZZENS-BALL, Inc.
Authorized Ford and Lincoln Dealers
4800 San Pablo Ave.

DEAD END
DRIVER WHO
BUMPS CARS

There is one pest above all others that should be eliminated. He is not a "road hog," although he well might be, and he may not be a reckless driver, but he is a pest just the same and costs many motorists many dollars in a year.

"He is the man who backs into your car and leaves a nice dent in an otherwise new fender," says M. S. Eury, manager of the Haynes Auto Sales Company, distributors here.

"How many times you have seen men backing into a parking space quickly, jam their car into the one behind them, and then when this same man drives out he is just as liable to bang into the fender of the car in front of him—all due to carelessness. There should be no need of this fender-bending business."

"It is easy to back into the proper parking space without nicking the car behind or in front. Draw up ahead of the space in which you are about to park, parallel to the car ahead. Then turn the wheels as far as they will go and back in carefully."

"If you watch the car behind, and not the gear-shifting lever, you will have no trouble. If you try to do the work too fast and allow yourself to become excited, you will have trouble."

"Take your time, back in slowly and carefully and you will not bend the fender on your own machine or that of the man behind, either."

Never use kerosene in a cooling system. It has a tendency to rot the rubber hose.

30 Autoists in
Each 100 Knows
License Number

Only about thirty out of every one hundred auto owners know their own license numbers, according to a report recently made by the Automobile Club of Southern California.

Autos are stolen and the owners in many cases are not able to furnish the officer with the State license numbers of their cars.

Learn your license number. It will help a whole lot towards the recovery of your car when it has been stolen.

If you can't remember the number get a little note book put down the necessary information.

AUBURN
22nd Successful Year

A Merry Christmas —to every Auburn owner present or future.

OAKLAND GARAGE, Inc.
LLOYD BROTHERS
1424 Harrison Street, Oakland

The price of the Packard Five Passenger Single Six is \$2770, delivered here. "Ask the man who owns one."

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

The Cadillac car which you have long desired, and planned some day to own, is available now at the reduced prices.

Touring Car, \$2885; Phaeton, \$2885; Roadster, \$2885; Victoria, \$3675; 5-passenger Coupe, \$3740; Sedan, \$3980; Suburban, \$3990; Limousine, \$4300; Imperial Limousine, \$4490. All prices F. O. B. Detroit, plus war tax.

CADILLAC
DON LEE
24th and Broadway

1202 new BUICKS

REGISTERED IN CALIFORNIA IN NOVEMBER

High sales record for quality cars! JUST ANOTHER PROOF OF BUICK LEADERSHIP!

YOU WILL SPEND MANY HAPPY HOURS IN THE NEW YEAR IF YOU BUY A 1923 BUICK

14 Models to select from

SIX CYLINDER - FOUR CYLINDER \$1050 TO \$2525 HERE

HOWARD AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
3300 Broadway, Oakland, Calif.

ARTICLES INSPIRED BY REAR AXLE

The machinery and mechanical interests in many parts of the country have taken deep concern in the rear axle housing used in the Dual Reduction models of Mack trucks, according to H. B. Fredericks, manager of Oakland branch. This is because of the size of the piece and the accuracy required in its preparation.

The production of the Mack axle housing has been made the subject for a number of articles in scientific publications recently. Harold P. Blanchard, an expert in automotive engineering practices, in the November issue of "Machinery," says:

"Another interesting operation on the forging is boring the holes in the long projecting bars that form the axle tubes. These holes must be bored of solid metal, for which purpose a gun drill is used. The total length of the two holes is about 4 feet and they are required to be aligned with sufficient accuracy to permit a drift bar with only 1-32 inch clearance to pass freely through the entire axle. This boring operation is accompanied on a large engine lathe especially equipped.

"The axle is heat treated between the roughing and finishing operations, being quenched while suspended vertically in order to minimize warpage. However, the nature of the material is such that a certain amount of warpage is unavoidable. This necessitates straightening the axle after it has cooled. The forging resists bending to such an extent that it is necessary to use a 350-ton hydraulic press for the straightening operation."

1922 WAS THE BEST AUTO YEAR

The year 1922 to the most successful the automobile industry has ever experienced. There have been some failures, of course, but those companies that failed were sent under because of inferior product and lack of finances and poor merchandising systems.

"The real concern, factors in the business, who build good cars that the public wants, have had no trouble in spite of the fact that many of them wrote off tremendous losses in raw materials during the recent business depression," says Carl Christensen of the Victory Motor Sales company, distributors of Paige and Jewett cars here.

"At a meeting of the board of directors of the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company, held in Detroit December 6, a 2 per cent cash dividend to all common stock holders was declared, 1 1/2 per cent cash dividend was voted to all preferred stock holders and a 100 per cent common stock dividend to stockholders of record December 22.

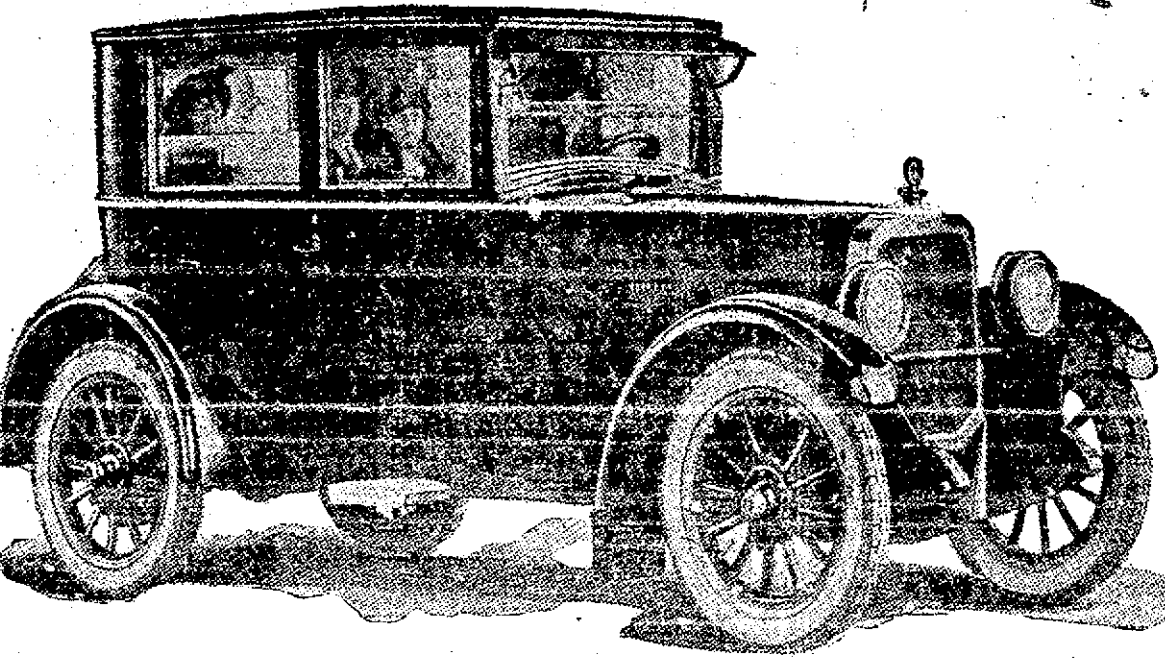
"The company has passed through a most successful ten months this year. In fact, 1922 will be the greatest year the concern has ever had. Since starting production of the Jewett, the results have been enormous. Production of Paige and Jewett cars has far exceeded any year in the history of the company. In eleven months 27,822 cars were shipped from the big Detroit plants, compared with 15,884 in 1920, the best previous year in the company's business career."

Italy Prepares to Build Great Highway

Italy is planning for the construction of a giant highway between Milan and the Italian lake district for the exclusive use of passenger automobiles and buses. The road is to be completed in 1923.

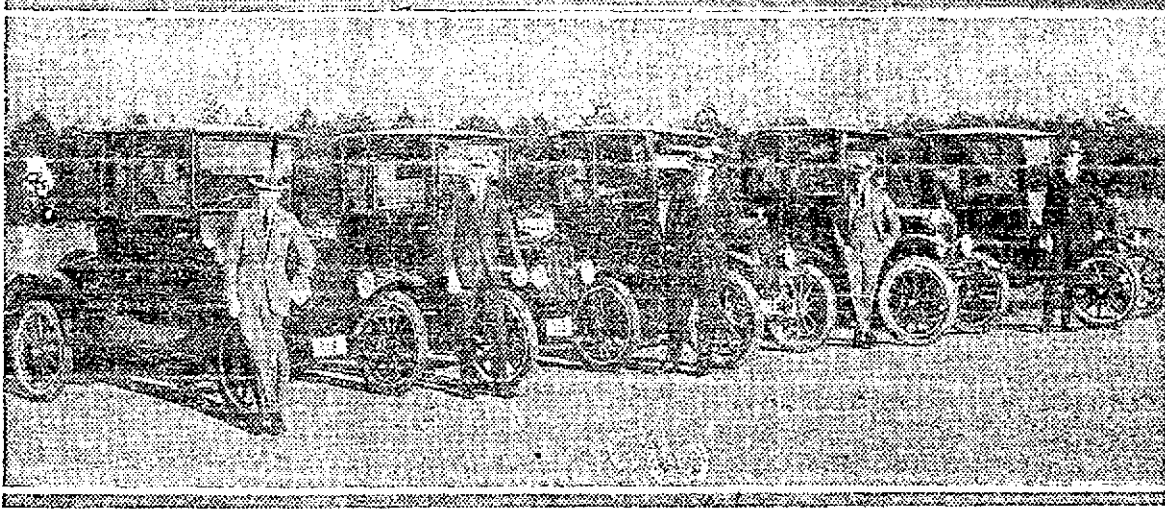
New Chummy Sedan Arrives

The new Chummy sedan, which has been ordered and is now on display in the salesroom of the Hebrank-Hunter-Peacock Company, distributors. The car has many neat refinements.



Fleet of Coupes Used By Car Salesmen

This shows the number of Ford coupes used by the Walter M. Murphy Motor Company sales crew in visiting prospects throughout the Eastbay territory.



NEW CAR UNDER CLOSE SCRUTINY

The various units and special features of the new Peerless are being subjected to much close scrutiny and inspection by motorists everywhere, and by those affiliated with the automotive industry in a professional way, according to R. H. Lowrey, manager of the Pioneer Motor Company.

The new Peerless double jet or two-stage carburetor is attracting wide attention and favorable comment, both from the standpoint of permitting good fuel economy and from the ability it has to furnish sufficient gasoline for extraordinary power; this latter feat is accomplished automatically.

When the carburetor throttle is opened slightly for idling or for low speeds, the gasoline is drawn through a primary jet into the mixing chamber.

As the throttle is further advanced, the flow of gasoline is augmented by an additional supply of air being introduced. This secondary or double supply of gasoline and air is not needed for ordinary speeds up to forty-five miles an hour, and the cylinders are not being fed with a greater supply of gasoline than is actually needed to attain this speed. It is said that this feature of conserving the supply of gasoline and not forcing the cylinders to burn any more than is actually necessary to produce the desired power is largely responsible for the remarkable economy of the new Peerless, even though it is an eight-cylinder car.

It is impossible to clean celluloid or pyralin window curtains after they have once become discolored.

A motorist often gets the bad habit of trying to "shove" his car up a heavy grade—just because it is too lazy to shift gears.

Don't Spare Oil Or Use Cheap Grade, Advice

DON'T be sparing with oil anywhere.

Don't use cheap oil; it is costly in the end.

Don't run on a flat tire; it will destroy the casing, tube and rim.

Don't keep running when you know your engine is excessively hot.

Don't fail to water the battery once a week; the battery is not a full-fledged camel.

Don't go unprepared in the way of tires or tire repair equipment.

Don't try to economize by going without a spare tire or tube—it will save time and money in the end to be prepared.

WATCH LOST MOTIONS IN AUTO STEERING

Watch for the lost motion in the steering mechanism and have it attended to. Few drivers realize how much their safety depends on the steering gears. If the lost motion in the steering wheel is found to be increasing rapidly, one of the ball and socket joints of the drag link is coming loose and will soon let go. Stop the car immediately and investigate. It is easily tightened with a large screwdriver. Set it up as tight as possible and secure it with a long cotter pin or piece of wire.

The varnished surface of a car is ruined when it is allowed to stand outdoors during rain storms and throughout the night.

Every car requires a thorough inspection and tuning up before winter begins.

CARE DRIVES PERIL FROM WET STREETS

There is no reason why you should dread to drive your automobile on wet streets. If you have a well-balanced car and have proper tire equipment and keep the tires in good shape, you should have no trouble.

"Of course, no motorist should travel as rapidly on wet streets as he does on dry ones, because there are few devices made that will prevent skidding if the car is moving rapidly and the brakes are jammed on suddenly," says Art Beckett of Benson-Beckett Company, Stephens distributors here.

The safe way to do is to drive carefully on wet streets. You will find that you can get there and back with more safety and in faster time if you drive slowly when the streets are slippery.

"It is necessary to have your car in good condition and, above all, be sure that the brakes are operating well and evenly. Sometimes due to improper adjustment on the part of an owner or a mechanic, one brake will act more quickly than the other. There is nothing that will cause an automobile to skid quicker than that. A car with brakes that operate unevenly will skid in dry weather, if the brakes are jammed on suddenly.

"Tires are important, too. If one tire on a rear wheel is a smooth tread and the other non-skid, the non-skid tire will take hold first and swing the car around in a bad skid.

"Then, too, when you are sliding down a hill and the streets are wet, it is well not to depend on the brakes entirely. Put the car in second gear, or if the hill is particularly steep, in low gear and use the brakes carefully.

"When you are about to stop on a wet street, keep the clutch engaged just as long as possible, cutting down the gasoline supply, then apply the brakes gradually and you will stop easily and smoothly.

"If you learn how to handle your car in the rain, you will soon be just as much at home on wet, slippery streets as on dry ones, and there is no more danger if you drive carefully."

Never throw water on burning gasoline. It is heavier than gasoline, and therefore gets under the fire and spreads it.

The executive board consists of J. H. Collier of Collier & Brooker of Oakland, Sid Hollman, Ray Brouillet of Anderson-Smith Motor Company of San Francisco, J. L. Bowers and Harold D. Knudsen.

The association includes Chevrolet dealers in San Francisco, Alameda and Contra Costa counties. The men will meet at regular intervals and discuss matters that pertain to their business.

MAKERS OF AUTOS SEE PROSPERITY

(Continued from Page 1)

when the automobile business has scored such a comeback, the dealer prospect makes his appearance. As a result every manufacturer is making preparations to have at the shows every available man. The

hotels report demands far in excess of any former year. This is a good sign. It seems certain that

ing national shows will be greater than for many years. Retail business is likely to be good, for new models always make for good returns from this source. Improvements in general business conditions, unemployment, conditions altogether favorable in almost every walk of life, carries good sales at the shows. The late Los Angeles show, with its record-breaking attendance of 80,000 paid admissions is evidence of what may be looked for at the shows generally in the forthcoming show circuit. National and local shows included. Every attendance, as well as business record and wholesale and retail business included, should be broken by a wide majority in 1923.

There will be few new makers seen at the coming shows. The

number of old makers has been reduced by late failures and two at least have withdrawn from ex-

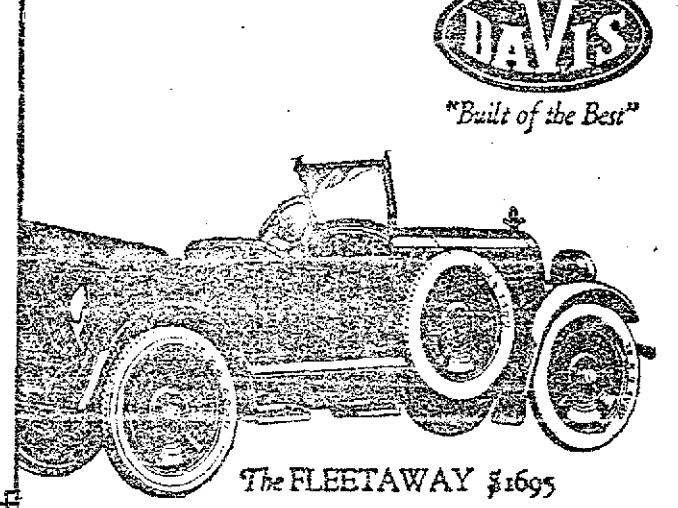
posed a new manufacturer now delays to break into the field, and in fact it is almost impossible for one to do so. The field is being daily cut down and this condition will continue for some time yet, for the makers left have an all-year-round capacity sufficient to satisfy a demand for 3,000,000 cars, and that is about all that the American market will absorb yearly. As export business opens up the makers may find it difficult to produce more for, say, 20 per cent of the output, and then the present capacity will probably be insufficient, working 12 months yearly.

Among the unique passenger automobiles exhibited in Paris is a car equipped with tractor wheels for traveling through snow and sand.

Judge any car by these facts: The Davis Fleetaway

Engine—8-R Continental
Bore & Stroke—3 1/2 X 4 1/4
Electrical Units—Delco
Clutch—Borg & Beck
Axles & Bearings—Tinkler
Frame—6 in. Channel
Body—4 or 5 Passenger
Wheels—Dixie (5)
Tires—31 X 4 Cord (4)
Wheelbase—120 inches
Road weight—2980 pounds
Price—\$1695

—And Its Maker:
Years Established—20 years
Financial Standing—Ask your Banker



Multiplied by 3

IT IS significant that Davis production for November and the first two weeks of December trebled that for the same period a year ago.

See the Davis—then decide.

DAVIS MOTOR CAR AGENCY
NORTHERN CALIFORNIA DISTRIBUTORS
24TH AT BROADWAY Phone Oakland 230
RICHMOND DEALER—S. F. FELKEL

DAVIS
"BUILT OF THE BEST"
[Oldest Quantity User of Continental Motors]
George W. Davis Motor Car Company, Richmond, Indiana

HUDSON— —ESSEX

Prices Reduced \$100 to \$200
On Various Models

Hudson
Speedster \$1425
7-Pass. Phaeton . 1475
Coach 1525
Sedan 2095

Essex
Touring Car \$1045
Cabriolet 1145
Coach 1145

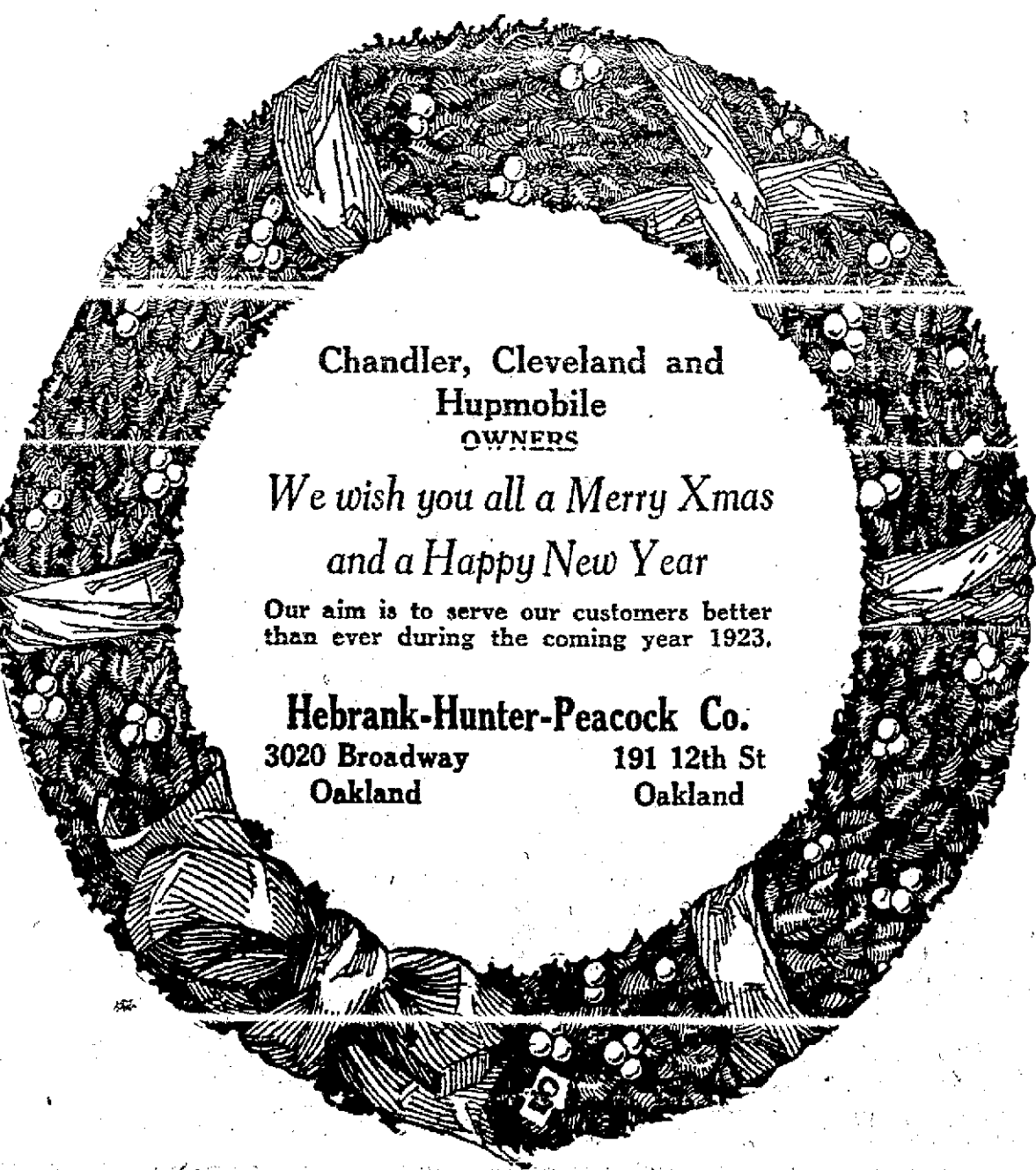
Freight and Tax Extra

HAMLIN & WICHMAN

2265 BROADWAY, OAKLAND, AT 22ND STREET
Phone Oakland 1254

Open Evenings

Open Evenings



Chandler, Cleveland and
Hupmobile
OWNERS
We wish you all a Merry Xmas
and a Happy New Year
Our aim is to serve our customers better
than ever during the coming year 1923.

Hebrank-Hunter-Peacock Co.
3020 Broadway 191 12th St
Oakland Oakland

1910 MODEL STILL DOES GOOD WORK

One of the proudest owners of an automobile is H. H. McCord of Huron, Cal., a small desert town located between Coalinga and Fresno. And yet the car which the Huron autoist owns is not an up-to-date machine. It hasn't any of the modern improvements in the way of appointments, but nevertheless it is dependable and enables McCord to travel everywhere without a particle of trouble.

The car is an old Buick "White Strake," which was bought in 1910, and, according to McCord, this veteran car is still running as well as it did when he first took delivery of it.

Although the car has been subjected to the hardest kind of treatment and has been driven considerably from April 3, 1910, up to now over the sandy, desert roads of that locality, it never gives its owner a bit of trouble. In discussing the performance of the "White Strake," McCord says:

"This old car may not be as nifty looking in appearance as the new 1922 models, but it has a crackerjack engine underneath the hood and it is mechanically perfect and during all the years I have owned it the car has been used every day on my ranch and in driving to town.

"There are no boulevards over which to drive in my district and even right now the roads are not improved, so for thirteen years it has been a tough and steady grind for the ancient looking but thoroughly reliable old gasoline chariot."

JAIL TERMS CURB SPEEDERS

Speeding is becoming mighty unhealthy in California, and if present indications are correct, for the future speeders will soon be scarce. There is a united effort on the part of police officials to curb speeding and make the highways safe for all motorists.

"Jail sentences are the rule and not the exception for those heavy-footed fellows who have to tramp on the throttle," says H. G. Markham of the H. G. Markham Company, Oldsmobile and Columbia distributors here.

Oakland and Los Angeles are taking the lead in stamping out the speeding evil and other cities are following suit. Madera sent Ralph De Palma to jail for ten days and the speed champion will confine his fast driving to the tracks hereafter, you can be certain of that.

"After ten days in the city jail Ralph was well cured of speeding on the highways. Other well-known men have gone to jail and no mercy is being shown anywhere along the line.

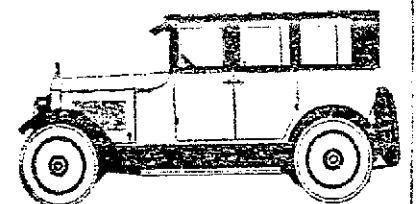
"Detroit has an unusual judge who has been setting an example for every other jurist in the country. He was appointed a year or so ago and immediately started sending speeders to jail, rich and poor alike, and no amount of pull or influence could keep them out."

"His friends told him that he could not possibly be re-elected, but he was, by an overwhelming majority. Detroit automobile drivers know that if they travel fast they spend time in jail, and accidents have been materially reduced."

"The legislature of our state is going to make many changes in the motor vehicle laws at the 1923 session, and many of the changes will be aimed at speeders."

"The worst part of all this fight against speeders is that the owners of automobiles have brought it on themselves. The hundreds of thousands of sane drivers in this state are made to suffer because a small minority are not careful on the streets and highways."

"The only way to drive seems to be to figure that every other motor-



The New Six 40
MOON

\$1995
Sedan

Its surprisingly low operating cost is just another Moon reason

Ulrey-Noteware Company
AUTOMOBILES OF DISTINCTION

Distributors:
Broadway and Piedmont Ave.
Phone Piedmont 9009

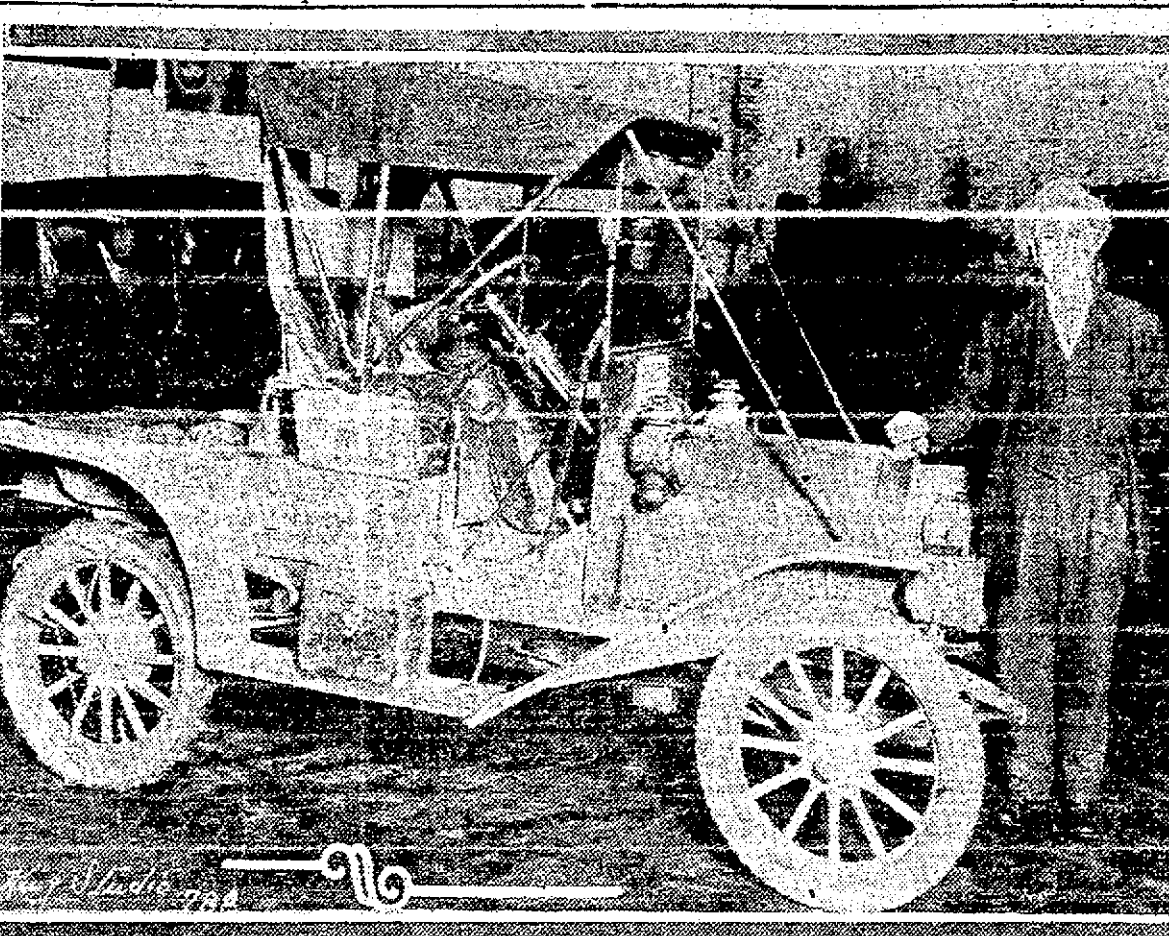
Sold by Moon Motor Car Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.
Founded 1907 by Joseph W. Moon

Auto Directory

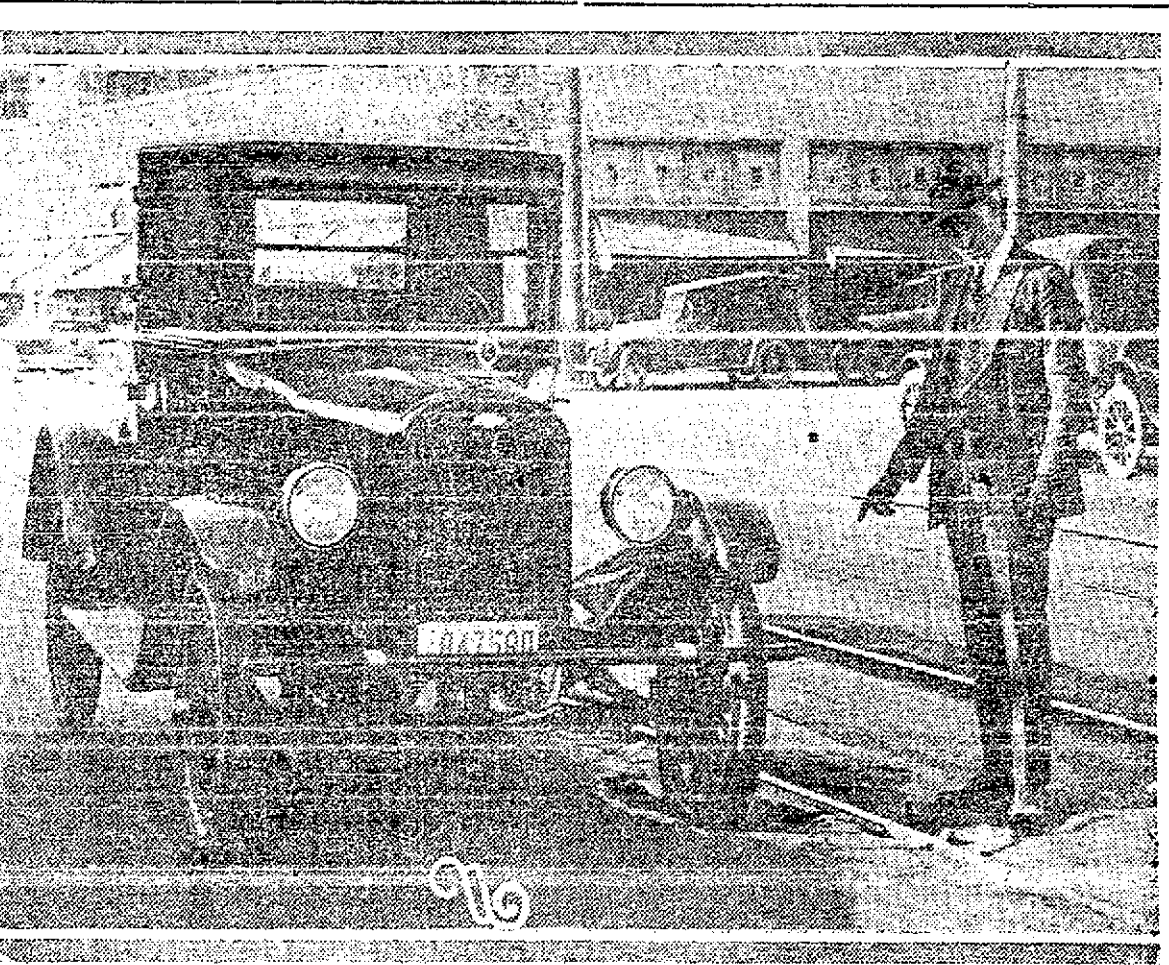
AUTO METAL
WORKS 2935 Broadway

Auto Tops
and Trimmings

Old Car Still Travels Many Miles a Day
A Buick "White Strake," of 1910 vintage, which is still in the hands of its original owner, a car has been going all those years and is still in hard use all the year round. The man who bought it first still operates it.



Our Streets Need Repairing Badly—Many Holes
A Chevrolet Coupe, showing one of the deep, dangerous holes at Grand avenue and Webster streets. GEORGE SMITH, sales manager for Harold D. Knudsen Co., Chevrolet dealers, is pointing to the holes.



OVERSIZE TIRES TO BE ASKED IN CERTAIN CASES

The car manufacturer equips the automobile with tires the correct size and type for the car's weight and carrying capacity, and, at the same time, the tires are classed by the tire manufacturer with a specified inflation capacity, points out Steve Corliat of S. A. Corliat Company, Nissen distributors.

"If you expect to carry excess passengers occasionally or invest in numerous accessories, and if easy riding is a special desideratum, oversize tires should by all means be specified, otherwise your tires will not give you the service ordinarily expected."

Watch Repairs, Then Make Own

When your car goes to the shop for a minor trouble go along with your driver is a fool and handle your car to avoid him. If you do that you will drive carefully."

RICHMOND-SAN RAFAEL FERRY

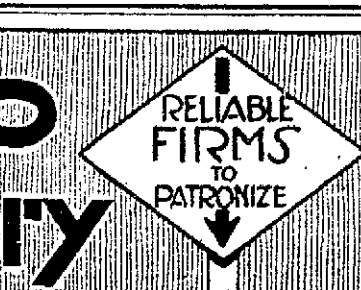
WINTER SCHEDULE
Daily

Le. Richmond Lv. San Rafael
7:00 a.m. 7:45 a.m.
8:30 a.m. 9:15 a.m.
1:00 p.m. 1:45 p.m.
2:30 p.m. 3:15 p.m.
4:00 p.m. 4:45 p.m.
5:30 p.m. 6:15 p.m.
7:00 p.m. 7:45 p.m.

Extra on
Sundays and Holidays
\$2.50 P. M. 9:15 P. M.

Phones:
Rich. 231, San Rafael
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RELIABLE
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3074 Brook Street
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EDWIGE IS OLYMPIA IS BIG DEMAND OF AUTOIST

One of the things that motorists demand these days is real service for their automobiles, when they need it. By that is not meant something for nothing, any more than the telephone company or the gas and electric company provides service free of charge. It means that the motor car dealer must have available at all times expert mechanics, parts of current model cars and machinery with which to give service.

"We have now opened our own service department and repair shop in our own building here," says Bryan Milton, manager of the Davis Motor Car Agency, Davis and Case distributors here.

"E. C. Ferris, one of the best known mechanical experts in the business in Oakland, is in charge of the shop, and has efficient men under him."

Davis cars, according to Milton, require little service, but sometimes things break as they will in any automobile, no matter what the price. Our parts department is well stocked and we have ample tools and machinery to provide proper service.

"The service feature of the automobile industry is one that has been neglected in the past, but every manufacturer now knows that his car is only as good as the service provided by the man who sells it to the public. If the dealer has ample facilities and expert men, and motorists know it, that man will sell more cars than one who has a car of nearly equal price and poor service facilities."

"November was the best month we have had in several, and from present indications December will be greater in point of sales. With the coming of the show after the new year, we expect a greater demand than ever for automobiles."

ALTITUDES CHANGE AIR PRESSURE

Someone has discovered that altitudes materially change air pressure values. For instance, a tire which, according to a standard aid gauge, carries 75 pounds at 20,000 feet would, according to the same gauge, register 70 1/2 pounds at 7,200 feet, and 67 1/2 pounds at sea level. However from what tire men say, it is unlikely that a car will ever go higher than 7,200 feet and there the variation is too small to have any effect on tire inflation.

PHILADELPHIA PUTS STOP TO FIRE RACING

Automobile owners or chauffeurs who before or after fire engines going to a fire in Philadelphia will be arrested and fined \$25 to \$100. The new ruling provides that no one but the police and fire department officials may park their cars within 100 feet of the fire zone.

A spare tire on the rear of an automobile should never be permitted to hide all or even part of the license plate.

GOOD BRAKE WILL AVOID ACCIDENTS

"There is far too great a tendency on the part of the average driver of an automobile to take a chance. When we coast down a hill we are willing to let chance decide whether there is a car coming or not, and sometimes the God of Chance plays a mean trick and there is trouble."

"There is no reason why the average motorist should be in such a hurry that he or she cannot drive so that the car is under control at all times," says Ben Hammond, manager of the Franklin Motor Car Company, Franklin distributors here.

"Good brakes, of course, are the best safety devices that you can have on your automobile. If you try to stop with poor brakes, you may underestimate the brake power and go too far and strike something. Brakes should be tested all the time. It is a mighty poor driver who does not know whether the brakes on his car are in good condition or not. He knows, but he is too lazy or too careless to have them adjusted or relined."

"Fire equipment is important, too. If the tires are worn smooth, there is far less braking power for your car, whether the street is wet or dry and if you use smooth tread tires on wet pavement, you must stop mighty carefully to avoid skidding."

"There is a strenuous effort being made throughout the country to reduce speeding. In most parts of California now, speeders are sent to jail, and there is small room for error. There is no reason for all the mad rushing anyway. It is far better to take three hours to a trip than to make it in two and a half hours and endanger yourself and those with you, and other people on the roads, too. It does not seem that half an hour means so much, even to the busiest men."

Here's Best Way to Clean Windshields

The best and easiest way to clean the windshield is to wipe it off with a wet cloth and rub dry with a clean cloth. A little kerosene in the water will help if the glass is very dirty. This method of cleaning glass is to be recommended for closed cars, as it does not scratch.

Disconnect Wires Before Using Gas

Before cleaning or washing the outside of the engine with kerosene or gasoline, disconnect the battery and be sure that all electrical contacts are dead. If this is not done a short circuit may occur and cause fire.

Capital to Enforce Jay Walk Ordinance

Strict enforcement of the ordinance in Sacramento against jaywalking by pedestrians is to be undertaken, according to announcement by the traffic chief there. It is held many auto accidents are caused by violation of this ordinance.

BLANKET HOOD IN COLD WEATHER

The following are accepted rules for caring for motors during cold weather:

If possible house your car. Blanket the hood. This prevents the full cooling of the motor even after it has remained idle for several hours. The purpose of this is not to make starting easier but to decrease danger of cracking the cylinders when the intense heat of the ignited gas takes place.

Drain the radiator. On most makes of cars the pet cock in lower than any other part of the cooling system, but on some of the older models it is not. In any case, after start up the motor and race it for from 10 to 20 seconds. This will blow out and dry out all remaining water in the jacket. Incidentally, the water that is left in the jacket after draining is the cause of large per cent of the water jacket cracking, for it prevents an even heating of the walls of the jacket. In starting do not fill the radiator with water over 150 degrees temperature. If a hot water tap is convenient, warm water may be run through the cooling system until the chills is taken off. Do not use boiling water unless you are hunting a big repair bill.

It is better to crank by hand when the motor is first started after a long period of idleness, as the strain on the storage battery is terrific and it also is too cold to function at its maximum capacity.

Powerful--Fast--Quiet

The FRANKLIN

SERIES 10

with the NEW MOTOR

is daily proving to be one of the greatest motor car values ever offered the public.

Here are a few of the features that mark its superiority:

The most perfect cooling system ever devised.

A smooth-vibrationless motor with ability to maintain maximum power after the most terrific abuse.

Riding qualities that are a revelation even to Franklin owners.

May we suggest a long demonstration ride at your earliest convenience.

The most perfect cooling system ever devised

FRANKLIN MOTOR CAR CO.

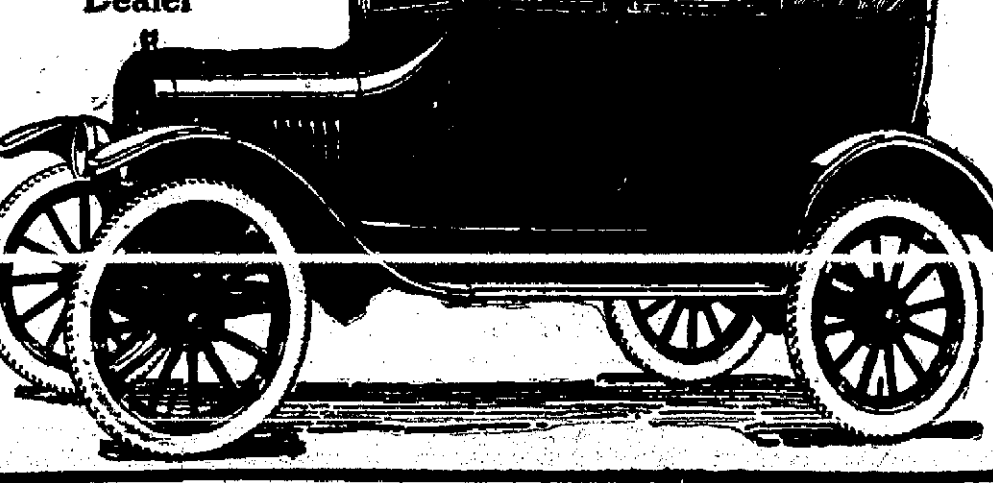
Lakeside 4400 Twenty-sixth and Broadway

We can make Christmas Delivery.

Ford
SEDAN
New Price
\$595
F. O. B. Detroit
Completely Equipped

At the new low price the Ford Sedan will give you even greater value than ever before. It provides enclosed car comfort in a dependable, quality product at a minimum cost. Your order placed now will insure reasonably prompt delivery. Terms if desired.

SEE
Any Authorized
East Bay
Ford and Lincoln
Dealer



Greetings!

This has been the biggest year in the history of our business and it is with heart-felt sincerity that we thank our thousands of owners and friends for their kind co-operation in both word and deed.

We wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Weaver Wells Co.
8321 Broadway
Phone-Lakeside 250
Oakland, Calif.

Studebaker

MOTORISTS APPROVE TAX ON GASOLINE

The legislatures of many states meet at the beginning of the year and practically all of them will enact new motor regulation laws. Many of them will follow the lead of California, which is admitted to have one of the best set of rules in the country.

"One of the principal parts of the legislative program, aside from direct motor vehicle laws, will be a plan to tax gasoline in California," says Robert W. Martland, secretary-manager of the California Automobile Trade Association.

"A tax on gasoline is 'painless,' because it is so easily collected, and there is always the temptation on the part of the legislator to use this as a means of raising money for the general funds of the state.

"There will be no opposition to a tax on gasoline in California if the motorists of the state, and that includes practically everybody in California, are assured that the money so raised will be used for road improvements and nothing else.

"Automobile associations and civic organizations will be hoisting for such a tax if they can be assured that the roads will get the funds and that the money will not go into the general fund of the state.

"Many states of the Union now have gasoline taxes and many of the taxes were first levied for roads only, then other legislatures increased the tax and took the money for purposes other than road-building.

"The state needs money for road work, and the people who use the roads would be more than willing to pay for them by a gasoline tax, if they could be certain that the money would be used for that purpose and no other."

AUTOS BIG AID IN HOUSE PROBLEM

The automobile has done more to eliminate housing than any other thing. There are thousands of bus lines operating from the cities of the country into the suburbs, where there is room for houses with individuality.

"Literally millions of privately owned automobiles are used every day in the year to transport their owners from their homes several miles in the country to their offices and factories in the cities," says Joe Yokum of Hagler & Yokum, Gardner distributors here.

"There are hundreds of residents of Hayward, Walnut Creek and other towns in the county who drive into Oakland every day in the year to their offices.

"These people go and come whenever they get good and ready, and do not depend on trains or street cars. Most of them get a wonderful drive early in the morning and in the evenings and enjoy their motor trips thoroughly.

"This same thing happens throughout the country, but more in California than in any other state because of the uniformly good roads and the equable climate. There is never a time in any month of the year that a motorist here need put up his car on account of the weather. In fact, he uses his automobile more during the winter than in the summer, if that is possible, because he wants to get to places and keep dry and warm. He can do that in an automobile, while he cannot in any other vehicle.

AUTO PLANT TO SPEED OUTPUT

Gradual speeding up in production, abandoning a plan for a two weeks' shut-down for inventory, and employment for thousands of automobile workers during the winter months are the three important features of the new expansion program of the Cadillac Motor Car Company, just announced by H. H. Rice, president and general manager.

Cadillac's production schedule for December will be one of the two greatest December schedules in its history, according to the announcement. With this as a start the company plans to swing into an increasing production curve for 1923.

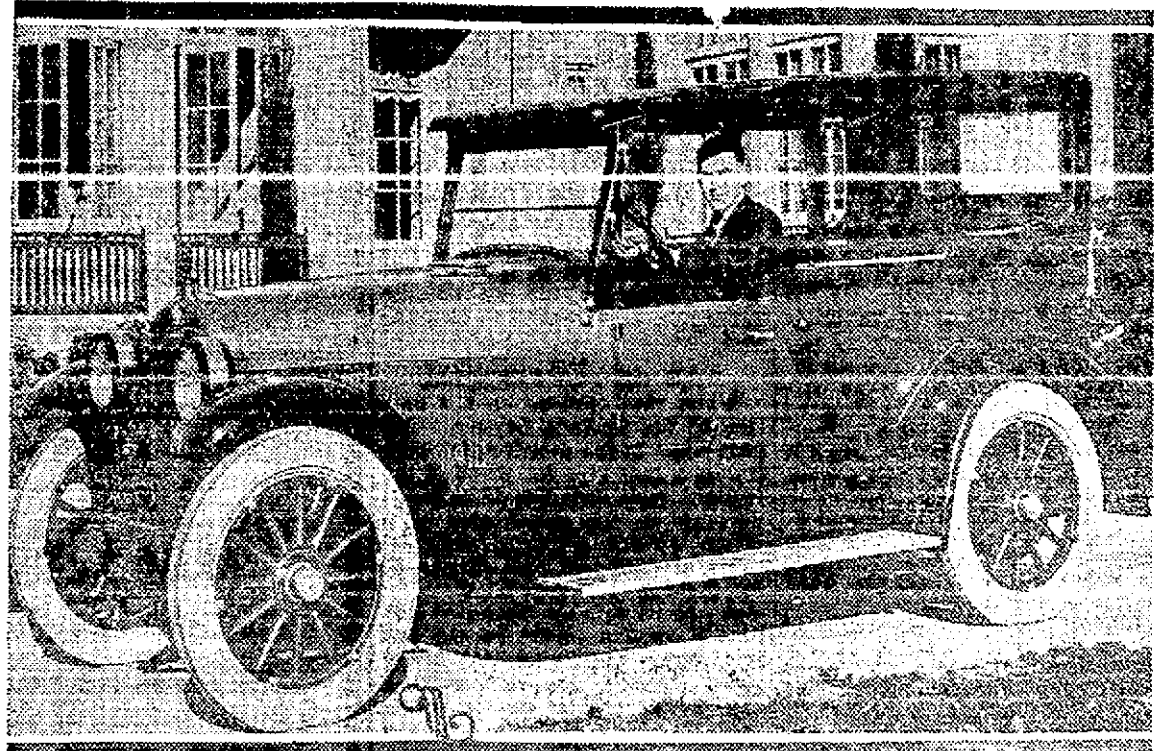
Europe Tests Gases For Automobile Tires

Tests in Europe of various gases as automobile tire fillers have shown that nitrogen will keep a tire hard for thousands of miles of use, while oxygen causes the rubber to deteriorate rapidly.

GENUINE PARTS FOR Continental Motors
Timken Axles
Timken Bearings for Timken Axles
Sheldon Axle Parts
Brown-Lipe, Detroit
Fuller, Grant Lees and Warner Transmissions
Borg & Beck, Brown-Lipe and Fuller Clutches
Hartford, Spicer and Hardy Thermoid Universal Joints
Spicer

COLYEAR MOTOR SALES CO.
Oakland, 274 12th St.
Telephone Oakland 1799
1247 Van Ness Ave.
San Francisco
Telephone Prospect 4242

Special Tops Prove Popular With Motorists
A Jordan with a top out by the Liberty Auto Company here. This type of top is becoming more and more popular every day. The design is original, and makes an enclosed car from an open model in a moment.



AUTO BUSINESS IN CUBA IS MUCH IMPROVED

The economic conditions in Cuba are steadily becoming very favorable to increased business, and American automotive exports should find the market running to normal within a short period, according to a report from William E. Murray, clerk in the consulate at Havana. Exports to Cuba from the United States for the past few months have been over 200 passenger cars, and it is expected that the number will increase. Stocks of automobiles and trucks on hand during October, 1922, as reported by 25 dealers and representing 64 makes of American and European cars, totaled 93 passenger cars of wheel base less than 114 inches, 122 passenger cars with wheel base over 114 inches, and 801 trucks. The principal activity at the present time is in light cars. The stock market is still overstocked, as their use is retarded by the lack of improved roads.

New Spark Plug Aids Auto Ignition

According to O. C. Rohde, chief engineer of the Champion Spark Plug Company of Toledo, O., the semi-petroleum tip core used in Champion spark plugs is a marked aid to engine ignition and does away with trouble which has existed in the past.

Approximately one-third of the cost of operating an automobile goes into three other things: gasoline and oil, and another third into general wear and tear.

The best gear combination for a quick getaway and for stopping quickly in traffic is "second" speed.

Cause of Auto Skidding Explained Ways Given to Prevent Trouble

Why an automobile skids is of interest to a motorist, but what to do to prevent skidding and what to do when the car is skidding are equally important topics, points out J. E. Lemon of the United States Tire Company.

The main cause of skidding of rear wheels of motor cars is due to the action of the brakes operating through the rear wheels. Skidding, of course, normally occurs only when the roads are slippery.

An automobile wheel rotates and progresses over the highway in but one direction or plane. This direction for the rear wheels is determined by the front wheels under control of the driver. When the rear wheels grip the ground and rotate they control the direction of the car. However, as soon as the rear wheels are locked by the brakes they begin to slide and as they slide sideways practically as easily as forward, they lose the power to direct the car.

It takes comparatively little brake friction to lock and slide rear wheels on slippery roads because there is little friction between the tire and the road surface. When once the driving wheels begin to slip the car is kept in motion by the force of inertia acting at the car's center of gravity or mass. This forward motion is opposed by the resistance of all four wheels on the ground, a resistance wheels than in the sliding rear that is greater in the rotating front wheels. Unless the combined ground resistance of all wheels, tending to stop the car, acts on the same point as the force of inertia tending to carry the car forward, there results what is called a "force couple" which causes the car to skid or spin around.

After the wheels once start to

slip a very small "force couple" will produce skidding, and the skid distance is dependent upon the magnitude of the "force couple" which in turn depends on car speed and weight. Turning the front wheels in the direction of the rear wheel skid, helps to reduce skidding because it reduces the magnitude of the "force couple." Also, periodically releasing and re-applying the brake on the rear wheels can get a grip effects forward slip and consequent side skid.

Two means are employed to prevent skidding in motor vehicles. The use of non-skid or rough tread tires and of anti-skid chains. Non-skid tires are designed to give forward traction and to prevent side slip. As long as there is traction the rear wheels will turn, and as long as the rear wheels turn there will be no serious side slip, unless the front wheels are blocked.

Non-skid tires furnish reliability and safety in driving-reliability in permitting the vehicle to operate successfully over almost any kind of road and during all seasons of the year, and safety by permitting the vehicle to hold the road at all speeds, and allowing the brakes to be most effective.

Auto Invented For Man Without Legs

An automobile, capable of being operated by a legless man, has been invented by Arthur M. Van Rensselaer of New York City. The machine is a motor-propelled, three-wheeled vehicle, 32 inches wide and 74 inches long, carrying three persons. The controls are entirely hand operated.

THE SUNDAY MOTORIST

An Abridged Magazine for Car Owners
EDITED BY WILLIAM ULLMAN

Merry Christmas to you, friends and fellow motorists. May the day fold its mantle of peace around you and the old year leave you satisfied—may you prosper concerning this world's goods, find in each day some new joy, and know the companionship of true friends is our sincere wish to you for the coming year.

THE CHRISTMAS HIGHWAY.

Twenty centuries ago the Christmas highway was laid. The engineers were three kings who came out of the East bearing gifts to a new-born babe in a little town of Judea. They journeyed from different directions, unknown to each other until the Star which guided all three brought them together on the road to Bethlehem.

These kings did not travel in luxurious limousines, as even ordinary people do in these times; instead they rode on clumsy camels, journeying for days and nights to negotiate a distance that we, in our high-powered motor cars, could cover today in a few hours. They carried the most rare and precious treasures of the Orient and laid them with gladness, love and worship at the young Child's feet. Then, empty-handed, but full-hearted as only givers can be, they returned to the country from whence they came.

And ever since, every year through the centuries, other wise men have taken that boulevard to Bethlehem, laden with gifts for the Christ-Child. They have gone a-foot; they have ridden in all ways and in all conveyances; they have gone by water, by land, by steam, by motor—but however they travel, or what gifts they bring, the same intention, like the Star in the East, guides them and brings them together in love on the common road to Christmas.

Traders more than ever in history, the wise men will go to Bethlehem by motor. What run-down streets through kaleidoscopic streets from shop to shop; what errands and what visits from house to house of friends; what generous exchange of hospitality; what journeys of cheer and charity; what to a hospital ward with a Christmas tree and basket; to an orphanage with stockings; to the slums, to a bereaved home, around the park with an invalid, to the theater with a joy-starved child! See what a highway of happiness lies before the fortunate owner of a motor car!

So be like the wise men of the East, friends and fellow-motorists, and follow the Christmas Star to Bethlehem with the best you have to offer. Then and there, though you return with empty cars, will you know in its fullness the joy and recompense that paves the Christmas highway.

Traffic reformers are too often

shift lever while running the motor with the clutch engaged.

sound-proof room with the transmission operated by the electric motor located at the other end of a shaft which enters the room through an opening in the wall. But such sound-proof requirements are not necessary where the noise you hear can be heard in ordinary running. If there are any gears worn in the transmission, or if a roller bearing is worn, loose or too tight you will hear it plainly through the gearshift lever, but before getting excited over the conditions you find try putting some more grease in the gear box; lack of proper lubrication may be the answer.

EASY WITH THE JUNK:

The motorist who is always going through his car with a view to throwing away everything that doesn't seem to have any particular value is simply throwing money in the gutter. Sometimes the most useless articles are the most valuable in an emergency. Nothing that will stop a leak, stop a rattle, tie a broken part together, reach into an inaccessible place or do the work of a special tool should be thrown away. It may come in handy sometime—somewhere. This is usually ten miles from the nearest garage.

EXCUSES THAT CONVICT.

There are certain excuses which drivers invariably proffer to plainclothes officers or inspectors who detain them for an examination of

some misdemeanor. These excuses are more likely to land a motorist

so here's a list to stick on the windshield and memorize:

"I didn't know you was an officer!"—an admission that the driver imagines the law to be considered only when in the presence of an officer.

"I didn't know I was going so fast!"—proof of lack of speed conception and judgment.

"Why don't you arrest these other birds?"—an admission you were driving as fast.

"You don't know who I am!"—admitting that you're the original fool.

"My speedometer doesn't work!"—The law doesn't require any motorist to use a speedometer. Law and good judgment are supposed to attend to the matter of speed and speeding.

"This is the first time you have had to stop me!"—and the last!

"What is the speed limit here?"—You ought to know.

"I've got a wife and three children to support!"—Why didn't you think of them before you violated the law?

"I'm in an awful hurry!"—So was the man who left his engine running and blew up the car while they were pumping in gas.

When filling the gas tank, always keep the nozzle of the hose in direct contact with the tank.

In France sharp, dangerous curves in the roads are walled and whitewashed.

GREAT SLASH IN Auto Accessory Prices

3rd Week of Our
4th—Anniversary Sale—4th
For Your Accommodation
WE WILL BE OPEN THE WHOLE DAY SUNDAY
(9 a. m. to 5 p. m.)

Windshield Wipers

They finally came in and we want to get rid of them in a hurry. Regular 75c two-strip Windshield Wiper... **34c**
Regular \$1.50 "Rain"..... **\$1.14**
Regular \$2.50 "Klenall" an extra fine one..... **\$1.84**

Weather strips for center or bottom of windshield, only..... **34c**

Step Plate Bargain

Fine Aluminum Step-plate, only... **74c**
Large size, only..... **84c**
Extra large Cocoa Mat, only..... **94c**
Rubber Mats, only..... **24c**
Standard size Rubber Mats, only..... **34c**
Extra fine Aluminum Mats with Mud Scraper, Rubber Insert, only..... **\$1.44**
Extra fine Plates, German silver plated, guaranteed not to tarnish, only..... **\$1.94**

STEWART VACUUM Tanks, packed in original cartons..... **\$7.94**

DRUM - SHAPE HEADLIGHTS, standard equipment on many cars; a pair..... **\$8.94**
DRUM - SHAPE SIDE LAMPs, black with two nickel rims; a pair..... **\$2.54**
LAMP DOORS for Fords, Chevrolet and Overlands..... **34c**
Extra fine LAMP DOORS, for medium and large cars..... **94c**

To my friends, customers and co-workers, I wish a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year. May you be as successful in your enterprises as I was in mine.

Maurice Copeland,
President Globe Auto Supply Co.

A daily visit to our stores will more than pay you. We are getting in shipments almost daily and same are put on sale at once.

Boyce "Standard" Motometers

Regular \$10.00. Sale price..... **\$6.24**

"Non-Olio" POLISH

Pints, regular 75c..... **44c**
Quarts, regular \$1.25..... **74c**
Samples Free.

Pantasote visors

Well made. Only..... **\$1.94**

Our Bumpers are in and on sale. Hurry and get yours. Please do not judge them by our price, keep in mind that they cost from \$12 to \$16, but pay only \$12 to \$16, but pay only complete..... **\$3.94**

Steering Wheel Bargains

17-inch corrugated Walnut finish hexagon-shape black malleable steering wheel for Ford at the unheard price of..... **\$1.74**
Same as above with Aluminum Spider..... **\$2.44**
For Chevrolet, same as above with Aluminum Spider, only..... **\$2.84**

Spotlight Bargains

6-in. WILLIAMS SPOTLIGHTS—latest type; regular \$6.50. Sale price..... **\$3.74**
The extra fine GILLILLAN SPOTLIGHT. Sale price..... **\$3.94**
6-inch V-RAY SPOTLIGHT. Sale price..... **\$2.74**

"Globe Oil"

The famous blended eastern oil. A gallon, in bulk only..... **44c**

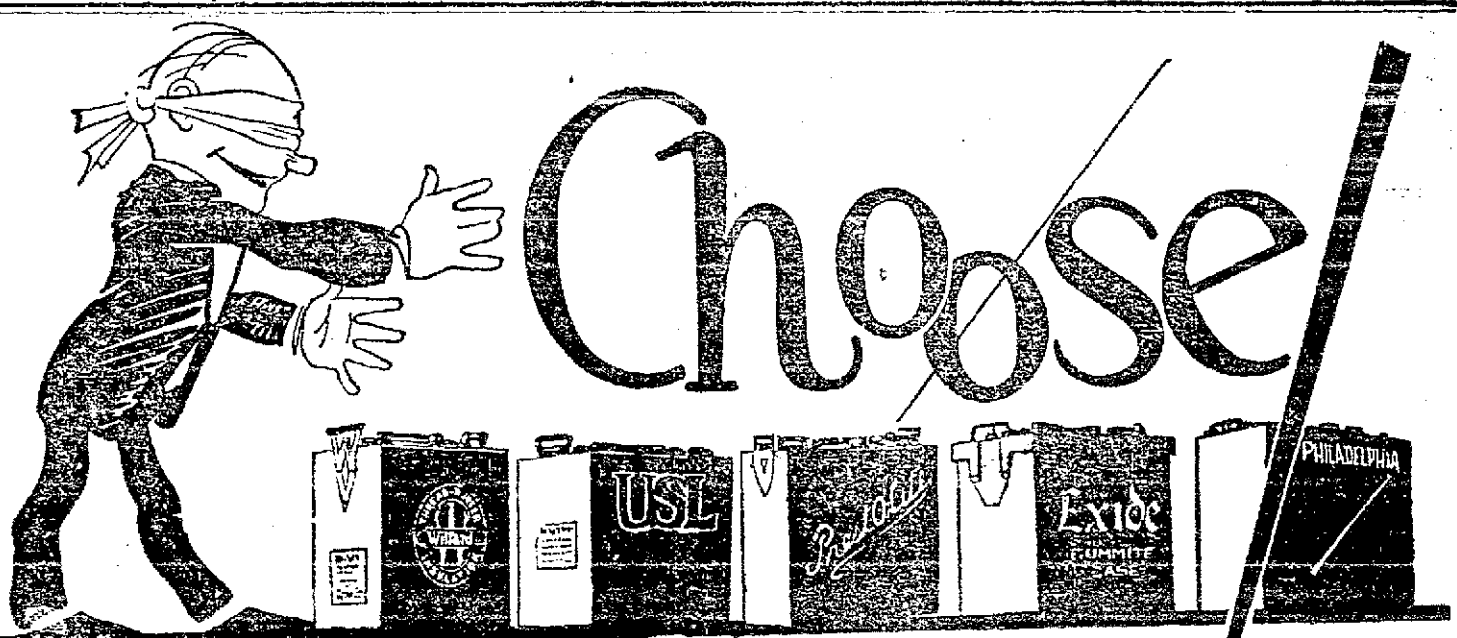
Flashlights

Large head miner type flashlights; complete with battery..... **84c**

Bargains for a Ford

Back Curtains with 6x12 beveled glass..... **\$2.94**
Roadster Top Recovers with 6x12 beveled glass..... **\$4.74**
Arm Rests for Ford Sedan and Coupes; a very useful novelty; come and see it. Sale price..... **94c**
Lots of other specials

Every Article Bears Our Iron-Clad Money-Back Guarantee
The Globe Auto Supply Corporation
SUCCESSORS TO
THE CALIFORNIA AUTO SUPPLY COMPANY
THREE STORES IN OAKLAND
Calif. Auto Supply Co. Calif. Auto Supply Co. Calif. Auto Supply Co.
1775 Broadway at 19th 1762 Broadway 23rd and Broadway, above Key Route
All prices are valid in our Oakland store only



any one you like! They're all Standard

BUY STANDARD MAKES

From the following Reputable Firms:

Exide Batteries
Doelling & Graham
2334 Broadway bet. 23rd and 24th
Coulter's Battery Station
2052 Center St., Berkeley

Philadelphia Batteries
Kuster-Shaw Co.
(Successors to Smith United Service)
24th and Webster Sts.

U. S. L. Batteries
Motor Electric Co.
3320 Piedmont Ave.
3320 Broadway
Motor Electric Co.
2355 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley

Prest-O-Lite Batteries
Golden State Auto Electric Co.
3496 Telegraph Ave.
Cheney Battery and Electric Co.
1562 Franklin St.

Willard Batteries
Auto Electric Service Co.
21st and Webster Sts.
Auto Electric Service Co.
1965 University Ave., Berkeley

It's Satisfaction You Want

If you buy any one of the five standard makes mentioned you can feel sure that you will get a battery that is manufactured to give service and not sorrow to the owner.

A Record of Proven Ability Backs the Names of the Standard Batteries.

U. S. L. Prest-O-Lite Willard
Exide Philadelphia

USE THEM

These Batteries Cost No More Than "Freaks"—Often Less Than "Rebuilds"

Compare the Freak and Rebuilt Battery with the standard make before you invest your dollars.

Be Satisfied

PRICE SLASH INCREASES AUTO SALES

"Since the announcement of the reduction in prices of Hudson and Essex cars we have had a constant stream of motor fans coming into our place, and have delivered many new cars," says E. A. Hamlin, general manager of Hamlin & Wichman, dealers here.

"December usually is a poor month for sales. People who buy motor cars buy them before Christmas or after the first of the year in ordinary years, but not this year. November sales showed a huge increase over November of a year ago and this year the December increase will be even greater with the stimulus of a price reduction."

"The two cars are now selling for less than ever before in the history of the company, and the quality of the cars is higher."

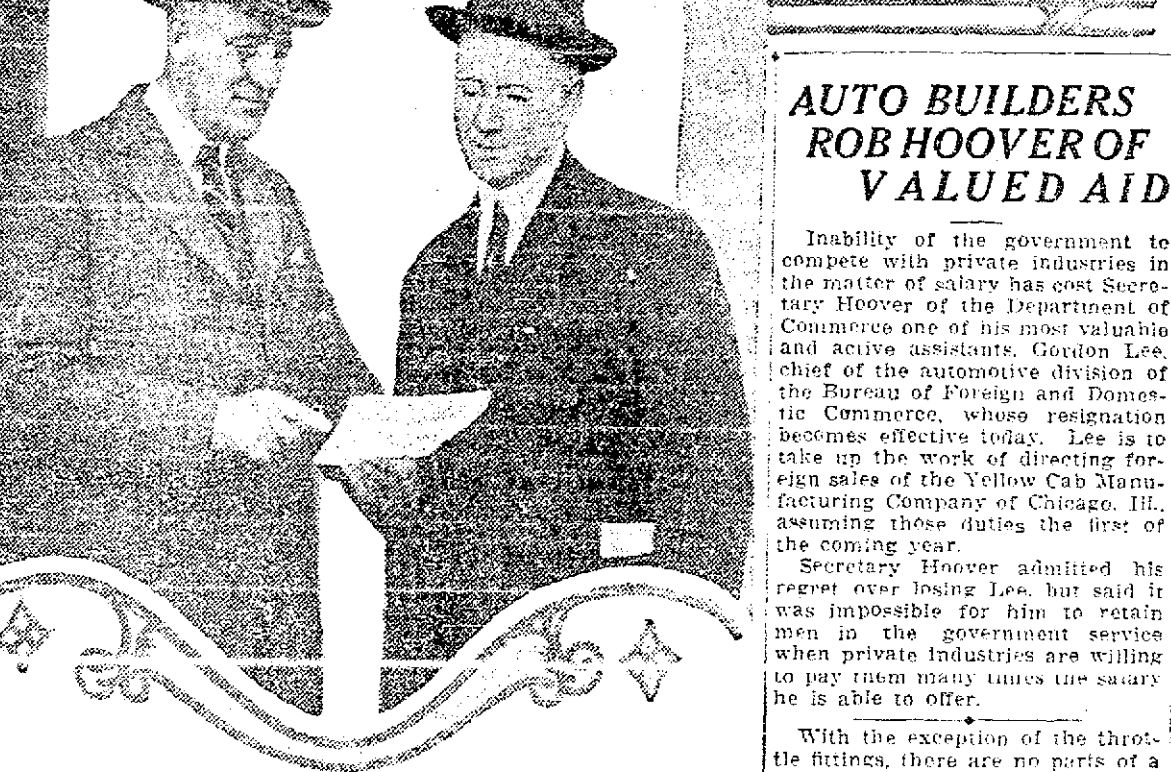
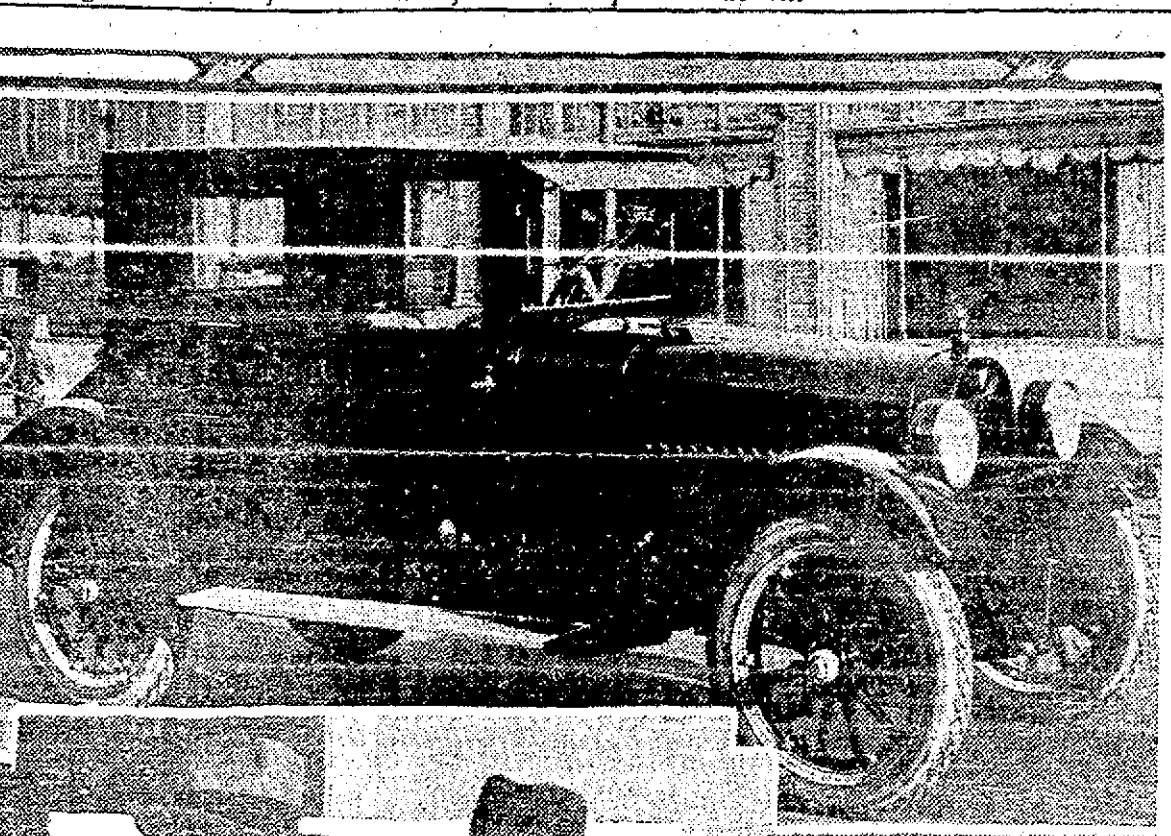
"When we secured the agency and opened a small salesroom on upper Broadway we have noted many price reductions on the cars. Hudson has cut the price in half since we came to Oakland in the fall of 1922. Since that time we have secured our present quarters and leased the building for a long term of years."

"We have complete sales and service equipment under our own roof and an organization that has grown from six men to forty. The shop, which is located in the rear, has been equipped to do Hudson and Essex work in record time, and the work is done by men who know their business from the ground up and many of whom have been trained at the factories."

"The reduction comes as an agreeable surprise to the dealers throughout the country. The factory has orders ahead for more cars than it can build, but the executives found that they could cut costs of production, so they promptly handed this reduced cost on to the consumer in the shape of lower prices on their automobiles."

To build Kansas City's (Mo.) motor speedway, or "wooden bowl," 175 carloads of Southern pine lumber and 15 tons of nails were required.

Price Reduction Brings Joy to Motor Dealers
The upper photo shows the latest Hudson Coach, and below are E. A. Hamlin (left), and John Wichman, of Hamlin & Wichman, Hudson and Essex, dealers here, with telegram which informed them of the recent price reduction.



AUTO BUILDERS ROB HOOPER OF VALUED AID

Inability of the government to compete with private industries in the matter of salary has cost Secretary Hoover of the Department of Commerce one of his most valuable and active assistants, Gordon Lee, chief of the automotive division of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, whose resignation becomes effective today. Lee is to take up the work of directing foreign sales of the Yellow Cab Manufacturing Company of Chicago, Ill., assuming those duties the first of the coming year.

Secretary Hoover admitted his regret over losing Lee, but said it was impossible for him to retain men in the government service when private industries are willing to pay them many times the salary he is able to offer.

With the exception of the throttle fittings, there are no parts of a carburetor to be lubricated.

Kerosene, naphtha, vaseline, buter or even margarine will remove tar spots from the body of the car.

CHEAPNESS HELD COSTLY IN BATTERIES

Service, endurance and power are the qualities of a storage battery in which the motor car owner is most vitally interested. During the last few years some motorists have displayed a tendency to buy solely on a price basis. The manufacturers of standard storage batteries have of therefore confronted the problem of bringing their prices down to the lowest possible level in order to meet the wishes of buyers, who are only influenced by the price of the battery, and at the same time maintain the high standards of service and endurance for which standard batteries have become so well known.

"Under the present condition in the storage battery business, a car owner makes a very serious mistake, displays the poorest kind of economy who buys a battery which does not bear the name of a standard battery manufacturer," according to reputable battery organizations in Oakland.

In a recent discussion on problems now facing the industry, the car owner who purchases a cheap battery is certain to ultimately pay the penalty of storage battery troubles. The car owner who saves a few dollars on the original purchase price of a battery is practically sure, during its uncertain life, to pay out a great deal more than the difference of the cost of a new battery in rebuilding and repairs. In addition to this large and uncertain cost of repair, which is, of course, scattered over the life of the battery, he suffers the annoyance and inconvenience of frequent trips to a service station. The actual money outlay, it is evident, is only one of the considerations.

Spring Leaves Aid Car on Rough Road

Spring check leaves are excellent things, particularly for country driving. They are, in reality, snubbers, preventing up-kick, yet not curtailing the downward motion of the body of the car. Practically speaking, they are half-length, almost flat leaves, placed on the top of springs. When the rebound comes they hold the body in gentle check and are ideal for fast going over a rough road.

The Sunday Motivist

By JOHN ULLMAN

WHEN COLD AND WINDY.
On a cold windy night the car should be parked with the back toward the wind. This is protection for the radiator, water hoses and water pump which would be exposed with the car facing the wind. But before making it a practice to park the car in this position it is advisable to have the rear tank cleaned out. Any water which may be in the gasoline will fall to the bottom of the tank and freeze if the car is left out too long. Even a little ice on the edges might be enough to clog the fuel line.

RUST ON THE FENDERS.
When rust appears on the outside of the fenders, beware. The next stage in the deterioration process is a hole straight through the fender. Rust does not do as much damage on the under side of a fender as one might suppose because a coating of road dirt tends to prevent its formation. But when rust starts on the outer surface it runs a merry course and soon makes the fender look like a swiss cheese. The remedy is a fine brush and a can of black enamel.

WITH COMPLETE SUCCESS.
Real sports, according to trustworthy tradition, wear their trousers baggy at the knees, their hats more or less slouchy, and their neckwear as they like it. Judging from the neglected appearance of some of this year's sport models it would seem that a lot of car owners are trying to carry the sport idea to its logical limit.

THE OLD MECHANIC SAYS:
"In closing" up the old shop for the holiday season, I'm notifyin' my many friends and readers throughout the country that there won't be any talks about cars and repairs until the New Year sets in. But today, in keepin' with the spirit of the Christmas time, I want to offer my best auto and good will to all, especially to the folk who subscribe to the honest sport of men, the equal privileges for women, and to those broad and human every-day philosophers who believe that life was given us to enjoy and that happiness is the pinnacle of success. I give greetings also to the Old Scrooges of the world—the narrow, the unlighted—the men and women who have not learned how to live. I bid them be of good cheer and endeavor to broaden with kindly thoughts and sit down at the feast table with those who have learned the better way. I bid the sorrowful remember that they are few conditions in life which couldn't

be worse and recommend an immediate search for the silver lining to be found in every cloud. To all who would have a Merry Christmas day smiles out upon the world, greet it with an answering smile! (Copyright, 1922, by Ullman Fea-)

DON NEHER Ford

"SERVICE THAT SATISFIES"
A Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year to Everybody.
29th and Broadway Phone Oakland 565
Night Phone, Oakland 20
"The house with the Ford on the roof"

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Oakland Auto & Trade Schools

Wish to announce the opening of their large new

Auto and Tractor School

One of the finest equipped schools on the coast teaching Battery and Ignition, Welding and Brazing, Vulcanizing and Retreading, Auto Painting, Lathie and Drill Press Work, etc. Not a book school. We teach by practical work on up-to-date electrical equipment.

Call and get our proposition for
FREE COURSES FOR SHORT TIME ONLY
Bring this with you and SAVE \$170.00 on complete course.

DAY & NIGHT CLASSES now running.

Auto Mechanics and Painters will be in big demand this coming year. Are YOU ready and qualified to hold a job paying from \$100.00 to \$250.00 per month? If not enroll NOW and

LEARN A TRADE.

By our intensive practical system we can teach you in short time and help you to a good position as soon as finished.

FREE TOOLS and LIFE MEMBERSHIP given to all students.

ATTENTION LADY DRIVERS.

A class for ladies will start January 1st, 1923, giving valuable instruction on the care and operation of your car. You owe it to yourself to be able to keep your machine in first class running order. Our lecture rooms are warm and comfortable. SPECIAL RATES.

Oakland Auto & Trade Schools

Successors to Hemphill Auto and Tractor Schools
211 Twelfth Street

PUBLIC INSPECTION INVITED AT ALL TIMES.

JUST A LITTLE GOSSIP ALONG AUTO ROW

When automobile men get together, and swap yarns, good stories ooze from them like water from a sponge. Several of the leading lights of the automobile industry here were telling over old times in Bob Merland's office the other day. They were discussing the buyers who pay a deposit on their cars and then want their money back.

H. G. Markham, Oldsmobile dealer, was telling one about a resident of West Oakland, of dark hue, who came in and paid a small deposit. He returned a few days later and cried all over the place and told Markham that he could not buy the car and wanted his money back. Markham listened a few minutes and then told his cashier to make out a check for the amount and give it to the man. He took the check and went out. Markham watched him walk up the street and meet his buxom wife. They held a parley there, with much talk.

About a half hour later they both came back into the store, picked out their car, went to the bank, drew their money, paid cash for the automobile and drove away happy.

Since the boys at Hamlin & Wichman received notice of the price reduction on Hudson and Essex automobiles they have gone out and made some Christmas money for themselves. They figured that they could sell cars. In spite of the fact that Pa's bankroll was going to get many doodads for Christmas, and they have set a new record for December sales. "Fuller Fun" Fuller, the Charlie Chaplin of the outfit, can't be held down. He feels his oats and is going strong.

Harold D. Knudsen is happy these days. He is the downtown Chevrolet dealer and is getting a few closed cars to deliver for the first time in several months, in fact, for the first time since the new Chevrolet models were announced.

Ed Wells, of Weaver-Wells Company, Studebaker dealers, is making a name for himself. He will be back in time for the automobile show the first of the year.

THESE FINE DAYS CERTAINLY LURE THE BOLD BIRD TO THE GREEN GRASS. THE

MEN ON THE ROW WHO SHOOT AT GOLF NOW AND THEN ARE OUT WITH THEIR CLUBS WHEN THEY CAN GET AWAY FROM BUSINESS LONG ENOUGH.

W. K. Gantley, formerly with the Chandler Cleveland dealer in the south, has moved to Gold's counters and is now selling Chandler and Cleveland cars in Oakland and likes it, too. He is with Hebrank, Hunter & Peacock Company here.

T. P. Hammett, with the Chandler Cleveland dealer here, is still a happy boy. He is going after sales with renewed vim and vigor and says that he made enough money this month to have a merry Christmas tomorrow.

T. Harold Smith is with the Hebrank, Hunter & Peacock Company, and is making sales right and left, but he declares that he wants more. No way to curb those automobile salesmen.

Mrs. P. K. Webster, Jordan dealer here, has returned from a trip to Eastern factories, and loved herself, too. She visited the Jordan plant and declares that they are certainly making progress there. She is busy now preparing Jordan cars for the coming automobile show.

No one attempts more wise advice concerning the motor car and its use than the man who never owned one.

The percentage of unrecovered stolen automobiles in the United States has increased since 1920 from 29 per cent to 40 per cent.

EXPERT AUTO REPAIRS

Home Garage

3764 Telegraph Ave.
Piedmont 1207

From the drivers seat-

Power • Economy
Flexibility • Speed

to a degree heretofore unknown, in connection with the Ford car, are now made available through the Ruckstell Two Speed Axle.

Four Forward Speeds and Two Reverse

Operation of the Ruckstell Axle is positive and noiseless, all changes being made by simply pushing forward or pulling back the control lever.

It's all very simple because you can't get out of gear and you never fail to make the correct change under any condition of engine or car speed.

To really appreciate the advantages of a Ruckstell equipped Ford, you must ride in the car—ask any Ford dealer for a demonstration. You'll enjoy it without incurring any obligation.

\$62.40 f. o. b. Berkeley, Cal.

RUCKSTELL 2 SPEED AXLE

SOLD BY ALL FORD DEALERS

A Merry Christmas

To all customers and friends scattered over this great Western country, we extend the heartiest of good wishes for this Christmas Season.

Our Christmas is merrier because of the good patronage you have given us and we greatly appreciate it. May we serve you better in the future is our hope.

Sincerely,
Geo. Pepperdine
President.

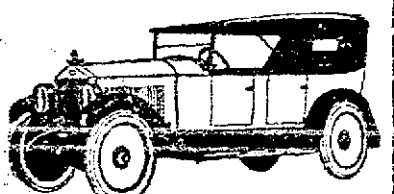


that's the boss's signature and he means just what he says -

Western Auto Supply Company

60 STORES IN THE WEST

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12th and Webster Sts.—2436 Broadway
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Open until 9 p. m. Saturdays.



The New Six 58 MOON

\$2285 Seven Passenger
Instantly wins the hearts of those who seek distinction.

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Founded 1907 by Joseph W. Moon

TWELFTH ST. AUTO ROW

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Have a NON-SKID TOP sewed on your old tire.

\$2.00 Up

Just the thing for SLIPPER WEATHER

Double Tread Tire Co.

168 Twelfth Street

TIRES ALL MAKES

On Terms. No Interest.

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1923 HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTORCYCLES

\$100 down, \$7.50 per week

Geo. A. Faulkner

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We Do All Kinds of Repairing With Genuine Ford Parts

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REPAINTING, VARNISHING and MONOGRAMS

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Society and Women's Section

Knave
NEWS OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN
OF THE GREAT EASTBAY DISTRICT

Oakland Tribune

Sunday, December 24, 1922

Christmas is Children's Day—the birthday of a Little Child who brought Love into the world, a drama that refreshes the hearts of men at each returning. Behold below a group of lads and lassies who are this moment making the welkin ring with their merriment. Little David and Margerymay Hall, children of the Herbert Halls, are at the upper left. At the right are Jean and Margeryann Campbell of the Malcolm Campbell household. In the center is Miss Barbara Fennon, daughter of the Edward Fennons. At the left are the kiddies of the John Okells—Shirley and John, Jr. Jack Cunningham is the sailor lad, with little "Dick" Covell, son of Mrs. Lyman Covell, below, smiling a Merry Christmas to the world.



Modern Spirit Changeth Not The Spirit of Christmastide

By Suzette

It has been avowed through the land that Christmas is no longer a Yuletide of plum pudding, candle-lighted trees and family gatherings, but a sort of Mardi Gras with jazz bands and a Slavonian tendency to get away from the ancient institution of the family—an "economic frenzy" of getting and giving, and that the spirit of Christmas has been lost in the melee.

But there's ample evidence at hand that plum puddings are still in favor among us—that we like to light our tree with pink and green candles, and that families from the heights of the Piedmont hills to the waters' edge are fore-

gathering today and tomorrow, even as they did in the days of our grandfathers; and that back of the "economic frenzy" lies the joy of giving that rejoices the heart of the world.

It's the same old spirit that has made men glad for twenty centuries, plus the jazz and the sometime substitution of the club or hotel for the domestic yuletide, whereat uncles and cousins and aunts can be dutifully foregathered—the same spirit, wherever the setting.

But withal the Eastbay is primarily a home-loving land. Families there are among us who for generations have kept trust with Christmas in the home—a spirit in-

At Home
Portraits
by Tracy Webb

herited from the Old World that it pines a refreshment of sentiment and affection, faith and friendship.

The Tyler Henshaws have a houseful of merry-makers, the Edward Fennons having migrated to the Vernon street home for the week. And to the group is aug-

mented the futur of Mrs. Pearl Fillmore—Donald Best of Minneapolis, who arrived several days ago, when the betrothal was whis-

pered about—and early acknowledged. The Frederick Stolps are hosts to the Andrew Houshicks, who are down from Seattle for the week. The Guy Evris are entertaining the Ransome Henshaws from Long Beach, the family group to be made up of the Beverly Wilders, the Donald Grahams, Guy Earl Jr. and a band of merry little grandchildren. The Laxters are hosts to a large family group, the Gardner Ponds.

entitled to decent and comfortable places in which to live, declares this social worker, who comes in intimate contact with the young women who for one reason or another are brought into the county office. Mrs. Hill has been trying an interesting experiment with the girls

given into her care. Under the old order, young women who were misfits in society were promptly put into domestic service. Today they are being given an opportunity to enter other lines of work, and are making good as self-supporting, self-respecting and independent citizens, curbed in large measure by the attitude of their fellow-workers. "The most unsocial thing we can do is to compel a girl to enter service," Mrs. Hill says. (Continued on Page 33)

Home for Girl Workers Is Urged by Clubwoman

By Edna B. Kinard

A home for girls living on the minimum wage schedule is the plea of Mrs. Florence Hill, a deputy in the Alameda County Probation office to the clubwomen of the city.

The girls in the industries are making good as self-supporting, self-respecting and independent citizens, curbed in large measure by the attitude of their fellow-workers. "The most unsocial thing we can do is to compel a girl to enter service," Mrs. Hill says. (Continued on Page 33)

(Continued on Page 2-S)

HAPPENINGS in EAST BAY SOCIETY

Chicago Girl To Wed at St. Luke's

St. Luke's, over the bay, will be the scene of the wedding of Edmund Leslie Taylor and Miss Frances Moore of Chicago, the date yet to be determined—somewhere about the middle of February.

The bride, who has made hosts of friends since coming to California, has planned a simple service—two matrons of honor—her sister, Mrs. James H. Brady, and Mrs. Edilberto Anderson, sister of the bridegroom, but no galaxy of bridesmaids.

The bride-elect came to San Francisco a year ago after a tour of Europe and the Nile country, her sister, Mrs. Brady, joining her at the Cliff, where they are making their home.

Mrs. George Merritt Moore, mother of the eastern girl, arrived a few days ago from Indianapolis to remain until after the wedding.

The young people will make their home in the Eastbay. The Andersons have located in Oakland since the resignation of the young diplomat from the service of his country—Peru—located in an apartment overlooking the lake.

When the holidays have gone by many social amenities will be shown the Chicago girl, including a presentation by Mrs. Taylor, mother of the bride-to-be, and her sister, Mrs. Anderson.

GONE EAST

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius van Hemert Engert—Sara Cunningham—are leisurely touring the South, the first leg of their journey to Washington.

The wedding will stand out as one of the high lights of the winter, the bride appearing in a robe of lace that had come down through years of treasuring—Honiton over ivory silk.

The groom is a University of California man, graduating in the class to which Delger Trowbridge belonged, in token of which the Piedmont man was best man at the wedding.

Mr. Engert is a linguist of uncommon ability, which with other personal qualities has directed his energies toward diplomatic service. He is now assistant to the chief of the Near East division of the Department of State.

ALAMEDA TO WED

The wedding of Miss Myrtle McLean, daughter of M. and Mrs. Harry Woods McLean of Portland and Walter S. Garrett, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Garrett of Alameda, will take place on Tuesday at a church service with a reception at the home of the bride.

Two hundred invitations have been issued to the church, the reception guests to be limited to close friends and relatives.

The bride-elect was a former Alameda girl. Her father is the brother of Mrs. Donald Pearson, in Piedmont.

Miss Mary Ann Sutro, daughter of the Oscar Sutros of Piedmont, will spend the holidays with her family, one of the diversions being a trip to Truckee. Miss Sutro is a student at the convent of the Sacred Heart at Menlo Park.

From the same convent, where she has been a student, Miss Frances Kehrlein, daughter of the Oliver Kehrleins of Linda Vista, will spend the holidays with her parents. Miss Barbara Wood, a cousin of Miss Kehrlein, from Sacred Heart, will be a guest at the Gohleins home this week. She will leave the day before Christmas for her home in Coronado, accompanied by her grandmother, Mrs. A. Palmer Dudley, who will be a guest at the home of Lieutenant Valentine Wood, U. S. N., and Mrs. Wood, over the holidays.

The Misses Ruth and Doris Devlin, daughters of the Frank Devlins of Berkeley are spending the holidays in Washington, where they are guests of Dr. and Mrs. James J. Hogan and Miss Elizabeth Hogan.

The Berkeley girls will visit New ward California.

MRS. ALBERT BIEHL, who will assist at a tea to be given Tuesday in honor of her sister, Mrs. Elbridge Miles Cantelow of Seattle by Mrs. Joseph Park and Miss Josephine Park.



Miss Kennedy Sails for Shanghai

Miss Mary Kennedy, one of the most beautiful girls of the Eastbay smart set, sailed yesterday on the President Cleveland for Shanghai, where she will marry Richard Ashton Hutchinson.

Miss Kennedy will be greatly missed from the coterie of girls whose cooperation could be counted upon in affairs for philanthropy on both sides of the bay.

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Kennedy and sister of the Misses Virginia and Helen Kennedy and Paul Kennedy.

Mr. Hutchinson is a well-known in the foreign colony of Shanghai, where this side will take her place as one of the most interesting Americans in the picturesque city, where foreign society is said to be rarer than in any other port in China.

The bride-elect was accompanied by her aunt, Mrs. Robert Adams, whose husband awaits her coming. As soon as details can be arranged for the nuptials, the ceremony will be performed.

RECITAL

An episode to remember was the costume recital given by Mrs. Patricia Morbio and Mrs. Marion de Guerre Steward on Monday night, when a score or more went over from this side to Kohler-Chase hall, a reception following.

The childhood group was enchanting, Mrs. Morbio appearing as a little girl with insinuating curls. "I Don't Like Beetles" won a warm response in the hearts of many a grown-up child.

The harlequinade group included excerpts from "Columette" and "Pierrot by de Rybner, a charming thing, the artists a picturesque little figure in her quaint costume.

Mrs. Steward is one of the most sought after amateur pianists across the bay, bringing a fine intelligence to her work. Her groups were happily chosen to round out a satisfying program.

"An admirable pair of performers" was the verdict of the foyer at the close of the recital.

Mrs. S. Montgomerie Haslett and her daughter, Miss Doris Haslett, are back from the east, where Miss Haslett has been playing in "Dover Road," one of the successes of the winter.

The Alameda girl has a strong predilection for dramatics, and New York and Boston gave her her opportunity. Preparatory to a career in dramatics, Miss Haslett has had admirable training both at home and to the East.

Mrs. James Tyson, entertaining in honor of Mrs. Finley McIntyre, was hostess on Thursday at the Francisco Club. The honor guest is soon to leave for a three-months trip to Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Clay and Miss Marydona Clay are visiting Philip Clay Jr. at his school, Los Alamos in New Mexico. They plan to be away about three weeks.

The Percy Walkers will be hosts at a Christmas Eve party, the affair having the two-fold purpose of dedicating their new home to its purposes and celebrating the coming of Christmas.

Spirit of Christmas Unchanged

(Continued from Page 1-S)

coming up from the south for a fortnight.

The Harry East Millers, Major and Mrs. Charles Tilden of Alameda, the Robert Fitzgeralds, the J. H. Francis Smiths, the George Bornemanns, the Timothy Coogans, A. A. Moore, Mrs. William Thornton White, the Frank Watsons, the Dudley Dexters, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Wilson, the Frank Hunt Proctors, Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Somerset are all to be hosts over the day of days. Incidentally, over at the Laremont Country Club most elaborate plans are developing for a famous New Year's Eve, two hundred guests already having signed up to dine under the pine-covered roof-tree, and to dance when the Sabbath—and the Old Year—shall have slipped into the eternity of years.

The Sequoyah County Club will likewise hold open house for its members on New Year's Eve, a full membership responding to the call for the round-up for the year that's dawning.

The Spens-Blacks, the Stewart Hawleys and the Harry Moshers are at Del Monte for the big Christmas tree that comes down from the forest that crowns the hills back of the old town, reviving century-old memories when the Mission Indians hewed them down for the self-same purpose.

Dr. and Mrs. G. P. Wintermute and their daughter, Miss Margaret Wintermute are other Eastbay folk who shall spend the week in the winter of 1923 at Del Monte. Thomas Cushing Watsons, many of them to remain over for the carnival of sports—golf, of course, the here.

FAREWELL TEA

Miss Kathryn Masten and the Misses Marion and Margery Dunne were honor guests at a smart tea, whereat Mrs. J. Rupert Mason was hostess a few days ago—a sort of farewell to the Misses Dunne, who are leaving for Europe.

Among the guests were the Misses: Ruth Waller, Helen Foster, Helen Hammerstein, Edith von Rhein, Doris Fagan.

Mademoiselle: Maryvonne, Charles Corbet, Charles Turner, Edward Corbet, Carl Froehlicher, Jr., Glenweithier Willis, John Winston Jr., Sean Black, Leroy Bentley.

IN BERMUDA

Miss Harriet Walker, daughter of the Clinton Walkers, will spend the holiday week in Bermuda, her aunt, Mrs. Earnest Smith and Miss Narcissus Vanderlip, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vanderlip, accompanying her. The girls, both students at Vassar, spent Thanksgiving vacation together at the Vanderlip home at Scarborough-on-the-Hudson.

Mrs. Walter F. Frear of Honolulu, wife of the former territorial governor, came up to pass the Christmas vacation with her daughter, Miss Virginia Frear, a student at Mills College.

Mrs. Elbridge Miles Cantelow, a visitor from Seattle—a guest at the Park home



NAVY SET

Miss Ransom O'Hern was hostess at a birthday supper party on Monday evening at her home in the Benicia arsenal. Miss O'Hern is the eldest daughter of Colonel E. P. O'Hern, commanding officer of the arsenal—a popular navy girl.

The guests were—Major and Mrs. J. H. Jorg, Lieutenant and Mrs. Martin B. Stonebraker, Lieutenant and Mrs. Frank Branderker, Lieutenant and Mrs. Charles Osborn, Miss Elizabeth Cox, Lieutenant Harry Neade, Lieutenant R. Rodgers, Captain Mrs. Hastings, Ensign J. Osborn.

Another interesting affair in the navy set was given at Mare Island a few days ago, whereat Major and Mrs. Albert Randall were dinner hosts, entertaining:

Major and Mrs. Nelson White, Commander and Mrs. Frederick Perkins, Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. R. G. Major Randall will proceed to Philadelphia, to report for duty, after a long period of service at "The Island."

Camille d'Arville—Mrs. E. W. Crellin's home on Gotham for a holiday visit, the New Year luring her, however, back to New York, where she has been studying for a year or more. And it is said that the former star of light opera is planning to enter the concert field.

While in New York, Mrs. Crellin was an honor guest of many transplanted Californians and friends of her former residence in the Big Town.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Dinwiddie Jr. of Claremont with William Lucas Dinwiddie and Frank Lucas Dinwiddie left this week for Portland, where they will spend Christmas with Mrs. Dinwiddie's parents, the Frank Lucases. Mr. Dinwiddie will return after the holidays, but his wife and children will remain in the north for two months.

Seattle Folk Return For Holidays

Mr. and Mrs. Chesley John Roberts of Seattle have come down to visit the Henry Willard Taylors at their home in Uplands, where they will probably remain through the diverting period of holiday-making.

A number of informal affairs have been planned for the popular young matron during her stay, who was one of the leading spirits of the dancing club, Los Gais Vivivours, to which belonged interesting groups of young married folk, with a sprinkling of unattached girls and men. Indeed, she it was who set the club in motion.

WED IN EAST

Friends of Miss Cornelia Clamptett are awaiting the little white card—or maybe a telegram—announcing her marriage to William Shuman, who reached New York the day the former California girl was due from Paris.

The ceremony as originally planned was to be performed some time betwixt Christmas and New Year's, the bride-elect to be the guest of the J. E. T. Shumans at their home in Pittsburgh.

Miss Clamptett has been in Paris for a year with her parents, the Reverend Frederick W. Clamptett and Mrs. Clamptett, the leading spirits of the American Students' Club—the oasis in the French capital for homesick Americans. And as the secretary of her father, the California girl was the toast of the club. Widely traveled and soundly educated, she was one of the most popular girls of her year.

FROM EAST

The betrothal of Miss Mary Robbins of Pittsburgh and New York to E. Frere Champney of San Francisco, is being related to friends of the bride and her mother—Mrs. Frances Le Baron Robbins, both of whom have wintered in California, dividing their time between San Francisco, Santa Barbara and more recently Carmel. Here the bride-to-be became one of the contributing members of the art club, through her cleverness at the piano and the organ.

The date of the wedding of the San Francisco architect and the eastern girl has not been set, but the home will be established in Berkeley.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The marriage is announced of Miss Virginia Dentley and Richard P. Meehan, the service having taken place on Monday at the parish house of the First Congregational church, Berkeley.

Mr. Meehan is a member of the 22 class, University of California—a Theta Xi man. His bride is a Pi Beta Phi.

After a honeymoon trip south, the young persons will make their home in Berkeley.

TAFT & PENNOYER
Company

WE extend to the people of the East Bay Communities a most sincere wish that their Christmas may be a very merry one.

A Merry Christmas Awaits You at the Vendome

Delicious Roast Turkey dinner—the joy-feast of the year—and then the big lighted Christmas Tree at 3 p. m. for the benefit of the Benevolent Home for Children.

A gift for every child present; special program, splendid music. Motor down from Oakland and bring the family—Spend a Merry Christmas Day at The Hotel Vendome—San Jose Dinner \$2.50 or a la Carte North First Street

FOR MUSICIAN

Another musician has come among us—Miss Anna Dehe, sister of Wilhelm Dehe, the cellist who has made a place for himself among artists of the Eastbay.

Miss Dehe has recently come from Holland to make her home with her brother—a pianist who will enrich the musical colony that has sprung up in Berkeley.

SAILING AWAY

Miss Kitty Bell Long, who leaves a few days for South America, accompanying the Misses Jennie, Mamie and Harriet Huff, was hostess at a luncheon at the Woman's Athletic Club a few days ago—a farewell to a dozen friends.

The hostess is a U. C. girl—a Kappa Kappa Gamma, who is seeking the opportunity of making the interesting trip with such seasoned travelers as the Misses Huff.

The Huff home, incidentally, is one of the landmarks of the county, Socrates Huff having established the home-plot in San Leandro when the country round about was grazing land of old Spanish settlers.

LIGGETTS BACK

General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett are back from their trip to Honolulu, where the hero of the Aronne and his wife played about for a month.

As many friends of the army man are stationed at the post, a round of pleasure followed from the moment of their landing until the aloha were said.

On the homeward voyage, General Liggett was a generous contributor to the entertainment of his friends, having won a reputation for a happy faculty of narrative while still in West Point.

Roos Bros
SIX MODEL STORES

The Roos Sales

Start Tuesday at 9 a. m.

At Your Nearest Roos Store

For Men
Annual Overcoat Sale
For Women
Semi-Annual Clearance Sale

"When Roos has a sale—it IS a sale"

See Tomorrow's Tribune for the Details

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES



Tragic Tale of Girl Who Lost Job When She Got Fat

In the typing department over at Lasky's studio is a very pretty girl who was once a motion picture star and leading lady—Mabel Cruze. She has the blond baby doll looks that are in such demand on the screen, yet she can't get an offer for she is thirty pounds too heavy. She is at present employed in translating Pola Negri's script into the German, for Mabel is a full-blooded German herself. She tells a funny anecdote of her starring days. She has always had to watch her appearances with a hawklike eye, and even then could not ever be sure of finishing a picture at the weight she began it.

Once she went to Alaska to make a picture and weather conditions kept them there two months, during which time the heaviest and richest foods were the only kind obtainable. Mabel began the picture weighing a neat hundred and thirty. She and sixty. Since scenes are not made in sequence, the completed version was a funny affair. Mabel would walk into a door thin and be seen within the room fat, would begin a speech fat and end it thin. She would start a scene with most charmingly thin, and without eating a bite on the trip would arrive fat.

This is a season of good parodies on popular successes. All a comedian has to do these days is to wait until a big feature, like "The Three Musketeers," "Blood and Sand," "Tess of the Storm Country," is issued and then parody it. The latest is Bull Montana's rollicking parody of "Robin Hood," which he calls "Rob 'em Good." As in "Robin Hood," King Richard steals the gay robber's thunder, Chuck Reisner has the part in the comedy and makes the most of it. The titles are exceedingly clever. This picture was seen in preview and will not be released for some time yet.

Will Lloyd Hughes, Mary Pickford's foil in "Tess of the Storm Country," achieve stardom as a result of his work in that picture? Harold Lockwood won stardom with the first "Tess," and now it is rumored that once he is in a picture, he is already being featured in an ice production, "Scars of Jealousy."

Johnnie Walker is to star in "The Fourth Musketeer," a comedy by H. C. Witwer. Ain't we got fun?

(Copyright, 1922.)

This up-to-the-minute Santa Claus (or are flappers really out of date?) is Miss Norma Conterno, charming leading woman for Al St. John Fox comedies. In the other picture the two beautiful aids to St. Nicholas are Doris Pawn (left) and Barbara LaMar, who abandoned work in the Gasnier production of "The Hero," to decorate this tree for kiddies working at the studio.

Pola Negri Tries to Lose Her Job
Chaplin Advises Own Company

HOLLYWOOD, Dec. 23.—Speaking of best bets in Hollywood, we can't help wondering what is up Lasky's sleeve in regard to the peerless Pola. Pola Negri is now finishing "Bella Donna," finishing it gloriously, she are told, in spite of the fact that she is half ill and wholly dispirited. They say her vivacity is gone. One other picture was suggested for her, to be directed by Penrhyn Stanlaws, but his sudden flight from the Lasky lot has put a crimp in those plans. Some other original will doubtless be selected to take its place, but since the 1923 program of Lasky is already announced and since two Negri films only are listed, one can't help wondering just what will become of Pola. Will she go back to Berlin? But Lubitsch, her favorite director,

Mary Pickford in
Real Santa Claus
Role of Rescuer

OUR prize Santa Claus story: Little Martha Miller, four years old, was lost in the shopping mobs in Los Angeles downtown section, and was rescued by Mary Pickford, who, with her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, was doing some last-minute shopping. Martha would admit nothing beyond the fact that she was four years old, but she had been bribed by a new gold ring purchased especially for her at the jewelry store. Then she collected by her name and address and Mary located her frantic grandmother. That child will have a topic of conversation for the rest of her life and there is one heirloom at least in that family now.

(Copyright, 1922.)

will be here, directing Doug and Mary.

Rumors from the Lasky lot indicate that Charlie Chaplin is interested in Pola's career, quite apart from their romance. It is accepted gossip that he has advised her to try to break her contract with Lasky, and to set up as an independent star, to be directed by Lubitsch when he gets through with his Pickford-Fairbanks contract, or even before he goes to work with them. It is rumored that such a common ion as American capital (some of it furnished by the affluent Charlie), Pola as a star and Lubitsch as a director, would cause Lubitsch to forget his other American contracts.

It is further rumored that Pola is trying the usual tactics to cure a release from her contract—bursts of temper on the set, general unpleasantness, etc. But breaking a Famous Players-Lasky contract is no easy matter, as Valentino can tell the world.

The utmost secrecy guards the name of the story in which Pola will star after "Bella Donna" is finished, though it is definitely known that this story has been chosen for her.

No one ever hears much about the writers' romances, but we are sure Violet Clark is having just as nice a honeymoon as if she were a star instead of merely a very successful scenario writer. She married an artist, Robert Freeman, and the two have gone to New York and will sail thence to London, where Mr. Freeman has an assignment which will keep them there about three months.

At the same time, Ethel Clayton is now working, gave as his reason for adoring the fair and seasoned Ethel: "She don't make herself common like some of the near-stars. She doesn't speak to anybody but her director and the big bosses."

(Copyright, 1922.)

The Flapper
Santa Claus

Carmel Myers
Fails to
Obtain Divorce

Among the legal items of the week are:

Betty Compson loses her appeal and has to pay a judgment of \$1871, secured by John McFadden, for services rendered.

Warner Baxter has to pay \$25 fine for speeding when he tries to overtake a man who owes him \$30; a week later the man sends him a check for the \$30.

Clara Mores loses her divorce suit against her husband, Isadore B. Kornblum, on the grounds that not a year had elapsed since he had deserted her. She can try again next May, if her husband isn't taken back before then.

Arthur George Jervis, who says he used to be a motion picture actor and an advisor on British customs, is suing Anna B. Giffman, one of the owners of the Giffman Moving Picture Company, for breach of promise, asking \$100,000. Jervis claims that he gave up his motion picture work at her request, for he says, she told him it would not be necessary for him to seek or maintain employment. Pretty soft, wouldn't you?

You just can't discourage Rudy. It is now rumored that Valentino is going to make phonograph records. Of course no one knew that Rudy could sing, but what does that matter? It will be Rudy—our Rudy, in one guise at least. Possibly his first record, sung in a passionate baritone, will be "The Shrike" or an aria from "Blood and Sand." Now they say it is all false—that report that he is going to England to appear on the vaudeville stage with his almost-wife, Natacha Rambova. In face of everything, however, we are still betting on Valentino for the lead in "Ben Hur." Remember that June Mathis—his staunchest friend and his discoverer—is writing the story and that she has an awful lot to say now about everything over at Goldwyn's, also kindly remember that Lasky is not making a cent out of Valentino as things are now. Why not rent him at a big figure?

More shake-ups: Larry Semon has only four more pictures to do for Vitaphone, then goes to First National, to take the place of Buster Keaton, who in turn will take his talents to the new organization headed by J. D. Williams, along with the Talmadges.

Reid Expose Stirs Hollywood, Although Everyone Knew It
Fate of Taylor May Follow War on Dope Ring, Fear Officials
New York Arrests May Furnish Clue to Los Angeles Cases

By Myron Zobel
Editor, Screenland Magazine

HOLLYWOOD, Dec. 23.—The peculiar thing about the startling disclosure concerning Wallace Reid and the morphine habit is that everyone in Hollywood and many people in Los Angeles knew it—had known it for years. Every newcomer to Hollywood from the east was regaled with the story of how Wallie Reid was ruining his life and his wife's happiness and setting a bad example to the younger screen players. But no one dreamed that it would get into print. It was just one of those things that couldn't happen—but did. Hollywood has not been so profoundly shocked since the first high beard fence was stuck up around the first arc light. The Arbuckle affair rocked the nation, but Arbuckle was not so well beloved as Reid. This story of Wallie's fight with the insidious morphine habit and the demoralizing whiskey habit has done more to sober Hollywood and pave the way for whatever Hays may be able to do for the industry than anyone outside of Hollywood can imagine. If Hays knows how, let him get to work, Hollywood says—and means it.

The sympathy is all with Reid out here. Almost everyone is sorry the sordid story got out. It was a sort of family affair which we were glad to keep in the family; now the nation has one more big cause to point its finger at Hollywood.

There will be those who will blame Mrs. Davenport, Wallie's mother-in-law, for letting the cat out of the bag, and still more who will censure Mrs. Reid for admitting the truth of the ugly story. But however that may be, Mrs. Reid has undoubtedly been the best friend Reid has ever had. Whether or not Reid can "come back" on the screen, everyone in Hollywood is betting that he will make a personal come-back, that his home life will be saved.

Reid is a very sick man, if reports can be believed; but his illness is no worse than that agony which everyone who has been a drug addict suffers in breaking the bonds of slavery. The painful part of it is that a drug addict once cured is never the same again. He may not shoot his arms full of holes with the hypodermic, but his energy, his enthusiasm for living, his youthfulness, will be blighted. When Morphine goes, she leaves a void which no amount of good intentions can fill—according to those who have overcome the habit and ought to be able to speak with authority.

Will the local authorities and Will Hays be allowed to go through with their declared intentions of crushing the dope ring that is unofficially recognized to exist in Hollywood, or will they suffer the same fate that overtook William Desmond Taylor, the first "Moses" who tried to lead the children of filmdom out of the wilderness? Events promise to pop thick and fast, now that the light of publicity has been allowed to play upon the situation.

Wallie Reid did not manufacture his own morphine. Someone else did it for him. To catch that someone and his confederates will be the chief concern of District Attorney Woolwine and of Will Hays. Hays says he is not here to apprehend

and punish criminals, nor is he the custodian of individual morals. But he smashes his fist down on the assertion that he will do all in his power to check the evil which is undermining such men as Wallace Reid.

In New York, De Carleton Simon, speaking of the arrest of Williams in whose possession \$30,000 worth of dope was found, is reaching across the continent to Hollywood with the information he has found there. An entry of "W. R." appears frequently in Los Angeles and Hollywood a search is being made for J. Herbert Frank, from whom Williams received frequent letters, in one of which Williams is told that the stuff is hard to get out here and that he should come out, if reports are true. Frank is listed as a member of the Los Angeles Athletic Club and is said to be an actor in pictures, but could not be located. It looks as if the biggest expose in the history of pictures is ripe for the making.

But the making over of Hollywood may take a little more than the few weeks Hays is quoted as having allotted to the job.

Jesse Lasky says that as early as last June he had detailed a physician and a nurse to attend Reid constantly, everywhere he went from cellar to bathroom. But Wallace found a way to circumvent even such surveillance. Naturally Lasky is utterly at sea as to Reid's future in pictures.

Will Hays "hear" of the movie, preached a sermon at the Wradake (Los Angeles) Presbyterian church, and at the conclusion of the services became a hero in a touching little drama.

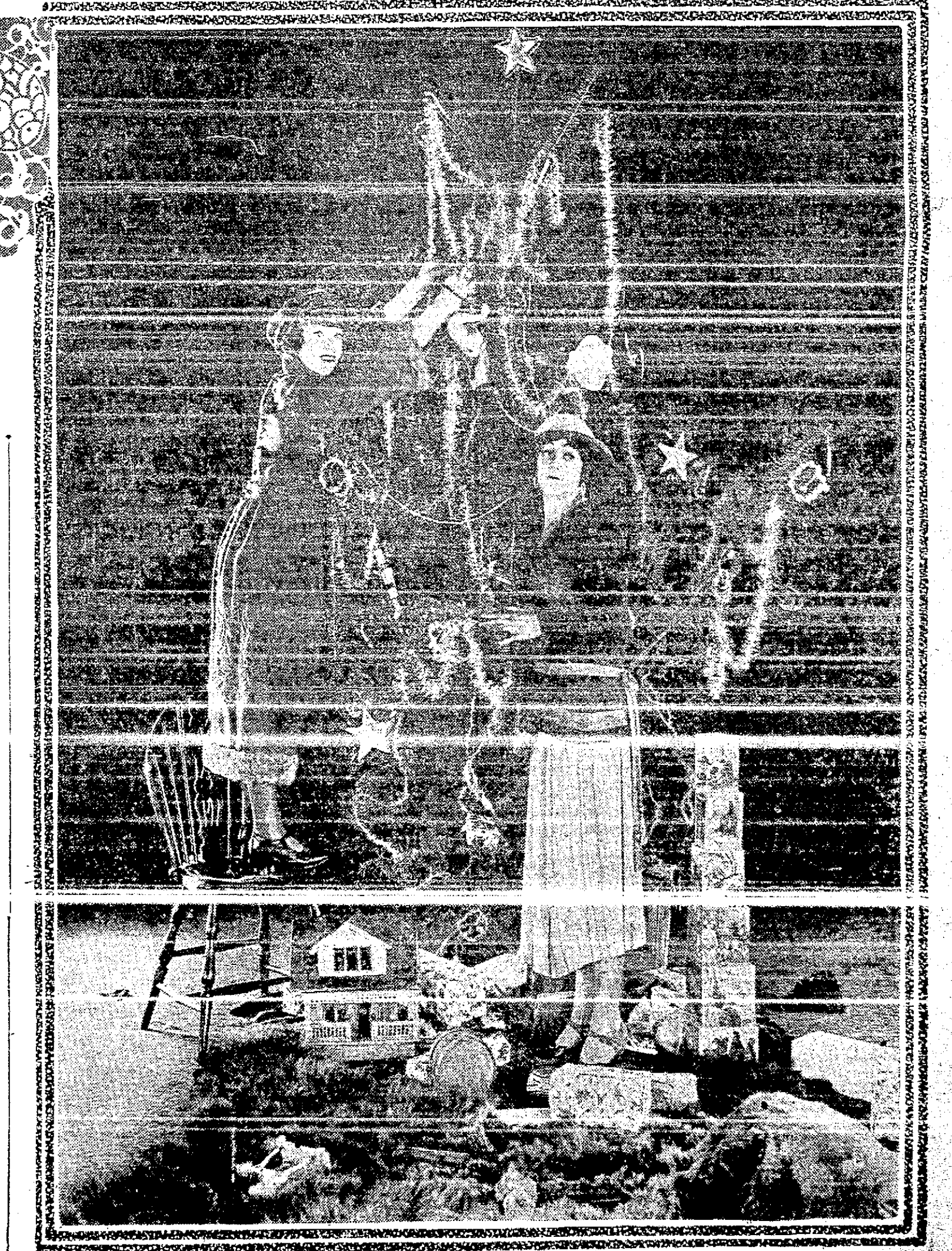
A Russian note for 5000 rubles was being auctioned off for charitable purposes, and when the pastor asked for a bid of \$100 for it, a little boy raised his hand. His embarrassed mother jerked his arm down, but not before Hays had seen the outstretched hand. He allowed the boy to take the ruble note, giving him the \$100 with which to pay for it.

Even the "few weeks" that Hays allotted to "making Hollywood over" will be mostly absent treatment, for he left Hollywood in time to join his family for Christmas at Sullivan, Indiana.

All is not hopeless—the Gump characters and their doings are to be put into pictures, announces Sidney Smith, the famous dandy. Universal will film the two-reelers. Now we will see Chester and Min and Andy and Uncle Sam and the Widow Zander in reel life.

Regarding Vitaphone's suit against Paramount for \$6,000,000, claiming trust methods, it is interesting to note that Vitaphone and its present chief, Albert E. Smith, at one time were an intimate part of the tightest little trust the industry ever saw, says Variety, a theatrical paper, when Vitaphone was a member of the General Film Co., which attracted the attention of the department of justice before it went to bankruptcy. Vitaphone was the prime mover in a little consolidation of its own, the W. S. L. L. a releasing combination that functioned a long time. To the uninitiated, it looks a little like sour grapes.

(Copyright 1922.)



deserters from the United Artists' banner. Semon had a \$3,000,000 contract with Vitaphone and it is said that four companies have been bidding for his services.

"We must have a little Austrian in our home," sighs Universal, of them all leaves—Eric von Stroheim. The new picture in our midst is Prince Sanna of Thurn and Taxis, more recently from Prague in Czechoslovakia. He has had his picture taken with the sparkling Priscilla Lane, and hence is all set to make a great success in the movies. It is confessed that this prince is a prince in name only, whatever that may mean. Of course he is not working at all, as princings is not a profession in Europe. He is being offered a job in comedies by

Al St. John. He should make a fortune in the "before taking" half of the popular advertisement, which make such pleasant fireside fiction reading.

Well, Ora Carew did decide to leave her husband, but she is now more or less tightly married to John C. Howard, heir of the Howard salad dressing empire. John has gone home to show his parents what he found in Hollywood.

(Copyright, 1922.)



Elaine Hammerstein
in
"One Week of Love"
at the American

FULTON

Christmas week is to be a George M. Cohan week at the Fulton theater, according to the management. For the play "The Meanest Man in the World," which opens today, is Cohan's latest comedy, and there are to be Cohan songs and the stage and Cohan music from the orchestra throughout the proceedings. An extra Christmas matinee is to be given Monday.

The week is to be made notable also by the coming of a new leading man, Stuart Sage, formerly leading man of "The Bat" in New York City.

PANTAGES

The Great Blackstone, a master magician and a photoplay, entitled "White Hands," featuring Hobart Bosworth, are headliners of Pantages bill, commencing with a matinee this afternoon.

The balance of the show includes Waldano's sensation, billed as a superb conception and abounding in thrills; Chisholm and Breen in "Happy Hollow," Bronson and Renee in "A Little of Everything," a versatile team with clever lines; Bully Walker, a singer.

NEW PIEDMONT

Mischa Glusckin, conductor of the Philharmonic Concert orchestra, which is appearing every Sunday evening in grand concert at the New Piedmont theater, has prepared a program for tonight's concert which includes several numbers appropriate for the yuletide season.

In addition to the concert program, Richard Barthelmess will appear in his latest photoplay, "The Road to Rome," at 7:30 p. m. The concert will be held at the New Piedmont theater tomorrow.

AMERICAN

"One Week of Love," the story of a Wild West shell, with Elaine Hammerstein and Conway Tearle in the leading roles, being offered at the American theater in celebration of the holiday week starting yesterday. An amazing train wreck, remarkable for its realism, a falling airplane with its cargo of femininity and several other incidents filmed in the high Sierra provide thrills in "One Week of Love."

"At the Sign of the Jack O'Lantern" is an adaptation of Myrtle Reed's thrilling novel. Earl Stone is the leading role.

T. and D.

"The Man Who Played God" is only George Arliss' latest, but it is by far the best picture he has yet made. The story is a splendid one for the screen, taking in the entire gamut of emotions. Arliss, stricken by deafness, loses his vision on a life boat when he decides to see if there isn't some good in doing good for others.

Irma Gage's Kiddies share honors with "The Man Who Played God."

appears in his funniest comedy, "The Agent," and everyone who loves laughter will find this is the

Great Blackstone
at
Pantages

Thomas Meighan in "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow"
at the Chimes

ORPHEUM

Three headlined acts on a bill of standard Orpheum presentations, with Viola Dana in "June Madness," as the chief photoplay attraction, together with other film offerings and other recitals will make up the matinee performance Sunday afternoon.

The stellar acts of the new program will include Thomas Dugan and Babette Raymond, Wayne and Warren and Eric Zardo. For their present tour of the Orpheum circuit Dugan and Raymond are offering "An Ace in the Hole." Billy Wayne and Ruth Warren will offer "The Last Car," in which comedy.

The balance of the bill will include De Witt Burns and Torrence in "The Awakening of Toys," an original novelty; Fred Bernard and Sid Garry, "Southern exponents," in a musical entertainment and The Florensis, European postura and acrobatics in a thrilling act.

NEW BROADWAY

Peter B. Kyne's "Kindred of the Dust," a first National attraction, will make up the holiday bill at the New Broadway theater today and tomorrow.

No recent screen drama sweeps forward with the spontaneity of dramatic action and thrills of events as does "Kindred of the

NEW CHIMES

Today, and for today only, the Chimes theater is offering a double attraction. The first is "The Dust Flower," by Basil King. And in the surprising cast is found Helene Chadwick, Claude Gillingwater and James Donnell. It is the story of a modern Cinderella, a tender recital of romance and a rugged message of faith. "Woman Wake Up," with Clarence Vidor, is the other feature. It tells the story of a young couple who marry and the trials of their first year of married life. Monday and Tuesday, December 25 and 26, Thomas Meighan in "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow" is the feature.

STATE

Today, for three days, the photoplay attraction at the State theater is "The Awakening of Toys," an original novelty; Fred Bernard and Sid Garry, "Southern exponents," in a musical entertainment and The Florensis, European postura and acrobatics in a thrilling act.

Van Buren, Eric Mayne and Billy Elmer, "Pawnee" is a melodrama of a war.

Topping the Ackerman and Harris vaudeville show is the comedy revue "The Pirate King," in three prehistoric scenes. Four pretty girls and two comedians comprise the cast. Billy Davore and Bill Connors will present a blackface comedy offering under the title "Take that Bag."

Dealing with the inter-marriage of the races, "Abie's Irish Rose" was built for laugh-making purposes only. There is not an objectionable line or situation in the entire three acts. The love of Abie Levy, a Jewish boy, for Rosemary Murphy, an Irish girl, forms the basis of the plot and the subterfuges indulged in to keep the two irate parents pacified add to the merriment. The

FRANKLIN

"Clarence," a comedy tale by Booth Tarkington, opened at the Franklin theater yesterday and will remain for Christmas week.

The story of the former driver of army mules who never swore at his boasts of burden, of the collector of beetles and butterflies and of the college professor who traveled incognito is full of good humor.

The surrounding bill includes a fast action comedy, International News Weekly, appropriate Christmas music by Charles Forsyth and his intimate symphony and an educational film that is most enjoyable.

Reserved seats are selling two weeks in advance.

AUDITORIUM

No play in recent years has met with the university success as "Abie's Irish Rose," which opens a return engagement of four days in Oakland at the Auditorium theater tomorrow (Christmas) afternoon.

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company is the same organization, Oakland Century beginning today, that appeared here at the Orpheum last summer.

Russell takes the part of a twentieth century Santa Claus, who gets himself involved in a series of trying but laughable situations. Stage settings and decorations will be in accord with the spirit of the Yuletide season.

"Merry Christmas" is hailed as the most colorful, most tuneful and most amusing of the recent revues.

Very last picture of Wally Reid

Agnes Ayres

May McAvoy

Kathlyn Williams

Wally Reid

Weldano's Sensation

The Show of Wonders

Buddy Walker

The Show of Wonders

Hobart Bosworth

Richard McKim and a score of other screen favorites.

Max Graf presents

"White Hands"

Prices:

Kiddies Ten Cents, Any Time

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CENTURY

"Merry Christmas," with Jack Russell in the stellar role, supported by his famous cast of thirty beauties, is now offering at the

company is the same organization, Oakland Century beginning today, that appeared here at the Orpheum last summer.

Russell takes the part of a twentieth century Santa Claus, who gets himself involved in a series of trying but laughable situations. Stage settings and decorations will be in accord with the spirit of the Yuletide season.

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Humor Elusive;

MUCH TO

To Be Learned

When a character steps on a banana peel and falls, the majority of the public will laugh.

"But when we get into psychological comedy or attempt to analyze the response to a subtle situation, we are feeling our way more or less in the dark."

So declares Beulah Marie Dix, Paramount scenario writer, who has just penned the screen adaptation of "A Daughter of Luxury," in which Agnes Ayres is starring for Paramount under the direction of Paul Powell.

Miss Dix was asked to give an advance tip on what would be some of the comedy situations in that particular picture, and this gave rise to her discussion of the psychology of comedy and her above statements.

"Purely comedy antics, such as the banana peel incident," continued the writer, "are obviously comedy and are generally sure for a laugh. It is almost an impossibility, however, to gauge a standard of public response to subtlety or situation comedy. And this is one of the great drawbacks under which screen producers and writers work, and is perhaps a problem that will never be entirely solved. A book or a play stands a better chance to succeed than a motion picture because no matter what its theme, text or style, there is a certain class of people which will patronize it, while the motion picture's appeal must be general and must strike a responsive note in every man, woman and child, or a large majority thereof."

In writing comedy or comedy-drama such as "A Daughter of Luxury," we never can assure ourselves absolutely that a certain humorous situation is going to be funny in the public eye. It might seem funny to us, or funny to the players, but that is no standard.

"I remember back in the days when I was doing stage work, when the people in the cast suddenly burst out laughing at the comic situations," she continued, "the stage director and producers immediately shook their heads and entertained grave doubts as to the success of the play."

"This gives us the license to draw a conclusion: the public at large is not as responsive to subtlety as the small group of professionals. This might be explained by saying that comic situations and subtleties are the stock in trade of professionals. They become trained, by constant portrayals to more readily detect the meaning of the humor, behind a comedy situation and thus are able to grasp things which go over the heads of the audience."

"The evolution of a comedy situation, therefore, in a motion picture might be compared to the mixing of unknown chemical compounds. An explosion might result, and again, there might be no explosion at all, the explosion, in this sense, coinciding figuratively with the response by laughter of the audience."

Dinner Pail Revived

Lunching from the dinner pail has been revived by James Rennie and his wife, Dorothy Gish, who are both working on pictures at the Biograph studio. Mr. Rennie, playing the sympathetic leading man role in a new and unnamed Edwin Carewe production for First National release, and Dorothy, co-starring with Richard Barthelmess in "Fury," the forthcoming Inspiration picture.

"The dinner pail," says Rennie, "simple though it seems, came as the result of long and strenuous thought on the subject. In the past Dorothy and I seemed never to get our luncheon hour at the same time but with a dinner pail full of sandwiches and fruit we can lunch together at any time that we both happen to be off the set. What counts is not the hour at which one lunches, but the company with whom one lunches."

Danceless Dance Latest

Pauline Toler, the winsome ingenue whose last screen appearance will be in Rupert Hughes' "The Bitterness of Strife," is responsible for the "lead" society story of the week. She gained this position in the forefront by issuing invitations to "a danceless dance" which she is going to give at her Hollywood home. All the leading dancers of Southern California will be present. A jazz orchestra will also be present executing its jazziest jazzes, and dancing will be heard absolutely. The subject, "danceless dance," is well within the range of possibility that the public will hear much more about Pauline's unique party.

Bobbie Bobs Up Again

Upon his own demand that his vacation shall end, Bobbie Daventon, the four-year-old screen artist ultra-lively, will be given the opportunity to again display his talents and personality before motion picture cameras in Johnnie Walker's next starring vehicle, the filming of which will start soon, directed by William K. Howard. This will be Bobbie's fifth picture engagement, his best past performance having been in an important role in "The Jungle Goddess," the Selig serial. It's said he has all the earmarks of a star of the future.

Gives Gaston Grapes

Fans are forever giving their favorites tidbits and many oddities find their way into the Hollywood homes of film celebrities most every day. Now Gaston Cappon, who is the champion romancer of the silent drama, has received a crate of fine grapes shipped all the way from Brazil, even though it is where the nuts come from. The grapes arrived in good condition and in sufficient quantity to afford several feasts for several friends.

Santa visited the Hollywood Paramount studios early. This is Pauline Garon and the dolly he brought her. Miss Garon is one of the young players appearing in Cecil B. De Mille's "The Sign of the Cross."



Camera Chatter

Bert Lyell and Bebe Daniels have gone east to make "The Exciters," a crook story, very successful on Broadway. "Once a crook, always a crook," says Lyell, who seems to be cursed with such roles. He has just finished "Rupert of Hentzau" for Selznick. Bebe Daniels is not to be started during 1923 by Lasky—just for sure.

Another foreigner is in our midst—Count Jacques van Maurik de Beaufort, whose modest ambition is to own a hangar in Hollywood and to be a successful motion picture director. Count de Beaufort served with the Belgian forces overseas for five years and won the title of captain, which he says he prefers to that of count. But it is noticeable that he is always referred to as the Count, and that he does not keep the title a secret.

Another whack at the trust: J. W. Genest, president of a New York publishing house, announces that he has opened negotiations to buy the old Federal Studios here, to produce pictures, as an opening wedge in the fight of 14,000 independent motion picture theater owners against the so-called trust. The Theater Owners' Distributing Corporation was formed in Chicago recently with a capital of five million dollars.

Remember the book that all of us read behind closed doors about ten years ago—Robert W. Chambers' then very naughty "The Common Law"? Of course it is only palely purple in its passion now, since such writers as Ethel Hull and Elinor Glyn have been trying to strip our illusions as well as their heroines of all modesty, but Selznick still believes it has some kick and is going to make a special feature of it. Corinne Griffiths, who appears better in the altogether than almost anyone we can mention, is to be the beautiful Valerie West. She has been practicing for the role for some time, one would infer from the art studios which are appearing in photographer's display cases. Conway Tearle of the corrupted brow is to be the artist. Ethel Dexter the villainous Mrs. Quercia and Phyllis Haver the naughty Miss Tevis.

One of the most unenviable divorce trials of the month concerns Will Gentz, publicity manager for Robertson-Cole, and his wife, Mrs. Lily Gentz. Gentz is alleged kidnapped his own child, a seven-month-old boy, which the court then ordered returned to its mother. When Gentz returned the baby, a fight ensued in which both Mrs. Gentz and her husband were beaten up, each claiming the other struck the first blow.

Henry Murdock, who has been playing in Christie pictures for two years, will be seen opposite Dorothy Devore in "Hazel from Hollywood," and will then be featured himself.



THE PICK OF THE PICTURES

GEORGE ANTONIO

in

"The MAN WHO PLAYED GOD"

NOW PLAYING

A story of Christmas, love and happiness with the star of "Disraeli" and "The Ruling Passion" in his greatest role, that of a romantic lover.

and

IRMA GAGE'S KIDDIES

Larry Semon in "The AGENT"

Drama Is Told

Dest in "Closeup" Faces

By Cecil B. De Mille

I could make any story in the world in twelve days if I stayed twenty feet from my players.

That statement, I think, epitomizes the change that has taken place in directing practice during the past decade, a decade that has led us from a crude relation of incidents to a period where we are now putting through on a screen, something early technicians believed impossible.

It's the closeup that has lengthened the time necessary to make pictures and made them better.

Nine years ago I directed in seven days a picture that had only 75 scenes. Today I am making "Adam's Rib," a story by Jeanie Macpherson, which will have some 500 script scenes. And my recent pictures such as "A Man's a Man," "Saturday Night" and "Fool's Paradise" have all run into this length.

Because modern pictures grip through the power of the psychology, the close and intimate inter-play of human emotions. And only the human face can express these subtleties. In the old days we would have shot a struggle scene in a long shot, showing perhaps two men fighting on the floor with a woman at one side. In the long shot we could only get a suggestion of the emotions being experienced. The physical action, yes, but the soul action, the reaction of the mentalities concerned, the surging of love, hate, fear up from the heart and into the expressive muscles of the face, the light of the eyes, that, indeed is something you can only get by a flash to a close-up, or a semi-close-up.

And of course at twenty feet away from the camera you cannot get those fine shades and distinction of lighting that makes the modern picture differ from the ancient as a Rembrandt painting stands above the lithograph on a sign-board. Scenes twenty feet away from the camera can be taken quickly. They are largely action, they are the least of a director's worries.

But the striving for the glint of an eye that may register joy, sorrow or hate, the rehearsing and rehearsing to get just the proper rise or fall of an eyebrow, the exact relation of the muscular movement to the emotional expression, that's something that carries a picture from two to eight, ten, twelve weeks.

Directing has changed. And it is a change that has changed the motion picture from a mere panoramic device to a great moral and ethical influence, perhaps the greatest in the world.

Pictures take longer to make but the average is growing steadily better as more directors learn to bring their cameras closer than twenty feet, learn that the enduring things of the motion picture must be filmed in a manner that will lead direct to the hearts of those who see them on the screen.

From the Studio Lot

George Meehan, who had a finger in the making of "A Tailor Made Man," is responsible for the photography of "When Boyhood Was in Flower."

Lincoln Steadman is working with Herbert Rawlinson at Universal in a screen version of George Barr McCutcheon's novel, "Cuslie and Clever."

Edward Knoblock, scenario writer, has been added to the Pickford-Fairbanks staff and will assist in both forthcoming productions.

Frances Marion has been added to the Goldwyn fold. Marshall Neilan, producing in association with that company, has placed her under contract to write subtitles for "The Strangers' Banquet," his dramatization of Donn Byrne's novel.

One reason why Elsie Ferguson doesn't return to the screen is that she is such a big success in "The Wind of Life," a stage play under the Kiwi banner. She is one of the big drawing cards theatrically of the season.

STATE

BROADWAY at 14th

DIRECTOR ACKERMAN & HARRIS

SHE PAWNED HER SOUL TO SAVE A LIFE

STARTS TODAY

FOR 3 DAYS

The Great Super-Production, With

TOM MOORE—EDITH ROBERTS

CHARLES GERARD

JOSEF SWICKARD

"The Great Ferry Boat Scene"

HABEL VAN BUREN

CONF. 12 to 13

PAWNED

AS MUCH HEART INTEREST AS THE MIRACLE MAN

WRITTEN BY THE SAME AUTHOR FRANK PACKARD

In Conjunction with

GREAT XMAS VAUDEVILLE SHOW

"THE PIRATE KING"

Cast of Six Spectacular, Fantastical Songs

DEVORE & CONNORS

"Take That Dog"

LEONARD & WRIGHT

Variety Dance Revue

HE PAWNED HIS SOUL TO DOPE

E. J. MOORE

Something New

THE GABBERTS

Ingenious Athletes

HE PAWNED HIMSELF TO DRINK

MELLYAM

Hollywood Hearty

The Thomas H. Ince company filming that producer's latest special production, as yet untitled, has just returned from Yuma, Arizona, where ten whole days were devoted to photographing exteriors. Lloyd Hughes, the leading man of this outfit, tried to get busy catching up in his Christmas shopping, but after having his automobile bumped three times he gave up in despair for the time being. "Next year, I'm going to get my gifts from a mail order house and thus avoid the rush," Hughes says.

Alan Hale has recovered from an operation performed on his throat because of a case of severe chronic tonsillitis and has started drawing another one of his masterly characterizations in the William Fox all-star special Director Bernard Durning has just started.

There are not many who know it, but Helen Keeler, now playing an important role in Rupert Hughes' "Souls For Sale," in the course of production, was the one who thought of the very appropriate title of Max Linder's latest screen triumph. "The Three Must-Get-Thiers." When she suggested it to Mr. Linder he promptly adopted it and presented Miss Keeler with a five-pound box of bon bons together with a big bouquet of American beauty roses, all of which only goes to show it pays to think of things.

Who wants an actor's coat? Anybody can have Murray Spencer's. Yes, he's really got it.

goal—a live, honest-to-goodness goat. It's a Christmas present from a Pasadena friend, who is thus trying to convert the young man to the idea of drinking goat milk for health's sake. However, Mr. Spencer says he cannot keep the goat if he is to look after his own wealth's sake.

for the reason that this said goat eats food by the ton. "Whoever wants her and can catch her with unimpaired life or limb can have her," the actor says.

Huntley Gordon, who was brought out from New York for one of the leading roles in the Fred Niblo production, "The Famous Mrs. Fair," has cancelled his return trip east with a view of making Los Angeles his winter home.

CENTURY

BROADWAY at 14th

STARTING TODAY

JACK RUSSELL

Doing a "Rube Kid"

IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY REVUE

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

COULD BE PERFORMANCE TODAY AND CHRISTMAS DAY

THE GAYETY AND MUSIC WILL BE AT THE FULTON XMAS WEEK

(Beginning Sunday Matinee, Today)

STUART SAGE
New Leading Man

KATHERINE VAN BUREN
New Leading Lady

The Meanest Man in the World

George M. Cohan's Newest New York Success!

ARRIVES AT THE FULTON THEATER AT THE MATINEE TODAY

George M. Cohan Sends Him to Oakland!

Why Is He the "Meanest Man in the World?"

(George M. Cohan will tell you in his new play)

CHRISTMAS WEEK IS TO BE A JOLLY GEORGE M. COHAN WEEK AT THE FULTON!

(Beginning Sunday, December 24)

WITH A COHAN PLAY and COHAN MUSIC!

THE PLAY IS A NEW GEORGE M. COHAN PLAY

(a solid year in New York)

He's "The Meanest Man in the World"

(George M. Cohan sends him to Oakland for you to look him over.)

The Music at the Fulton Christmas week will all be George M. Cohan music.

Conductor Hawthorth's Orchestra will play the George M. Cohan hits.

HEAR THE GEORGE M. COHAN HITS

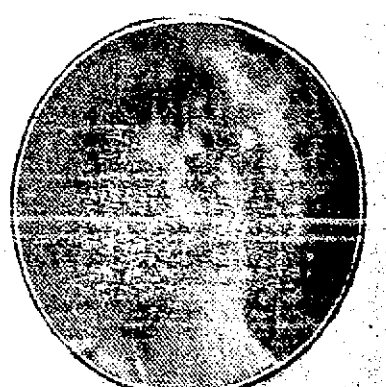
"I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy"—"Give My Regards to Broadway"—"Over There"—"Mary Is a Grand Old Name"

M. Cohan melodies.

Christmas Week Will Also See New Faces on the Fulton Stage!



STUART SAGE (former star of "The Bat"), now the new leading man at The Fulton.



KATHERINE VAN BUREN (a very great favorite), now leading woman at The Fulton.

NOTICE!

The new leading man and leading lady will appear Sunday, December 24th — AT THE FULTON in "THE MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD"

NOTICE—Two shows New Year's Eve. Fulton Theater patrons are invited to make their reservations at once for the two shows at the Fulton Theater on New Year's Eve—at 7:30 and 9:45. The play is to be "THREE WISE FOOLS." Phone Lakeside 73.

Extra Xmas Day Matinee Monday, December 25th

WHEN THE PLAY WILL BE, "THE MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD."

PHONE LAKESIDE 73.

BOOK REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTES

"Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement"

Baker

"Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement," by Ray Stannard Baker is Timed With the Indications the Former President Is Preparing for a "Come-back."

At this particular time, when there are indications, gleaned from Washington press despatches, that President Wilson is preparing to stage a "come back," Ray Stannard Baker's two-volume "Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement" are most timely. In view of the late letters, Robert Lansing's "Peace Negotiations," Tamm's "Woodrow Wilson as I Knew Him," and other books dealing with the war and peace negotiations, many of which are critical of the former President, it is fortunate for him that a Boswell in the person of Baker, has come to the rescue.

The author, however, in his preface, declares that the book is based on all points upon the documents, using actual quotations to develop the narrative. "The great purpose of the work," sets forth Baker, "has been to see that the issues are made clear; to show what America did; what the results really were. An honest effort has been made to bring out the weaknesses and defects in American policy as well as the elements of strength and sound leadership." He states that is one course of action at least he did not agree with the President—in the Shantung matter. The book presents the complete philosophy of Woodrow Wilson on which the much discussed and, as far as America is concerned, rejected League of Nations, is founded.

Baker gives the Wilson version of the break with Colonel House. "So long," he declares, "as Colonel House was what Chamberlain called an ear, but not a mouth," silent, listening, reporting veraciously and unobtrusively to the President, everything went well. But when Colonel House was placed in a great position where action based upon utterly clear thinking and sharp and definite decisions were required, he began to suffer from the defects of his own qualities. He never quite knew where he was, but he was always optimistic."

Colonel House met the President at Brest on his return to France, and rode to Paris with him. From that time onward there began to grow up a coldness between the two men. "This coldness," the author states, "was not due to trivial personal causes or to little, mean jealousies, as popularly reported, although it had, indeed, personal and trivial aspects, but was based upon far deeper failures in understanding and action."

President Wilson had great pressure brought to bear upon him to give his own account of what happened in Paris, but he refused. In a letter to Baker on December 18, 1920, he wrote: "It is clear to me that it will not be possible for me to write anything such as you suggest, but I believe that you can do it admirably."

Ray Stannard Baker had charge of the press bureau which had in charge the making and transmitting the American summary of the treaty.

The two volumes contain valuable historic data that sheds much light on events at Paris during the peace negotiations. They also most ably present the Wilson viewpoint. "Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement," by Ray Stannard Baker, New York, Doubleday, Page & Co., \$10.

"The National Anthem," J. Hartley Manners

Is Jazz the National Anthem of America?

This is the question propounded by J. Hartley Manners in "The National Anthem," the manuscript of the play in which he presented his wife, Laurette Taylor, in New York this season and which has now blossomed forth in book form.

While the play is interesting in that it deals with human character of today, and while it contains more than a little of the Hartley brand of romance and sentiment, and while it offers dramatic punch at odd moments, as a literary offering it falls of its purpose, for it does not answer the question.

In the beginning it looks like Jazz is the national anthem, along toward the middle it appears that Jazz is losing its foothold, but then in the end Jazz is still going pretty strong. The drama is prefaced with an essay or a diatribe on the youth of today, evidently modeled after James M. Barrie's lecture on "Courage."

There are four well-drawn characters in the play, the girl and her father and the boy and his father. The character of Tom, the true lover, is a bit stiff and the person of Madeline, the true-blue actress, is certainly far-fetched and milk and watery and certainly not true to type.

"The National Anthem," by J. Hartley Manners, New York, George H. Doran Company.

De WITT'S BOOK STORE

620 14th STREET

RAY STANNARD BAKER, who has written the story of Woodrow Wilson and world settlement.



READIN' AND WRITIN'

Pleasant Talks About Books and Authors EDITED BY GRANT OVERTON

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THE POETS' BAFFLEDER

In Baedeker's guide books the important places and beautiful views are marked with an asterisk, and the places of first importance and most beautiful views with a double asterisk; similarly a group of living poets are starred and double-starred below, as nearly as possible in agreement with the best critical opinion. Wherever verse you read, do not omit our double-starred poets.

John Massengill (English); especially longer poems, "Reynard the Fox," "The Everlasting Mercy," "Dauber."

Walter de la Mare (English); "The Veil and Other Poems," "Collected Poems, 1901-1918," two volumes containing earlier work.

Alfred Noyes (English); popular, collected verse published by Doubleday.

Robert Browning and Alfred Tennyson cheerfully do we bestow our benison. Keats and Shelley and Byron and Blake—to each we offer our right hand: "Shake!" Those old guys knew the unfulfillable hidden in some missing syllable—knew, with many a smothered curse the blankety-blankness of blank verse—also knew what a keen delight the joy of the line that came out right. Poets are funny; they seem to think of words as sounds or colors (like pink), and they mix them up in a careless way like a sunset after a rainy day. This poem's a sunset, that one's a flower; another's a canyon where rock walls tower. Some poems are tinsel, some are mud; the worst ones that go thud, thud, thud!

On the other hand, the poets are only partly to blame in many cases. There seems to be a silly idea in the minds of most of us that poetry must be intelligible.

Why? In a world where everything that is intelligible is apt to be tiresome, the unintelligibility of much of the best poetry is a positive blessing. Hey, diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle, the cow jumped over the moon—if it meant anything, all the fascination would be lost. You possibly have read Shakespeare. Very well; then you know those little songs he stuck in his plays every now and then—"With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonny-no," that sort of stuff. Do you think it would have been any better, or even one-tenth as good, if Shakespeare had made it mean something sound and sensible? You do? You are excused from class, then, for the rest of the day. The sound-and-sensible, like the poor, we have all ways with us; and one is just about as popular as the other. But poetry, like music, is an appeal to the unreason, that is, to the feelings. It may not succeed but it tries magnificently, directed without any compromise; and it is either everything or it is nothing. In Sara Teasdale's words:

Life has loveliness to sell.

All beautiful and splendid things,

Ripe as the wine upon a cliff,

Soaring fire that aways and

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Wells

"A Short History of the World," May Be Read As a Novel. Is a Panorama of Great Heroes, Lost Causes, Revolutions and Progress of Events.

H. G. Wells has written another short story of the world that is briefer than the author's "Outline of History." In a preface he explains that it may be found useful as a preparatory excursion before the reading of the much fuller, more exact and explicit work. It is announced as "a fascinating panorama of the great heroes, the lost causes, the revolutions and the slow progress of events—the very romance of history."

"This volume is meant to be read almost as a novel. It affords an opportunity for the busy general reader to refresh his fragmentary conceptions of the great events of history. The work contains over 400 illustrations. It is a book that is likely to arouse interest in general history and in particular periods and countries and result in more extended study and research. In these days when time for reading is so limited this 'Short History of the World,' by H. G. Wells, New York, The Macmillan Co., \$4.)

Music like a curve of gold. Scent of pine trees in the rain.

And such loveliness, expressed in beauty of the outdoors and in the warm intimacy of the home, can only be caressed by the sound of violin and oboes. It shines only palely through the web of words. Yet the poet, unless he is gifted vocally as Vachel Lindsay, poems more than double their magic as he recites or chants them. The poet can do nothing except with words. Shall he try them in straight sentences, as a railroad track? Heavens, no. His only hope is to spin a web of words, to fling them together as his instinct demands; and to try to follow patiently word by word for the deliverings of many poems is as foolish as trying to trace out the lines in a spider's web or a feather's shawl left on the grass in a dewy morning. No, you must stand off and admire the web (or the shawl); you must read slippily along and get only the total impression of the poem. And still, though you may allow this to be true, you say you don't understand it. Then we will try to tell you.

There is a magic in words. You cannot find it in the hunt for meanings. It is something residing in the words themselves, as pure sounds, as the swift creators of mood and memories and pictures and strange feelings. It was not for nothing that the ancient incantations were jumbles of outlandish words, strange-sounding gibberish. The old magicians and sorcerers knew their art. There could be no magic in sensible sounds and meanings. The magic could only come out of words flung pell-mell together to make magnificent nonsense. Then would shivers run up and down backs, skins creep, eyes roll upward, hands tremble and knees weaken. The magic was perhaps from on high, or from out the air, or from beneath the earth, but its working was in upon those who harkened to it.

So with the poet. He is one of the chief of our present-day magicians. He uses words for his spells. When Massengill writes of the lumber standing by the ship's rail and watching the loveliness and brilliance of the sky at night and at sea, watching the stars

Until their beauty took him by the throat,

then you, if you are at all responsive, must feel the pain in your own throat, the pain you yourself

moment in the presence of something supremely beautiful. The supremely beautiful, looked upon for more than a second, has always that effect; for it has the power to hurt you merely by its loveliness. It has the soothing power that springs from a beauty which must either perish or which brings to your mind the recollection that it will not perish with you.

And you? You will take no end of pains to "appreciate" an aria because it is sung by Galli-Curci or Caruso. How much pains will you take to enjoy a sonnet by Massengill, or an epilogue by Vachel Lindsay, or a New England farmhouse by Robert Frost, or a stifled passion uncovered by Amy Lowell? But these things are also bits of the "loveliness life has to sell." Make every week poetry week, if only by one poem—if only by one perfect line of a single poem.

PEN HOLDER.

Francis Little, author of "The Lady of the Decoration," and more recently of "Jack and I in Lotus Land" (Harpers), is in real life Mrs. Francis Little, formerly of Louisville, Ky. She is the wife of James Macaulay, formerly of Liverpool, England. Her books of life as she was for years supervisor of normal classes and of kindergartens in Hiroshima.

DONALD OGDEN STEWART, humorist, whose "Perfect Behavior" is filled with laughs.



"Yezad," Fanciful Tale Of Dogged Persistence

As the "introductory statement" of the book publishers in regard to "Yezad" is so much more found in the material that makes for the merry laugh it is more deserving of space in a reviewing column than is the volume itself.

"Yezad" is a "romance of the unknown" and is a rather wordy and pointless, dull and club-footed offering dealing with the fantastic in a verbose fashion. "Fact and fancy are continually intermingled without startling effect and doggedness and persistence are two essential virtues for the person who reads it through."

But as to the introductory statement that is another story. Here is unconscious humor, stalwart and sturdy belief and great fun generally. Take for example the eponym on the style of the writing of "Yezad."

Style? Different from anything heretofore produced. To one reader it may recall the smooth flowing language of George Eliot; to another, the bright allegories of John Bunyan or Olive Schreiner; to a third, the exact presentations of Jules Verne or Guy de Maupassant; to a fourth, the life-like delineations of New England's best; to a fifth, the gripping mysticism of Swedenborg; to a sixth, the stately diction and ideal-sense of Edward Bellamy; to a seventh, the continuously bubbling wit of Mark Twain and so on. Yet, it is no imitation of anyone nor a compromise of many, but just the original expression of a free spoken soul endowed with the gift to deliver its message in a fascinating fashion.

Of course it isn't any of these things, but that as James Branch Cabell might say is the cream of the jest.

"Yezad," by George Babcock, New York, The Co-operative Publishing Company, \$2.00.

"Great Pirate Stories," Joseph Lewis French

Historians are forced to admit that piracy has played a most important part in the history of commerce in the seven oceans. As Joseph Lewis French, the editor of "Great Pirate Stories," puts it, "the commerce of the seas was cradled in the lap of buccanery." It is pointed out that most of the mighty mariners, including the redoubtable Sir Francis Drake, were not unacquainted with this form of sea adventure. The advent of steam banished the sea rover until he is today only heard of in remote parts of China.

The stories are all based on history. Americans are generally familiar with the story of the capture of Panama in 1671 by Morgan and also his triumph at Puerto Bello. Ruins of the ancient city, captured by the noted buccanier, still remain, located a few miles from the Panama of today around which a wall was built to protect the new city against future Morgans.

The book will have a strong appeal to boys who always delight in stories of the adventures of these sea rovers. "Great Sea Stories" and "Great Ghost Stories" were by the same editor and have enjoyed a wide sale.

"Great Pirate Stories," edited by Joseph Lewis French, New York, Brentano's, \$2.00.

"The New Palestine" By W. D. McCracken

"The New Palestine" by W. D. McCracken, is a vivid picture of that historic country which has been so often invaded and subjugated, as it is today in the first years of freedom. It is a tale prepared in a careful manner and written in a clean, pleasant running fashion with excellent diction and phrasing and many instances of picturesque word painting.

McCracken describes the first celebrations of Armistice Day and the first daily newspaper in English, the first demonstration against Zionism, the first committee for the taking effect of the British Mandate on the landing of Sir Herbert Samuel at Jaffa and a score of other interesting things.

"The New Palestine" is the record of personal experiences in the country by McCracken, who went there to assist in the American relief, and is designed to clear up the mental conditions of Americans on the actual situation in Jerusalem and Palestine. The book is frankly favorable to the British value in the work accomplished.

The book is handsomely bound and lavishly illustrated with color plates.

"The New Palestine," by W. D. McCracken, Boston, The Page Company.

Sinclair

"Anne Severn and the Fieldings" Is Novel of Unusual Distinction; May Sinclair Has Written Another Book to Add to List Notables.

If Mrs. May Sinclair is not the greatest of women novelists she is at least entitled to consideration whenever the subject is debated. There will be no one to deny the finished writer who is discernible in all of her books and few who will not admit giving into the charm of her subtle and peculiarly feminine methods.

"Anne Severn and the Fieldings" is, perhaps, even better than one would expect of Mrs. Sinclair. With "Mr. Waddington of Wey" in mind, the reader may have imagined the author had reached the stage in her experience when she was content to write for the simple pleasure in the task and when the temptation to experiment offered few dangers because of the reputation established. This is not to say Mr. Waddington was not a delightful, bombastic old soul and the book not a treat in humor and satire. Critics, however, who said it was not the May Sinclair of old, it showed a change in style and method.

In this story of Anne Severn there is proof May Sinclair is a better writer than ever. Here is a novel in which characters are depicted without seeming effort and are surrounded with a certain distinguished atmosphere. One feels he is taken into the understanding of these persons and does not question them. Inasmuch as some are called upon to defy the conventions and act in apparently contradictory ways, this confidence can but attest to the preparation.

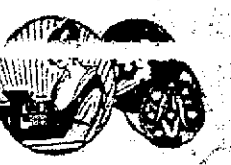
Anne, a motherless child, visits the Fieldings on and off for many years, and with her visit there begins her love story. There is Jerrold, a happy youth who will not look upon pain or trouble and who seeks to make himself believe they do not exist. He is such a one as cannot even associate another person with a grievous or distasteful incident without sharing her reaction with the person. So it is when Anne is present when Jerrold's father died and bravely acts as nurse taking care of him. Jerrold goes away to get new memories, to forget the old.

The war makes a shell-shock patient of young Colin Fielding and a famous surgeon of Eliot. Anne goes into the hospital service and her case for Colin, puts her reputation in jeopardy and Jerrold, for the moment, believes it. He marries Maizie, a sweet woman of remarkable unselfishness, and then discovers Anne's true story and then confesses their love.

Follow chapters of deception and the decision of the two it cannot go on because of the nobility of Maizie. How the invalid wife of Jerrold takes the story into her own hands and brings it



WOMEN and THEIR WORK



Home for Girl Workers Is Urged

(Continued from Page 1-S)

"Mestic services," pronounces Mrs. Hill. "Oftentimes she is wholly unfitted for such work and her very unhappiness in it will lead her to offend. Given a chance in the factories and industries, she will rapidly accept the standards of other girls and fear their judgment upon her. But she must have a pleasant place in which to live and one that is entirely within her means. The problem of a home for the wage-earning young woman is one of the most serious which confronts us."

Various efforts have been put forth in Oakland to accommodate the working girls in homes which will be financially possible, while meeting their needs. Perhaps the oldest attempt is the Franklin street boarding home conducted by the Young Women's Christian Association. The big building is taxed always to its capacity and has a long waiting list of applicants for accommodations. Rates are kept exceedingly low, while standards of living are exacted for the benefit of the members of the household.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Alameda county opened one of the newer boarding homes for the accommodation of girls in industry. A comfortable house in Twelfth street near Linden has been fitted up for permanent guests. The young woman who finds herself temporarily out of employment and without funds is a welcome visitor in the hospitable house where a comfortable bed and three substantial meals daily are her portion. Every effort is put forth to assist her to better fortunes.

Mrs. Hill appeared before the joint conference of Alameda district, C. F. W. C. and Alameda County Federation of Women's Clubs last month where she made her special plea for a boarding home.

Mrs. Robert J. Burdette, "Al-Chief" president of the California Federation of Women's Clubs, is still suffering from shock and from bruises which she suffered in an automobile accident in Seattle several weeks ago. The holidays are being made bright for her in her Los Angeles apartments by many letters and remembrances which are reaching her from all over the country. Mrs. Burdette was en route to Victoria, B. C., when the accident occurred and has kept her invalid and caused her retirement from public life for a time at least. Rounding a curve, the heavy machine skidded in mud and was hurled backward into a ditch. Both Mrs. Burdette and the driver were unconscious as when picked up. After two weeks in a Seattle hospital, Mrs. Burdette was removed to Los Angeles.

Principles involved in the legislative measures for limiting the fees of employment agencies which have been proposed by the Conference of Employment Agencies have been discussed by the executive board of the California Federation of Women's Clubs. The matter probably will be introduced before the session of the legislature next month. Various departments of club activities have been giving over some serious study to employment agencies and the fees which are generally charged for their services.

University Women Will Close Year

A Christmas tea will close the year on Saturday for the San Francisco Bay Branch, American Association of University Women. A festive program is announced in the auditorium of the Stanford School of Nursing, San Francisco, for the mid-afternoon tea. "The White Rose" referred to as "a fantasy without a moral" will be presented in six scenes by the San Francisco Modern Players section. Miss Lulu Blumberg will furnish the incidental music.

The interesting fact with reference to "The White Rose" is that it has been written and directed by Miss Henrietta Stadtmuller, a member of the association, for this particular occasion. The production marks the fourth consecutive year in which the Christmas play has been the original work of the clubwomen. Those who are responsible for the 1923 production are making a special occasion of this year when at an invitational function.

Million-Dollar Clubhouse Plans Made

Announcement last week of the purchase of a building site on the south side of Post street, west of Hotel St. Francis, in San Francisco, and plans to erect a seven-story "Women's City Clubhouse," once again demonstrates that women are no longer fearful of venturing on large investment schemes. Approximately \$1,000,000 will be represented in the completed plant, it is estimated by experts. The National League for Women's Service stands behind the project, which will give to the bay cities a clubhouse out-ranking any in the country.

The site, which is located in the heart of the San Francisco shopping district, is 110x187.5 feet. The structure which will be erected will be a masterpiece of modern architecture to the comfort, recreation and convenience of women will be included in the plans. Dining rooms, cafeteria, lounge, library, writing and committee rooms and auditorium will answer the club needs. In addition there will be a swimming pool and possibly a gymnasium. Accommodations for smart shops catering to feminine necessities will also be afforded.

The National League for Women's Service, which is at present

Out of the busy weeks which precede the holidays, Mrs. Dudley Kinsell and the 200 well-known women who were her aides on the booth committee for the 1922 Christmas Seal Sale, gave the invaluable gift of ten days of hard work to the children of Alameda county. When the tally was made this week it was found that \$2000 was accumulated through the efforts of committee in distributing the penny health stickers. The profits will be appropriated to building permanent structure at Del Valle Farm, where a year-round camp will be opened by the Alameda County Tuberculosis Association. The camera found a group of women counting the funds. (Left to right), Miss Violet Whitney, Miss Bernice Friedman, Mrs. Dudley Kinsell, Mrs. Samuel Friedman, Mrs. E. C. Robinson, Mrs. Daniel Hibbs.



Home Club To Hold Annual Feast

The annual Christmas dinner at the Home Club Thursday night will be a brilliant function. The entire clubhouse, crowding the East Oakland hills will be ablaze with lights and fragrant with hundreds of evergreens and holly. Several score guests will participate in the festive, the program of which will be offered under the direction of H. I. Milholland.

Mrs. and Mrs. Charles J. Waterhouse will be host and hostess for the Yuletide party. They will be assisted by: Mrs. R. B. Swaine, E. C. Lyon, Mrs. Lee S. Griswold, Mrs. J. H. Mackay, Mrs. F. N. Morcom, Mrs. Herbert L. Breed, Mrs. D. Frederic Quinn, Mrs. R. A. Glenn, C. U. Martin—members of the board of directors.

It will be given its premiere before their personal friends. Dr. George R. Somers, superintendent of Stanford University Hospital, Mrs. Somers and Miss Maude Ladd, superintendent of nursing, will be the particularly honored guests on Saturday. Mrs. Hazel Pedlar Pauliker of Oakland, president of the association, will preside as chairman of the day.

The most acceptable gift of the New Year to the university women will be their clubhouse, leased at 233 Post street for a long period. The problem of housing has been a serious one to the rapidly increasing group. With the opening reception early in the year, the time to come.

A membership drive will be launched immediately by the officers and members. The enrollment of 300 new names on the association's roll is the high goal which has been placed.

Christmas baskets heavily laden with holiday goodies and such staples as will take them safely over a week or so of daily living are being distributed by the Claremont Mothers' Clubs to six large families whose holiday season otherwise would have been desolate.

The Blue Bird of the Oakland Tribune furnished the list of those households which needed a kindly friend. The Claremont Mothers, finding themselves possessed of a holiday treasury, are sharing it where the necessity is greatest.

With dolls for the tiny malds and wooden horses for the small lads, with cookies, candy and nuts for all—one hundred youngsters in the kindergarten class in Tompkins school celebrated their Christmas

Ebell Honors Leaders at Anniversary

Mrs. Charles W. Wendte was the only charter member among the several score clubwomen who attended the anniversary luncheon on Tuesday at which Ebell celebrated forty-six completed years of interesting activity. Mrs. Wendte was one of that company of some half hundred pioneer women who launched the first culture club in the East Bay cities in 1876. Her interest in its development has never lagged. Ebell paid tribute to its leaders at the birthday breakfast, extending honors to Mrs. Wendte, Mrs. W. M. Bunker and a long line of past presidents, including Mrs. W. G. Ferguson, Mrs. Kate A. Buckley, Mrs. Charles J. Woodbury, Mrs. E. W. Owen, Mrs. John A. Beckwith, Mrs. J. A. Vandegrift, Mrs. Minna McGauley, Mrs. William Nat Friend, Mrs. Thomas Mitchell Potter. Sharing in the compliment were three women who have been significantly complimented, being named to honorary memberships. They were: Mrs. Kate A. Buckley, Mrs. David P. Barrows, and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler. Mrs. George Rothganger, president, was chairman of the day.

The anniversary program which combined a Christmas festival with the birthday celebration, was arranged by Mrs. George C. Pardon. Christmas carols were sung by a double quartet including Mrs. Doris Schobel Lowell, Mrs. J. Ostoff, Mrs. H. J. Knowles, Mrs. J. Krug, Mrs. Ed Peterson, Mrs. L. C. Hotchkiss, Mrs. H. Ruedy Jr., Mrs. John Bowersmith, Mrs. W. H. P. ...

extended his maledictions to include the person whom she should tell. And I really believe the old melodrama spiel is true in the old. She will die before she would let harm come to you. But I never saw such a beautiful face, such a lovely smile, as that poor girl displayed just now.

I sat down quickly in the nearest chair, shaken aghast at the revelation of suffering and sacrifice upon the part of my devoted little maid.

"It gets you, too, doesn't it?" she commented. "Don't mind telling you that she pretty nearly bowled me over, and you know I'm not very strong on the teary-lash thing. But there was something mighty admirable and pitiful in the way she came through with the things I wanted to know, and all the time patiently expecting to have flames appear out of the air and consume her, and to undergo some other equally pleasant fate."

"But—", I stammered, "when I talked to her before you took her in hand, she told me that it wasn't either fear of the law or her religion that made her afraid not to keep the oath she was forced to take. I was trying to impress upon her, you know, that it wasn't binding."

Soroptimist Women Aid Home

Soroptimist Club women sought out the Girls' Rescue Home in Thirteenth avenue, on which to bestow their Christmas remembrance. This haven to so many young women in their hour of trial is devoted to the use of expert mothers. Without question, kindness and care is theirs for the taking. A girl and her babe are looked out for until such time as she feels able to make other provision for herself or returns to such health as will enable her to become self-supporting. A high home is bound together by many ties in the East Oakland Home.

One of the outstanding needs of the institution was a furnace. The Soroptimist women have pledged themselves to finance its installation to the sum of \$150, providing an adequate equipment for the continued use of those who will come to the practical shelter of the home.

Christmas Day is not to be overlooked for those young women and their infants who are now finding haven under its roof. Santa Claus will pay a generous visit tomorrow, bearing in his hands comfortable sweaters, house frocks, even simple toys for tiny hands. Turkey and its "fixins" will grace the holiday table.

Big Sisters of the Public Welfare League are allies of the Christmas spirit which is taking care of the group of girls who, just now, are needing particularly special care.

breaking her promise to Katie to keep me out of the confidence. "I think I've told you that many of the women and men, too, of Katie's ilk still believe in black magic, supernatural spirits, the evil eye, devils, and all sorts of horrors which more enlightened people do not even guess at. In Katie's case, I think her belief is particularly strong—she's the queerest combination of acquired new-world superstitions and old-world superstitions I ever saw. Of course this man in the hospital is some countryman of hers, but he must have now her very well to be able to play upon her fears and frighten her the way he has done. And yet she will not admit to me that she

"I have no real knowledge either," I said, "though I have a theory. But it is based upon a confidence which Katie gave me years ago, and which I do not feel justified in revealing without her consent."

"I thought as much," Lillian returned. "Well, it doesn't so much matter just now, although I shall need the knowledge later. But she told me enough to enable me to get a pretty straight line on the gifted gentleman. It looks right now like a lovely party with plenty of jazz, when things begin to move, as they will when the real dusky gentleman in the wood-pile cautiously puts his head out and looks over the prospect."

She put her lovely arms about her head, stretching herself as might a weary tigress. It was not the first time that Lillian had been a suggestion of the jungle feline in my friend when she is engaged in solving a problem for the government. Ordinarily, the most frank, open-hearted and generous of women, Lillian, becomes transformed into something powerful, cunning, relentless when she is working for the downfall of those who mean harm to the country she worships.

And then, with the swift relaxation of the tauting gear which all me all, that she could without

Daughters Of South Aid Veterans

Christmas gifts totaling a substantial sum have been distributed by Albert Sidney Johnston chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, among the several projects in which the members have been interested. Veterans who are remembered by the women at the Yuletide have been supplied with their usual remembrances.

The State Scholarship Fund of California has been reimbursed to the amount of \$3500. The chapter scholarship fund in the University of California has been appropriated \$500. To the Jefferson Davis Memorial has been given \$25.

California is claiming an important place in the National Board of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in the election of Mrs. F. E. Ross of Riverside as second vice-president. Mrs. Henry L. Walters, recording secretary of the Albert Sidney Johnston chapter, has been named state chairman of Children's Organizations in California. Assisting her as chapter chairmen will be Mrs. Stephen Smith of Oakland and Mrs. M. A. Thomas of San Francisco.

England now has only twelve women authorized to practice law on equal terms with men.

New York city has a regularly licensed woman auctioneer. She is Miss Lillian C. Lagomarsino.

The number of female cooks in the United States decreased from 333,464 in 1910 to 238,618 in 1920.

In 1910 there were 35,793 waitresses in the United States and in 1920 the number had increased to 116,921.

A Turkish wife has the same duties, the same cares, the same rights and the same privileges as any American wife.

Probably the only woman licensed ferry engineer in the country is Miss Rebecca Chase of Providence Island, R. I.

The first Spanish-speaking woman of the world to exercise the privilege of the ballot were those of the Mexican State of Yucatan.

Mrs. Willis Mitchell of Utica, N. Y., never believed "woman's place is in the home," and now assists in the nation's government.

her arms, came over to me and clasped me on the shoulder. "Nothing to do till tomorrow," she chanted. "In other words, we can only mark time now and wait for developments. So, after those government operatives get here this afternoon and I see them, I'm at your service for any little diversion you want to have. I think a little figurative jazz will do us good."

Mothers' Clubs Provide Maps For the Blind

The Christmas gift to the children in the State Blind School in Berkeley from Oakland Federation of Mothers' Clubs were maps to be used in the classroom throughout the year. The sum of \$125 was appropriated by the local parents on behalf of the young people who have been struggling against the handicap of inadequate equipment. The maps will be chosen by those who have knowledge of the real needs in the blind school.

Crippled children of the city are claiming in a most practical way the interest of women affiliated in Oakland Federation of Mothers' Clubs. Mrs. J. E. Squire as chairman of a special committee looking after their welfare, has been engaged with the help of a small corps of workers in making a careful survey to obtain the numbers and condition of this class of young people who because of their physical disability are finding the way to education difficult.

With the endorsement of the proposed school bonds, the mothers are presenting a petition that special schools or classes be provided for crippled students throughout the city and that their transportation be cared for by the Board of Education.

Mrs. F. V. Vollmer is president of Oakland Federation of Mothers' Clubs.

Club Leaders Entertained At Eureka

Mrs. W. A. Fitzgerald, president of the California Federation of Women's Clubs, and Mrs. H. M. Toney, president of San Francisco district, were guests of the clubwomen in Eureka last week. Eureka is to entertain the annual state convention during the first week in May. The leaders began the preliminary conferences with the hostesses over the entertainment and program which will draw several hundreds of delegates and visitors to the northern city.

A handsome new inn has been completed which will become the convention headquarters. Already plans are being made to have one day over to a pilgrimage to one of the famous redwood groves. Clubwomen along the highway en route to Eureka will extend a typical hospitality to the parties of motorists as they journey to the early summer conference.

The Juvenile Court System, its theory and local application, will be studied Thursday night by the Social Research section of the College Women's Club. Mrs. L. M. VerMeir will present the paper. An open discussion will follow.

Mrs. Irma W. Burwan, curator, has announced that the meeting will be held in the Bancroft Way clubhouses.

The education section will meet on Wednesday afternoon at the Cora L. Williams, Institute in Arlington avenue. Girls of the school will look out after the small children accompanying their mothers.

Washington Agog With Yuletide Fetes

By BETTY BAXTER.

RY CONSOLIDATED PRESS LEASED WIRE TO TRIBUNE. Copyright, 1922, by OAKLAND TRIBUNE. WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—Tomorrow is Christmas eve—the night before Christmas—you know—when all through the house, not a creature is stirring, not even a mouse. But we creatures here in Washington are stirring. I can tell you, busy as the proverbial bee. This time society gives up more or less to the very young people home from school for the holidays. But the young people don't have parties like they used to. Informal afternoon affairs. They have their formal tea dances, luncheons and dinners and late dances, just like the old people—I should say older people. The list of parties for the young people this week was long and varied.

The White House chef, I hear, is planning a grand Christmas dinner that will more than compensate for the omission of a Christmas tree and the usual open house reception. They have been told that Mrs. Harding is to sit at the table with her husband for the first time since Thanksgiving and that, unlike the previous occasion, she will be permitted to break the long fast of a sick room diet and eat everything she wishes. Of course, every effort will be made to avoid anything bordering on a celebration, as Mrs. Harding is still too weak to undergo any strain.

metime during the day President and Mrs. Harding plan to receive all of the executive officers and White House employees and present each with some token of appreciation.

The President's gifts are limited to books and he has been busy for some days inscribing each with some expression of friendship and his autograph.

As a whole Christmas is celebrated in family groups, most of the cabinet are having family parties here, the only absentee being Secretary of the Treasury A. W. Mellon and Miss Aileen Mellon and the Secretary of the Interior and Mrs.

Judging from the many gowns I've seen "fash" women wearing at the various functions, white is about the most fashionable color right now. Many of the debutantes are wearing white.

Miss Margaret Sutherland, daughter of Senator and Mrs. Howard Sutherland, chose a white chiffon gown for her debut party, as did Miss Laura Bryn, daughter of the Norwegian minister, and Madame Bryn—this season's only diplomatic bid. Miss Sutherland's gown was made in petal skin effect with a softly draped bodice caught

in a Virginia, with one of their sons-in-law and daughter. The vice-president and Mrs. Coolidge, the J. Vis and Denbys and the Hoovers have children of their own who are young enough to find Christmas the great day of the year, so the holiday is made much of in their families.

Among the diplomatic parties—usually the embassy or legation families and nearly every diplomatic establishment in Washington line.

had a dainty overdress of white tulle embroidered in silver. Miss Janet Moffett, daughter of Rear Admiral and Mrs. Moffett, is to make her bow in a girlish gown of flimsy white lace over white satin. This is made with a slight oval bateau neckline, sleeves and a girle of silver roses. For street wear Miss Moffett has a smart caracul fur coat made by length and belted with a silver and jade belt at the low waistline.

No detail of good looks has been neglected.

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SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 23.—San Francisco always was notable for observing the Christmas holidays. Gauged from the amount of shopping that has been done and the big stocks that have been turned over, this has been the best Christmas since the era before the war. Stores and warehouses have been emptied of Christmas goods. The Christmas present takes on the usual variety and then some. In the pre-Voistead days a dozen or a case of wine or stronger liquid was not regarded a specially appropriate gift; but now a single bottle of the genuine stuff of almost any class is considered a very happy remembrance. Of course it must be camouflaged in packing. There must not be any earmarks that will lead to impertinent investigation and examination. But when it gets through it is sure to call forth glad expressions. A dozen formerly would not have cost much more than a single bottle now, and could be obtained on every hand, so that the changed conditions make a single gift more valuable, and its bestowal even if it is surreptitious more an event, than almost any gift of great value—at least in a great many instances.

The Impending Change

Nothing is happening as to the impending change in the State government excepting prognostications. Everybody is prophesying what is going to happen excepting the men who are in position to cause things to happen. It has been voluminously and repeatedly told what the retiring Governor will do in the matter of appointments as he steps out and what the Governor-elect will do as he steps in. The Governors themselves, incumbent and elect, are about the only ones who are not voluble on the subject. They have vouchsafed no information or intimation of their course of action. It is possible that they do not know themselves what they will do, at least not fully. The job of governing a State is perhaps not one that can be forecast exactly as to every action. Even letting go of the job to the greatest advantage may not be such a simple proceeding as it looks. Men who have attained the dignity of governing a great commonwealth like California are likely to consider the future, and not to do things that will be remembered as not worthy to their credit. A retiring governor is not like the man on the street who is not given to considering appearances. And an incoming Governor is entering upon a new situation and cannot act off-hand and regardless. So the prognosticators naturally feel less restraint in telling what is going to happen at Sacramento than the men whose course of action will make things happen.

Municipal Concerts Pay

The adventure that the city has taken as an impresario in symphony shows balances on the right side of the ledger. The figures for the concert of November 8 have been cast up and audited. The receipts were \$33,544.55, and the expenses \$20,199.95, leaving a profit of \$13,344.60. The orchestra was paid \$15,000, the sum of \$11,044.55 was paid for printing and advertising and \$115 for doorkeepers and janitors. The concert of December 9 brought admission receipts of \$40,555.50. The cost of the symphony orchestra was of course the same, \$15,000; Madame Galski was paid \$750, and the bills for advertising and printing not being in at the time these figures were taken off, the cost of this line of expense is estimated at \$12,000, which would leave a balance to the good of \$6,055.50. Nothing is reckoned for the doorkeepers and janitors, however, and nothing for lights and rent. The latter was not a direct cost to the city, but the former may have been. Anyhow, it is a showing that those who are responsible for the city's action in getting behind this line of enterprise are taking a great deal of satisfaction in it. It was predicted that the city would lose money in considerable sums. Another satisfactory feature was the character of patrons. The 25-cent seats were well patronized, showing that a class which appreciates music may not have been able to attend Light-price concerts.

The Future of Symphony

It is possible to discern now what the editor of the Pacific Coast Musical Review might have been driving at when, in an article that was quoted on this page recently, he intimated that Conductor Hertz would keep on—it being foregone, according to his calculation, that the San Francisco Musical Association would not re-engage him. It has been shown that the city can make money by producing symphony in the auditorium at popular prices. No big amounts were made at the two concerts that have been given, but it may be assumed that they were not closely managed as private productions generally are. Anyhow, the city did not lose money directly, and people at large had the opportunity to hear symphony at popular prices and devoid of the social barrier that many feel to exist in subscription concerts. It

may be that the plan is contemplated of producing symphony under municipal auspices instead of the plan now followed. Of course, it would be shorn of its exclusiveness, which it was bound to possess under the subscription plan—and incidentally it may get shut of warring cliques, from which it has considerably suffered; but on the other hand it will perhaps create opposition on the part of the impresarios and those old-fashioned persons who hold that giving concerts is not a proper function for municipal government.

The Difference Noted

One difference between San Francisco and Los Angeles is exemplified in the Galski incident. There the opposition to the prima donna singing in concert was voiced in the press and in proceedings of organizations until she canceled her engagement through fear of provoking a hostile demonstration; but here the municipal government "presented" her at the city's Auditorium, and in a concert arranged and conducted by the city, paid her seven hundred and fifty dollars for her appearance. Moreover, she was lauded with applause, a tremendous audience appreciating her effort. This contrast of the ways of the two cities has been the theme of discussion in many groups and circles, in at least one of which the question was raised whether it was not an illustration of the general difference, at least as to the tolerant spirit that is manifest in public matters and questions.

Police Get Orders

The lot of San Francisco policemen may not be as happy as it has been. San Francisco is a very wet town and up to Wednesday the police "acted according." On that day the well-known Wright Act went into effect. The Wright Act makes the violation of the Voistead Act an offense that must be taken account of by municipal officers of the law. Before that was confirmed it was the assumption, if not the positive orders, that enforcement of prohibition laws was a duty devolving on Federal officers, and with which municipal officers had nothing to do. Consequently bootlegging and kindred industries ran riot. Wherefore, for the police now to carry out repressive measures, after having been made more or less familiar with bootleg doings, and in view of the general damp sentiment that prevails here, is likely to decrease their popularity. But Chief of Police O'Brien has issued orders that cannot be overlooked, and the city after this is not going to be the paradise for bootleggers and purveyors of illicit booze that it was.

Advancing Rents

With the recent completion of many large office buildings in this city, and with the magnificent new Standard Oil Company structure about ready for occupancy, it would seem to be a bad time to raise rents, and yet that is just what is happening. There is an association of owners and custodians of buildings, and an endeavor is made to keep up a certain standard. Recently some of the downtown buildings that have not been members of the organization have been induced to join and with the new alliance came the ultimatum to the tenants to pay more or move. Some of the finest and most accessible office structures in the banking district are included in the move to boost prices. Only those protected by leases have been let alone, and the result is expected to be a large list of vacancies in some of the older buildings. Those who can afford the high rents always seek the most modern accommodations, while those who feel the pinch are likely to move to less expensive quarters. As a justification for the raise one of the smaller buildings installed a starter for its elevators and promised improved janitor service.

The Union League Club

There was no question of the Union League Club being financially equal to the new club house project it should be, in at least some measure, dissipated by what was done at the Yuletide luncheon Wednesday, which was the last foregathering in the old quarters. After President John L. McNab had explained the intent to equip the new building with roof garden, handball court, gymnasium, swimming tank, salt water baths and other accessories, to make it second to none anywhere, the sum of \$81,450 was subscribed for equipment purposes within twenty minutes. The Union League Club has been one of the most liberal as to fees and conditions of joining in the city, but it has not heretofore had an up-to-date club house. Its future home will be this in every respect, located in the club district, and the officers and friends of the club seem justified in expecting it to flourish unusually when it shall have been settled in its new quarters.

Official Morale Lowered

The trial and conviction of Enforcement Officer Wilmot and all the incidents relating thereto, including the Judge's observations in passing sentence, may serve to illustrate President Harding's apprehension of the general lowering of the morale by the slight regard

paid to infractions of prohibition laws. Many otherwise commendable persons look upon the unlawful handling of liquor as all right if you can get away with it, not at all to be regarded as other crimes, such as stealing or burglarizing. There appears to be a good example of this in the Wilmot case. Before Wilmot became an enforcement officer he bore a good reputation. Certainly such a thing as breaking the law was never laid at his door. But he seemed to share the idea that prohibition laws were less binding than those which restrain from other offenses. He did not appear to feel this law's moral force. He was in the attitude of many others who think the professional bootlegger is more a humorous character than a criminal. He committed acts as to prohibition laws which as to other prohibitions would have been palpable infringements of the moral as well as the criminal code, and perhaps did not feel that he was culpable. His morale had been broken down.

The Bell Litigation

The suit over the will of the late Theresa Bell is recalling a family history that has been very much in the public ken, off and on, for nearly fifty years. Thomas Bell was a Californian of the Ralston group. He was wealthy, and engaged in big undertakings. His death in 1893 was a mystery. He fell over a stair railing at his home, crashing from one story to the story below, being instantly killed. At the time there was some question whether his estate was considerable; but a portion of it consisted of unimproved lands upon which oil was discovered, and it appreciated enormously in value, so that the estate now involved is estimated to be worth two millions. Mrs. Theresa Bell was formerly very often on the front page, but latterly not much had been heard of her until her will was offered for probate. Then the sensational family record was added to by the fact that she disinherited her children, or those who figured and had been acknowledged as such, and left her money to distant relatives and charity. The eccentric doings of an old reitainer, Mammy Pleasant, a negro, added to the unusual record until that personage died. The trial has been on for weeks, and there is understood by the bar to be rich pickings for the attorneys that have it in hand.

The Marriage Rite

With the increase in divorce civil magistrates more and more are being called upon to perform marriage ceremonies refused sanction by the church. Clergymen of the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches, save under exceptional conditions, will not marry persons when either of the contracting has been divorced. Judges usually have no such scruples. But there is one exception in this city. He is Judge Franklin Griffin, and he would appear to have the courage of his convictions. The jurist is a member of a church which does not sanction divorce and which holds that there is no valid marriage that is not performed by its clergy. He has made it a rule during his years on the bench not to do the thing which he does not believe to be right. His friends say that he would not feel that he had been married if the ceremony had been performed by a civil magistrate, and that therefore he is not going to assume a prerogative, the authority for which he believes is God-given and not within man's province. The matter was brought forcibly to public attention last week when Judge Griffin said in open court that he would not perform the ceremony for a couple appearing as litigants before him. He had just granted the woman in the case a final decree of divorce. Some years ago there was quite a scandal in the City Hall when it was discovered that certain of the elevator men were said to have been cutting fees with various judges to whom they were sending loving couples, waylaying them as they left the county clerk's office with their licenses.

Two Gypsy Smiths

The cancellation of the tour of the West of the Rev. "Gypsy" Smith, who was to have conducted a series of revivals at one of the large auditoriums here this year, caused the discovery, new to many people, that there are two "Gypsy" Smiths. Both are evangelists, and both claim the name which has become famous. The "Gypsy" Smith who appeared here some years ago is a man well along in years, while his namesake has just celebrated his twentieth birthday. The original is an Englishman, while his rival hails from Scotland. That the general public is ignorant of the fact that there are two "Gypsy" Smiths was evidenced at a meeting addressed by the younger, which the writer attended recently in New York. A huge tabernacle had been erected opposite the Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine out in Morningside Heights, and banners announced that the great evangelist would speak there on a given night. There was a gasp of surprise when a young looking man in white duck trousers and jaunty appearance arose to begin his sermon. Most of the audience had expected to see the original "Gypsy" preacher. The evangelist quickly enlightened them, how-

ever, and explained his right to his title, affirming that he had been in fact a gypsy boy when he had joined the church and studied for the ministry. He recently married one of the daughters of the Tjader family, millionaires, and prominent socially in the metropolis. "Gypsy" Smith on this occasion described how he had caused his father to abandon the nomadic life, and told amusingly that even now the latter was frequently requested to furnish some of his famous "indigestion cure" peddled during their wanderings.

Linnard Is Firmly Back

D. M. Linnard seems to be firmly back, or at least certainly on his way, as a hotel Napoleon. It will be remembered that he blossomed out that way, with two hotels in this city—and two of the greatest, the Palace and the Fairmont—three at Pasadena, two either arranged for or projected in Los Angeles, two in New York, with designs on others at other points. Then something happened with the Straus bonding concern and he retreated to the ample shades of the Fairmont, and bided his time. A short time ago the sale of the Fairmont structure was reported. It now transpires that the vast hostelry was sold to Linnard, or a syndicate of which he is the head, for bonds have been placed which completes the transaction and makes him the controller of the property through ownership instead of lease. The bonds are understood to have been taken up here, the commanding property on Nob Hill being considered a high-class loan. Not only has the Fairmont been gathered in but the Whitecomb, also under the Linnard management, is to be enlarged till it is the largest in capacity in San Francisco—which improvement has been financed and will be started when the season is a little more favorable for building.

Gerald Beaumont

It has often been said and stated that Gerald Beaumont is the legitimate successor of the late Charles E. Van Loan as a writer of stories involving games and sports. The editors of the New York Herald must have been actuated by such an idea when they engaged him to write of great race-horse stories for the magazine section of their Sunday issue of December 10. Beaumont's latest book, "Riders Up," is a collection of horse race stories that alone singles him out for distinction in this line. Everything that he has done evinces a familiarity with sports subjects that is necessary to that thoroughness that gains public approbation. His versatility is understood by his old associates in the OAKLAND TRIBUNE, where as sports editor he acquired that insight that he is now drawing upon. The Herald prints a striking portrait of the writer, which will be approved as a good likeness by his many friends. The closing paragraph of his article suggests its quality: "The modern racetrack is a world to itself, offering every variety of comedy, pathos, drama and tragedy. The writer may make his own selection of a theme. He will find plenty of evil if he looks for it, plenty of sordidness, commercialism and vice. But if he studies the heart of the thoroughbred he will have room in his own for nothing but admiration. Whatever may be said about the pernicious influence of racetrack gambling, the thoroughbred itself represents only the most noble qualities."

Last of the Bell Ringers

I came across an article lately that told of the death at Pinckneyville, Ill., of the last of the famous Swiss Bell Ringers, which served to remind me that a once-popular form of entertainment is now totally extinct. The present generation knows nothing of a turn that in former years greatly entertained their forbears. They do not know of the musical effect that can be produced by a group of persons picking up bells of varied tones from a table and making a melody of them. The last I heard here in San Francisco of this sort of music is of vague remembrance, but it was some years ago. The originator of the Swiss Bell Ringers was Conrad Freerthieser. The last of the clan was Martin Freerthieser, a son. The family, consisting of father, mother, six sons and five daughters, was brought to this country by P. T. Barnum. Besides entertaining the common people in touring from one end to the other of the country, the Bell Ringers sojourned the declining years of Martin Van Buren, a president of the United States, in his retirement. There were imitators of the originals—the Hutchinson family, for instance—but for some reason this novel way of producing harmony has died out from the popular forms of entertainment.

A Desperado Taken

The belligerent nature of the crooks lately encountered has caused peace officers to be careful in their methods of dealing with suspects. That there should be another side to it goes without question, and here is a true and amusing story of an incident that happened this week. The constable of an interior town wired the description of a culprit whom he desired taken into custody. He neglected to mention the charge or where his man might be ex-

pected to be found, but later amplified his message with a phone call, giving the name of a poolroom where the fugitive could be located, adding that he was a desperate character. Again he neglected to mention the charge. From the detective bureau two officers and a reporter started out. When they reached the poolroom they found three members of the shot-gun squad, summoned by the night captain of detectives, awaited them. The place was crowded and their description of the man wanted was vague. Strategy was necessary. The reporter, small of stature and least likely to arouse suspicion, volunteered to saunter in and watch what happened when a detective by pre-arrangement summoned the fugitive by telephone. Outside the officers were ready with their weapons. The newspaperman entered. The phone rang. The proprietor called out the name of the accused. There was an air of suppressed excitement on the part of the police. Then from a chair by a steam radiator there arose a one-legged cripple on two crutches who hobbled to answer the call. He was the "desperate criminal" and he was wanted for "wife abandonment."

Tia Juana and Tijuana

OAKLAND, Dec. 17.—THE KNAVE: Your article in today's KNAVE re. Tia Juana shows that you have not been there. Tijuana is in Mexico; Tia Juana is in California. Both are customs ports. Tijuana is also a Mexican P. O. Look at the next postal card you receive from there. ANON.

OAKLAND, Dec. 17.—THE KNAVE: Referring to your sheet in y'day's TRIBUNE, re. the names Tia Juana and Tijuana, will say that both are quite correct. Tijuana is the contraction of Tia Juana (which translated means "Aunt Jane"), and while a great many call the little town yet Tia Juana, the general naming is Tijuana. There are a great many names of villages construed of two words into one, as for instance, Arizona, derived from "arid zone," or the Spanish "zona arida." Also Mexicali, from "Mexi(c)o" and "Cali(fornia)," and a lot of other names. JAIME TRUJILLO.

[These correspondents disagree with each other on this question, and neither agrees with the KNAVE's elucidation. Consequently the uninformed bystander is considerably and variously advised as to why "Tia Juana" and "Tijuana."]

Irving in San Francisco

In last week's Saturday Evening Post Jefferson Winter relates some interesting stage reminiscences. Jefferson Winter is the son of the late William Winter, in his time the foremost dramatic critic of the country. He enjoyed the intimate friendship of Henry Irving, and there resulted an extensive correspondence between them, which is available now to the son. Besides, Jefferson Winter is an actor of such ability that he was for some time a member of Irving's company. He is therefore in an unusually favorable position to write interestingly of a famous man and of fondly remembered times. This extract will be especially interesting to San Franciscans: "Irving began his fourth American tour at San Francisco, September 4, 1893, and ended it in Boston, March 17, 1894. It was in some ways the most remarkable season of his career. During it he presented The Bells, Nance Oldfield, The Merchant of Venice, Becker, Olivia, King Charles I, The Lyons Mail and King Louis XI. For fourteen performances in San Francisco the receipts were \$53,555."

A Guest of the Bohemian Club

It was during this engagement that Irving was specially entertained by the Bohemian Club. Many Pacific Coast celebrities were there, and the affair was so far beyond anything that had been extended to him elsewhere in this country as to be a unique event. Under similar auspices, that the guest was very much impressed. His way of showing his appreciation was to present, as soon as it could be brought about, a perpetual pass to his London theater to each of the active members of the club—or at least to each of those who participated in his reception. This was not a mere piece of pasteboard, instructing the door man to "admit bearer," but elaborately gotten up from a special design, with an inscription referring to the occasion of which it was a remembrance, bearing the recipient's name as well as the donor's autograph, and folding like a book. It amounted to a valuable souvenir. The recipient of one of these "passes" related to me many years ago his experience on presenting it at the Lyceum theater. It must have been the first one presented, for the ticket taker regarded it with unfeigned surprise and some doubt. He did not act upon it till Irving had been conferred with, but after that the whole establishment was open sesame. After the performance Irving had him behind the scenes and fairly took charge of him for much of his stay in London, having him at lunch in the theater—where he maintained a refectory for the especial entertainment of guests.

Oakland and vicinity: Sun- day unsettled and occa- sionally threatening; gentle winds, becoming southerly.

DRY RAIDS NET GREAT RUM STOCK

Liquor by Truckload Seized When Sheriff Veale and Officers in Contra Costa Make Cleanup of Resorts

Enforcement of Wright Law Begins With Spectacular Drive Which Brings Flood Of Beverages; Many Fines

MARTINEZ, Dec. 23.—Contra Costa county tonight was invaded by an army of detectives, sheriffs' deputies, special policemen and volunteer aides in one of the most spectacular and sweeping raids on booze joints since the day of prohibition began.

Into Martinez from early evening came truckload after truckload of liquor from various points where raids were conducted by deputy sheriffs under the direction of Sheriff R. R. Veale.

So busy are the authorities with the raids that the liquor arrived at the court house with no one to see that it was safely put away in the storehouse. As the trucks arrived crowds gathered round them with no one in authority to direct the unloading of the "evidence."

Simultaneous raids were conducted in Martinez under the direction of Police Commissioner Frank Roberts and Constable Charles Palmer. As fast as arrests were made, the prisoners were taken before City Recorder Rex Boyer, where they were charged with the violation of a town ordinance prohibiting the sale of liquor. Among those arrested were the following, who paid \$300 each as a fine imposed by Boyer:

SOME PLEAD GUILTY; PAY THE FINES.

Mrs. L. Dellarosa, John Biggerstaff, Timothy Donahue, C. Wilmes and P. Parini.

Bert Ramsey pleaded not guilty and was held for trial. The others who were fined, pleaded guilty, and some of them were back to their places of business half an hour after they had been arrested.

The court house, where the hearings were held, was so crowded at times that Boyer had to order it cleared. Excitement was rife throughout the evening and persons who ordinarily spend their evenings at home rushed downtown to see what was going on.

The local police and Constable Palmer employed a detective agency to aid them in the raids. Following the raid Constable Palmer served notice on all gambling dens and questionable places to cease gambling and selling liquor or close up.

TOWN JAILS ARE REPORTED CROWDED.

Although the liquor seizures were arriving throughout the evening, the sheriff's posse sent in only a few prisoners. It was reported that the jails of the various small towns raided were crowded to capacity.

Among those that arrived at the county court house and are held in jail are Jeff Johnson, James Johnson, both of whom were arrested at Giant, where it was alleged they were operating a still; M. Humphreys and Mary Humphreys, his wife, arrested at El Cerrito, where it was alleged they had a still in their possession. From Crockett the sheriff's deputies sent Mrs. Jane Smith, who is alleged to have been carrying two jugs of wine along the street.

Most of the "evidence" that arrived later in the evening came from the Stege district. At a late hour tonight the sheriff's deputies had returned. It was reported that an extensive haul was in progress at 10:30 o'clock in the Stege district.

Worker On Roof Scalded By Tar

Fred Briner, 45, residing at 718 Twenty-fifth street, was burned, probably fatally, late today when a cauldron of boiling tar capsize on him on the roof of the Taylor building at 550 Sixteenth street. Briner was burned frightfully.

Briner is employed by a local roofing company and was one of several men engaged in roofing the Taylor building. It was not known how the accident occurred.

Premier of France In Auto Accident

PARIS, Dec. 23.—Premier Poincare narrowly escaped serious injury tonight in an automobile accident. A taxicab was in violent collision with the French premier's car but Poincare was not injured.

Woman Takes Poison; Not Fatal

Mrs. John Gates, 311 Campbell street, was treated at the Emergency hospital last night after having taken a quantity of poison, supposedly with suicidal intent. She will live. Her husband is a railroad employee.

Romance and Millions Mix

MRS. EDITH ROCKEFELLER McCORMICK, daughter of John D. Rockefeller, divorced a year ago from Harold McCormick, is reported about to wed EDWARD KRENN, young Swiss architect. The latter is said already to have been given management of many large properties of his bride-to-be, who is reputed to have an income of \$750,000 a year.



NEAR EAST MEET TAKES RECESS

Christmas Finds Levantine Section Desolate and Famine-Stricken.

LAUSANNE, Dec. 23.—The Near East peace conference today was adjourned until Wednesday.

MOSCOW, Dec. 23.—Russia demands that the Straits of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus be closed to foreign warships, voiced by Lausanne by Tschirch, Soviet delegate, was reiterated here tonight before the opening session of the tenth congress of all-Russian Soviets by Minister Kamenev. Three thousand delegates attended.

Kamenev in his speech declared Russia will not sign the Lausanne treaty if her Black Sea shores are left open to the attack of foreign warships.

JERUSALEM, Dec. 23.—(By International News Service.)—This Christmas season finds the Holy Land and the whole Near East the most desolate place since the sacred feet of the Saviour trod the roads of this earth.

More than 1,000,000 Christians have been forced into exile as a result of the Turkish military victory over the Greeks. This vast army of fugitives has been compelled to flee from home and friends within three months. More than 500,000 others face a similar fate.

The only thing which can save the remaining Greek, Armenian, and Syrian populations in Turkey from exile is aimed pressure on the Turks in the Near East peace conference at Lausanne.

Buenos Aires Flyer To Try World Trip

BUENOS AIRES, Dec. 23.—(By Associated Press.)—An attempt to fly around the world will be started next June by Captain Pedro Zanni, Argentine army aviator, it was announced today. The flight will be under the auspices of the Argentine Aero club, which will raise funds to defray the airships.

Captain Zanni proposes to start his flight from Rome, proceeding to Tokyo, thence to Alaska and San Francisco and then crossing the American continent to Nova Scotia. At this point, he will attempt to duplicate the feat of the Sir John Alcock by flying across the Atlantic in one hop, landing in Ireland. His course then lies across Europe to Rome.

To insure success as far as possible, spare parts for repairs will be sent to various points along the route.

Senate Adjourns Until Wednesday

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—The Senate adjourned today after a brief session until Wednesday in order to provide its members with ample time to observe the Christmas holidays.

M'CORMICKS EX-WIFE TO WED SWISS

Daughter of John D. Rockefeller, With Income of \$750,000 Year, Reported Engaged to an Architect

Edward Krenn, Favored Suitor, Said to Have Already Been Given Control Of Immense Properties

CHICAGO, Dec. 23.—Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick, Chicago's wealthiest woman, will announce her engagement to Edward Krenn, young Swiss architect, with the expiration on December 25 of the legal year since her divorce from Harold F. McCormick, according to gossip in social circles.

Krenn has been in constant attendance upon Mrs. McCormick since she returned from her eight years of self-imposed exile in Switzerland a year ago. He lives at a hotel directly across the street from her residence and is frequently a guest at the home, as well as in the McCormick opera box and other social functions.

Management of a portion of the property of Mrs. McCormick has already been placed in the hands of the young architect. It is declared by close friends of the daughter of the richest man that this is part of the business training being given to her by her father.

Most of her income is from a trust fund established by her father. The yearly payments under the trust fund are estimated at \$750,000 per year. Under the divorce from the head of the International Harvester company, she was given the beautiful Villa Tudor in Lake Forest, a Chicago suburb, valued at \$1,721,500. In addition to this, she is entitled to the prospect of future millions as Mrs. McCormick is the only daughter of John D. Rockefeller, and is understood to be a favorite.

Mrs. McCormick, since she returned from Switzerland, has resumed her social standing in Chicago society. She patronizes the arts and takes a great interest in philanthropic activities.

Her home and control is the subject of frequent discussions in social circles. A speculation at a meeting of a board of directors of an institution founded by Mrs. McCormick and her husband to fight typhoid, after a child died from typhoid fever, told of their coming face to face following the divorce decree.

MCCORMICK'S MEET, SMILE, PASS ON.

A member of the board informed Mrs. McCormick that her husband was coming saving it might be embarrassing to her.

"Not at all," she said, and as her former husband entered the room, she smiled and met him with a smile. "I am very glad to see you, Harold," she said, shaking hands.

"I am happy to see you, too, Edith," Harold replied and then they proceeded to the business of the organization.

Mrs. McCormick's friends believe that if Ganna Walska, Polish opera star, who recently married McCormick, comes to Chicago on her concert tour of the country, she will attend the concert and appear at the opera, not that she will have taken the humbler name of Krenn.

Stolen Mint Bills Appear in Nebraska

THE STOLEN bills from the Denver mint were passed on merchants at Hastings and Aurora, Neb., Friday, according to word reaching State Sheriff Hyers at Lincoln tonight. According to Hyers' information, the bills have been purchased by their numbers as part of the Denver loot.

Federal secret service agents are hurrying to the two towns.

Storm Frees War Wreckage From Hulk

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—(By Associated Press.)—The wreckage of the battleship USS Oregon, which was stranded on a beach near the mouth of the Columbia river, was freed from the hulk by a storm which lashed the English coast for the past twenty-four hours has dashed upon the shores of Isle of Wight boxes of bacon from the American steamer War Knight which was torpedoed during the war. The bacon has been under the ship's hull for five years.

Auto With Fire Habit Keeps City Firemen on Jump

Machine Has Penchant for Burning Up; Ties Up Traffic.

"Lady, this ain't a one-woman fire department. We got more important confagurations to attend to than this. Now please get out of this car, leave it lay, and go home on a street car."

The speaker was Assistant Fire Chief William McGrath of the local department, who was annoyed, peeved, disturbed, and even angry, not to say full of fire, as the reason was the automobile of Mrs. Wood Soanes, 3256 Briggs avenue, Alameda.

At Thirteenth and Washington streets at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon when traffic was at its height and the Fast Dismishing and Unfettered Order of Pedestrians was having a difficult time escaping from its ancient enemy, the automobile Mrs. Soanes' motor car decided to burn up.

What is more, with a puff of smoke and a flare of fire it stood in a fair way to accomplish its purpose, according to eye-witnesses.

The feminine pilot of the car screamed, stopped the vehicle, seized her two children and fled to safety on the sidewalk.

The traffic officer summoned the fire department and traffic was more than momentarily suspended.

CHICAGO, Dec. 23.—Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick, Chicago's wealthiest woman, will announce her engagement to Edward Krenn, young Swiss architect, with the expiration on December 25 of the legal year since her divorce from Harold F. McCormick, according to gossip in social circles.

Krenn has been in constant attendance upon Mrs. McCormick since she returned from her eight years of self-imposed exile in Switzerland a year ago. He lives at a hotel directly across the street from her residence and is frequently a guest at the home, as well as in the McCormick opera box and other social functions.

Management of a portion of the property of Mrs. McCormick has already been placed in the hands of the young architect. It is declared by close friends of the daughter of the richest man that this is part of the business training being given to her by her father.

Most of her income is from a trust fund established by her father. The yearly payments under the trust fund are estimated at \$750,000 per year. Under the divorce from the head of the International Harvester company, she was given the beautiful Villa Tudor in Lake Forest, a Chicago suburb, valued at \$1,721,500. In addition to this, she is entitled to the prospect of future millions as Mrs. McCormick is the only daughter of John D. Rockefeller, and is understood to be a favorite.

Mrs. McCormick, since she returned from Switzerland, has resumed her social standing in Chicago society. She patronizes the arts and takes a great interest in philanthropic activities.

Her home and control is the subject of frequent discussions in social circles. A speculation at a meeting of a board of directors of an institution founded by Mrs. McCormick and her husband to fight typhoid, after a child died from typhoid fever, told of their coming face to face following the divorce decree.

MCCORMICK'S MEET, SMILE, PASS ON.

A member of the board informed Mrs. McCormick that her husband was coming saving it might be embarrassing to her.

"Not at all," she said, and as her former husband entered the room, she smiled and met him with a smile. "I am very glad to see you, Harold," she said, shaking hands.

"I am happy to see you, too, Edith," Harold replied and then they proceeded to the business of the organization.

MURDER NET CLOSING IN K.K. PROBE

Louisiana Deputy Sheriffs on Way to Make First Arrest For Slaying of Two Men Whose Bodies Were Found

BASTROP, La., Dec. 23.—(By United Press.)—T. J. "Jeff" Burnett, a farmer and carbon factory worker employed at Spiker, near here, was placed under arrest by deputy sheriffs tonight on a charge of murder. Burnett submitted to arrest peacefully and was taken to the Bastrop jail, where he is held incommunicado, the jail being guarded by national guard-men with machine guns.

Major Wait Daniels, World war veteran and Thomas F. Richards, whose bodies were "taken up" by Lake LaFourche near here yesterday.

With this legal move the tension prevalent in this little community since the kidnapping of five Mer Rouge citizens last August reached the breaking point.

The arrest was ordered by Attorney General Cocco, who is acting under a carte blanche mandate from Governor John M. Parker, avowed enemy of all hooded organizations who has dedicated himself to the task of "ridding the state of secret organizations that hide their identity behind hoods and masks."

MORE ARRESTS PROMISED SOON.

Following the despatch of deputy sheriffs to Spiker, La., six miles northeast of here, to arrest the first man openly alleged to be implicated in the murders of Attorney General Cocco said: "We will make other arrests as the investigation proceeds."

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Shun European Debt Parley, Is Plea of Johnson

Senator Says Borah's Plan Would Involve Us in Tangle.

By HIRSH W. JOHNSON, United States Senator from California.

(Written for Universal Service.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—An appeal to parties of necessity must consider not only present conditions in Europe, but the debts due to us, and, of course, the reparations due from Germany. While we to invite the interested nations to discuss these subjects in order to arrive at a final ending, and if reparations can never be made.

If we bring the nation of the earth here to Washington for such a conference, we will dump into America a big economic crisis of Europe and the reparations would be a heavy burden on the American people. If we sit down with other nations to reach an understanding and agreement, we are in honor bound to carry out and execute that agreement, and the very instant we undertake to carry out an agreement to enforce regulations that must be abandoned the traditional policy of America.

We become a part of the European scheme of things and we enter upon a course from which we have so recently escaped, and which our people so overwhelmingly repudiated. We cannot officially, with the nations of Europe, make agreements for the solution of Europe's present economic ills without being involved politically.

It is true we have troops on the Rhine, even as I think wrongly under existing conditions, and our observers in Europe, as a lastly different thing from begging aid from Europe to come to Washington to reach understandings and agreements in which officially we participate and which, in good faith, we must and are executing.

The difference is the difference between the policy of Woodrow Wilson and the water endorsement and approved by the American people in 1919.

Prince Disabled By Handshaking

BY UNITED PRESS. LONDON, Dec. 23.—(Special.)—The Prince of Wales, who has been disabled by a handshaking injury, is expected to be able to travel in a few days.

SUNDAY MAGAZINE—Color Christmas Illustration, Catching Ghost in Oakland, Enter the One-Room House, Santa and the Psychologist, Toy Box Gardner As I Knew Him, A Miracle Child of China, The Boy Behind the Counter, The Papered Door, Geraldine Discovers Scolding, The Last Blow of the Indians, A Naturalist in the Films, Fire Worship in America, The Heart of the Beach Comber.

COMIC SECTION—Aunt Elsie Magazine, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. C.

THE ARTIST—Toots and Casper.

FIRST NEWS SECTION—Universal News, United Press, Vanishing News.

SECOND NEWS SECTION—Local News, Eastbay Counties News, Editorial Page, Finance.

SOCIETY SECTION—Women's Clubs, Marriage Problems, The Knave.

AMUSEMENT SECTION—Motion Picture News, Theatrical Announcements, Book Reviews.

FOES LINE UP TO BEAT BORAH PLAN

Watson of Indiana Visits White House in Movement To Defeat Proposal for Parley on Europe's Woes

Johnson and Others Take Up Battle Against Meet: Claim Conference Would Drag U. S. Into European Row

By WINNER R. HARRIS, Universal Service Staff Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—Senator Watson of Indiana, President Hoover's most intimate adviser in the Senate, went to the White House today to advise against Senator Borah's proposal for the United States to join the European nations in a conference to discuss economic problems, including reparations.

On his return to the capitol, Senator Watson made it plain that he had pointed out to the president the proposed bill for this country. He also discussed with the president the situation in the Senate with regard to the chances of a bill which is in the form of an amendment to the navy bill, succeeded in.

PLAN OF BORAH STIRS OPPOSITION IN SENATE.

Senator Watson represented the sentiment of the administration in the Senate in his talk with the president. The opposition group of the old irreconcilable group which Borah also gained a length during the day.

Senator Johnson issued a formal statement vigorously attacking it, and Senators Reed and Shreve on the Democratic side, lined up with their former irreconcilable colleagues who had previously declared against it. These included Pendergast, Brandegee and Moses. Senator Lodge is usually opposed to the war.

Declaring he was "utterly opposed" to the amendment, Senator Watson said he went into detail to explain his views to the president. As for what attitude the president had adopted, the senator said the president had not told him in detail of how he felt about it.

OPPOSITION PLAN TO AMEND RESOLUTION.

However it was inferred from the senator's remarks that he was reflecting the administration's view. Particularly was this believed to be the case when he declared that if the amendment prevails at all, it must be safeguarded by two amendments along the following lines:

1. That the participants in the proposed parley shall be instructed that they shall not in any way assume for the United States any obligation for or discuss cancellation of the war debt owed this country or any part of it.

2. That the results of the conference shall not be of any kind to the United States in any way to any responsibility and acceptance of any proposition advanced on in the treaty.

WATSON AND BORAH HOLD CONFERENCE.

The words which passed around among other senators later in the administration is opposed to the Borah scheme because it is too cumbersome, involves the United States in too many things, and has too many angles.

Senator Borah talked with Senator Watson after the latter's visit to the White House. The Idaho senator strongly differed with the views of the administration leader.

United States by aiding in the formation of an agreement between European powers would not obligate itself to help execute the terms of the agreement.

Germany Denies U. S. Offered Assistance

By Universal Service.

BERLIN, Dec. 23.—(Special Cable Despatch.)—The German government has issued an official statement that neither Chancellor Cuno or any official German agency knows anything concerning steps reported to have been taken in America for the formation of an American trade commission to recommend an adjustment of the reparations question.

By JOHN T. BURKE, Universal Service Staff Correspondent.

LONDON, Dec. 23.—(Special Cable Despatch.)—The Saturday Review, discussing the "flagrant, flamboyant stunt from America," which spoiled the British press into believing the United States was again going to abandon the reparations question.

Against foreign entanglements in order to take the distracted and impoverished nations of Europe under her wide brooding wings, today denounced the reports of the negotiations as "a pack of lies."

The Review intimated that the

(Continued on Page 2, Col. 1.)

BRITON SEES NO HOPE OF U. S. AID TO EUROPE

Saturday Review Says Story
of Negotiations Are
Lies.

(Continued from Page 1)

whole thing was engineered to force a rise in exchange.

The Review is owned by Sir Edgar Mackay who has just returned from the United States. Sir Edgar is convinced that the United States is going to the bow-wows. He regards the president as a mere figurehead and declares that Secretary of State Hughes and not President Harding is the man who controlled the Washington conference on limitation of armaments and dictates the policy of America.

Sir Edgar, who wears a top hat and a flower in his buttonhole and who, like all Canadians who have been knighted, is more British than the British themselves, is confident that our old wells are going to dry up and our coal mines play out. He firmly believes, as his paper intimates, that America will not intervene in European affairs unless selfish interests force her to do so.

Hays Wishes Reid and Arbuckle Luck

CHICAGO, Dec. 23.—Will H. Hays, premier of movietown, was in Chicago tonight, en route to his home in Sullivan, Ind., for Christmas.

Hays commented on the Wallace Reid and Roscoe Arbuckle cases, saying he wished them both the "best of luck" and hoped they would win fresh plaudits from movie audiences.

"Reid is staging a remarkable fight to come back," the movie boss said. "He is a good fellow and I wish him the best of luck."

Employee Confesses Embezzling \$55,000

CHICAGO, Dec. 23.—(United Press.)—Seth G. Anderson, employee of the First National Bank, was tonight held for the grand jury, following his alleged confession to embezzling \$55,000 from the bank's funds. Bank examiners declared Anderson's shortage was \$70,000. Anderson denied responsibility for the larger amount.

Aviator Is Killed In Parachute Fall

BONHAM, Tex., Dec. 23.—Irvin Turner, 23, stunt aviator, met death this afternoon while performing over Leonard, Texas, near here. The youth fell from his plane when it attempted to descend in a parachute and it failed to open.

ARRIVES IN TIME FOR BIG DINNER

"By the big horn spoon, Andy, this is luck! Man, I thought you'd jumped off the globe. Where have you been the last six months? Couldn't find you at your old address. Tried to invite you to a turkey dinner Thanksgiving and another one Christmas. See what you've missed! By Jove, you haven't missed the last one yet, but you just got here in time. The wife and kiddies will be tickled to death. Come on up and play Santa Claus and stay with us Christmas eve and next day. Can you make it?"

"By Jove, old man, you're a real friend. I was called up state suddenly by trouble on the ranch and I have been working like a Trojan ever since. Just got back and didn't have the nerve to call you up just before Christmas after neglecting you all this time."

"We asked you had a good season. Say you'll come!"

"Well, to tell the truth, I've been in the tall trees so long I haven't any clothes and it's late to get them."

"Late nothing! I know a last minute place that'll furnish everything you need. They can fix a man of your build up without any trouble. Good looking dude, too. And the best of it is you can buy on credit with."

Rush along, old timer, they are open every Saturday evening until 10 o'clock.

Cherry's store for women is at 215 Thirteenth street—Advertisement.

CRABTREE'S
Travel Office
1325 Broadway 2132 Shattuck

CRABTREE'S
Travel Office
1325 Broadway 2132 Shattuck

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Big Business Back of Report Of American Aid

By Universal Service.
(Copyright, 1922, by Universal Service.)

BERLIN, Dec. 23.—(Special Cable Dispatch.)—The "inside story" of the proposed American arbitration of the reparations dispute between Germany and the allied powers was given to Universal Service tonight from a high and authoritative source. The appeal for American participation was made by German financial and business interests to the United States Chamber of Commerce at New York.

No official action has been taken to date. Neither the German government nor the American government has had any formal communication upon the subject.

German officials say the German government does not intend to make any proposals to the United States to act as arbitrator in the matter.

German officials could only make such an appeal through Ambassador B. Houghton, the American ambassador to Germany, or through Dr. Otto Wiedfeldt, the German ambassador to the United States. Any other method would be a revelation to secret diplomacy.

Chancellor Cuno has assured Ambassador Houghton Germany was not appealed to the United States.

When Max Warburg was in the United States he had a long conference with Julius Barnes. It is said that Barnes told Warburg that if Herr Mendelssohn, president of the Chamber of Commerce of Germany, would propose to Barnes, as head of the United States Chamber of Commerce, that a committee be appointed to get as a sort of "arbitral" of reparations, that something might be done.

The proposal was independent of both governments. It was merely in line with the desire of "business" men to get out of "financial" difficulties. Herr Mendelssohn confirmed this today, adding:

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POLICE ARREST HOLDUP SUSPECT

After a search of almost two weeks, Police Inspector Alex Trotter and George Burkhart last night arrested Ray Barker, also known as "Doc" Barker, in a hotel room. Barker was identified by six persons as the man who held them up in the home of W. H. Meador, 625 Oakland avenue, on the night of December 12.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Campbell of 475 Broadway, and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Campbell of 475 Broadway, were in the house as guests at the time. The burglar entered the house through a window and held them up, procuring a considerable quantity of money.

They arrested him in his home, 525 Twentieth street. Barker is married and has a child five years of age. He is out of work.

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COUNTRY-WIDE DOPE RING PROBE BEGUN IN L. A.

Indictment of Master Minds
In Illegal Traffic Promised
by U. S. Agents.

By ROBERT A. DONALDSON.
United Press Staff Correspondent.
LOS ANGELES, Dec. 23.—Investigation of a nation-wide "dope ring" with tentacles reaching from Atlantic to Pacific has been begun by the federal grand jury here.

Evidence being presented is being shrouded with the greatest secrecy, but it is known that United States Attorney Joe Burke hopes to emerge from the grand jury chamber session at the conclusion of the investigation with indictments of a character which will bring the "master minds" of the national ring into the toils of the law.

"This investigation is only a link in the chain of investigations being conducted by federal authorities throughout the nation," Burke declared.

"In many places the investigations have not proceeded as far as the one here in Los Angeles and are not yet before grand juries."

"Here, however, much of our work has come to a head in the past ten days."

NARCOTICS POURING INTO COUNTRY.

"There is no doubt that narcotics are pouring into this country in greater quantities than ever before, despite an increasing number of arrests all over the country. Straight morphine, 'hop,' the Chinese opium preparation smoked in pipes, pin snuff, a second grade of the same thing, heroin, cocaine and other forms of drugs are even being disguised under trade names and sold in defiance of federal laws."

Burke declared that recent revelations of names of "dope" peddlers and users, seized in Los Angeles, New York and other places brought the local investigation to a head.

"We intend to fix the responsibility for this influx of these illicit drugs," Burke declared. "We have arrested many peddlers, and we have state and local officials, but this does not stop the flow. There are 500 known peddlers in Los Angeles who are either in jail or have served terms."

DIFFICULT TO GET ACTUAL PROOF.

"It is very difficult to obtain actual proof of sales, and under present statutes this is the only ground on which we can send them to the federal penitentiary. Otherwise, for illicit possession, they can only be given jail sentences."

"We are morally certain that a number of these men who have been arrested are important cogs in the system of distributing narcotics, and recent evidence we have obtained may be strong enough to put them behind the bars for long terms."

Charges of conspiracy to violate a United States law, punishable by a long penitentiary sentence, will be placed against those indicted, it is said. Such charges will hold, Burke declared, against conspirators in the drug ring even though they have not been caught in actual sales.

Burke admitted having in his possession a list of users in Los Angeles and Hollywood whose names, if published, would arouse the country because of their prominence in social and motion picture circles.

Burke also has evidence concerning certain Hollywood "cocaine parties," he said, which may result in indictments against those permitting or staging them.

All witnesses are being summoned in secret, and actual meetings of the grand jury are called secret and are held in places in which outsiders may not see witnesses come and go from the grand jury room.

Burke believes that the indictments he hopes to obtain will decidedly check the narcotic trade both in Hollywood and New York City, and to a certain extent in other places.

Obregon Pardons Political Prisoners

By Universal Service.
MEXICO CITY, Dec. 23.—(Special Cable Dispatch.)—President Obregon today granted a general amnesty bill freeing all political prisoners and guaranteeing safety to indicted Mexicans who fled the country during the recent revolutions. The bill, effective January 1, was sent to the Mexican congress tonight.

ROY HURT IN AUTO CRASH.
James Sweeney, 14, of 854 Isabel street, suffered a fracture of the arm in an auto accident last night. The machine in which he was riding and which was being driven by Henry Villa, collided with a car driven by M. Davis, 1537 Thirtieth avenue. The accident happened at Eleventh and Harrison streets. The boy was thrown out of Villa's car. He was treated at the Emergency hospital.

Charge Accounts Invited
Wear the latest styles in THE CALIFORNIA 25 Stockton st., San Francisco—Advertisement.

SACRAMENTO SHORT LINE
PHONE PIEDMONT 245
Trains for Sacramento and Pittsburg leave 4th and Shattuck Depot daily 7:50, 9:20, 11:30 a. m.
1:30, 3:30, 5:10, 8:30 p. m.
Lining-observation Car on the 5:10 Through train, Columbus, Croville and Chico.

PIERCE NOW SAYS HE HAS FOUND HE IS A KYLE

Estate Claimant Comes With
New Story, but He
Has Rival.

Frank S. Pierce, claimant of the Kyle estate, late yesterday appeared at the office of Public Administrator Albert E. Hill and announced:

"I am a Kyle."
Heretofore Pierce has been Hill, Pierce, Rice, Van Pesselaar and Spofford by turns. Now he is a Kyle, he says.

Pierce went to the public administrator's office by appointment. He was to have been accompanied by a mysterious negress, Mammy Hill's daughter, who earlier in the day he said had arrived from Kentucky bringing with her the "casket" containing the Kyle jewelry. When opened the box was found to contain a watch, which was still running, although the box, it is claimed, has been buried for more than a year.

PIERCE HAS NEW VERSION.
At the morning session Pierce refused to reveal the name of Mammy Hill's daughter, but promised to have her at the office of the public administrator at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. At 4:15 Pierce rushed into the office of the public administrator.

"I've got it at last," he cried. "Yes sir, I have the whole thing. I am Kyle. I will tell you all about it, but you will have to place your hand on the bible and swear never to reveal it to a soul. I am a Kyle. That has been admitted to me by the family. Two of them with tears in their eyes told me so today. They don't let it come out. They don't want it known. The whole thing is going to be settled out of court."

Pierce then entered into secret consultation with Public Administrator Hill and Walter Eliassen, his attorney. What the result of that conference was not learned as the three left the office immediately and neither Hill nor Eliassen returned.

NEW CLAIMANT APPEARS.
Burke declared that recent revelations of names of "dope" peddlers and users, seized in Los Angeles, New York and other places brought the local investigation to a head.

**EGYPT TO HOLD
RELICS FOUND IN
PHARAOH'S TOMB**

By Universal Service.
LONDON, Dec. 23.—(Special Cable Dispatch.)—The Egyptian government, declaring that the burial places of the pharaohs come under the heading of "untouched tombs," has decided that Lord Carnarvon does not possess a claim to the marvelous objects he has discovered. The government adds that Egypt is absolutely tranquil and that special arrangements will be made for the protection and comfort of the tourists who come to inspect the wonders of the last resting places of the ancient monarchs.

**Alameda Prepares
To Control Dances**

ALAMEDA, Dec. 23.—An ordinance designed to eliminate the possibility of any disorderliness and which will require all public dance halls in the city to close at 1 o'clock is now being prepared by William J. Locke, city attorney, according to an announcement made by C. E. Hickok, city manager.

The ordinance is the outgrowth of a recent disturbance at an all-night dance. The matter was brought to the attention of the city's clubs in the city and the matter referred by them to Locke.

Under the new ordinance, proprietors of dance halls will be forced to close at 1 o'clock and also must refuse to admit any person under 16 years of age. The proposed law will come up before the board of supervisors at an early date, according to Hickok.

Corn at ten cents a bushel equals coal at 25 a ton for burning.

STOVE REPAIRING

All gas ranges are readily made tight and may be costing you in gas. If your gas range is leaking or burners not right, does not have any immediate effect, but makes you anxious; calls you by inches. P. Anderson can fix it.

1425 WEBSTER ST.
OAKLAND 4539

**\$25 LOS ANGELES
AND RETURN**
S. S. Admiral Evans
.....5 p. m. today, Dec. 24
S. S. Ruth Alexander
.....10 a. m. Wed., Dec. 27

**\$31 SAN DIEGO
AND RETURN**
S. S. Admiral Evans
.....5 p. m. today, Dec. 24
S. S. Ruth Alexander
.....10 a. m. Tuesday, Dec. 26
PORTLAND

ANYWHERE PACIFIC
1451
Franklin St.
Phone
Oakland 795
Opposite
Franklin
Theatre

Oakland Bride In Los Angeles



MISS BEATRICE RANDALL, who will become bride of Robert P. Murphy at wedding ceremony to be performed today.

Miss Beatrice Randall Will Become Wife of Robert P. Murphy Today.

Miss Beatrice Randall, daughter of Mrs. Emma Randall, will be married to Robert P. Murphy of Los Angeles at the home of the bride's mother, 835 Thirtieth street, at 1:30 o'clock today. The Rev. J. E. Badger, pastor of Grace Methodist church, will officiate.

The bride will wear a gown of changeable pale blue and silver tulle. Those who will act as bridesmaids are Thelma Randall, sister of the bride, and Miss Lois Pollard. They will be sworn in by the bride's mother.

The bridegroom will be attended by his brother, R. B. Murphy. Robert Murphy is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Murphy of Campbell. The bridegroom will leave for Los Angeles tomorrow morning, where they will make their home.

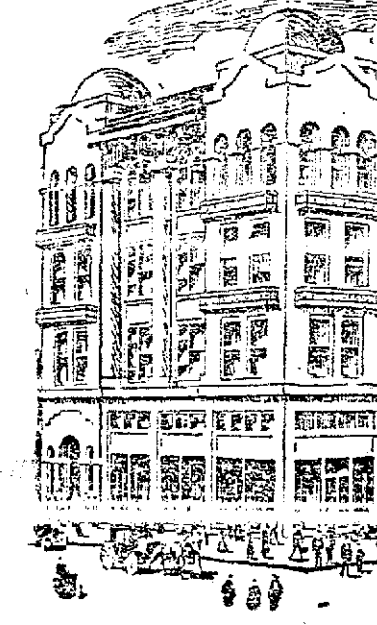
Members of the family and immediate friends only will attend the wedding. Among these are Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Badger, Mr. and Mrs. E. Banta, Mrs. Emma Randall, Miss Thelma Randall, Miss Lois Pollard, Dan O'Connell, N. R. Murphy, Miss Harriett Murphy, Miss Lois Brown, Mrs. O. Brown, William Brown and Milton A. Wright.

SONG WRITER TO SLEEP ON WABASH BANKS

CHICAGO, Dec. 23.—(By the Associated Press.)—Benton the song-writer about the strange help to immortalize. Paul Dresser, who wrote the song "On the Banks of the Wabash," will sleep tonight in the Indiana Society of Chicago announced today.

Governor McCray of Indiana the announcement said had received the consent of five brothers and sisters of the dead poet to the removal of the body from the grave in Chicago to some spot on the banks of the Wabash River. Proposals have come from both the Payson and Terre Haute that the body be placed in a memorial park which each of the cities seeks to build.

BRAINS AND BRAWN.
LYNN, Eng.—John A. P. Shipp, aged 15, and captain of his school football, cricket, tennis and hockey teams, has won a gold medal for his classroom work.



Polytechnic College of Engineering

13th and Madison Sts., Oakland.
Best Equipped Technical College in the West

Combines High School and College Courses in Engineering

All unnecessary subjects omitted from curriculum. We concentrate on subjects used in engineering practice. Rapid advancement through practical methods. Small lecture classes supplemented by individual help. Degrees granted upon completing the following courses:

Civil, Electrical, Mechanical, Mining and Architectural Engineering.

Diplomas awarded for special courses in Mechanical and Architectural Drawing Electrical Drafting—Surveyors' Course Electricians' Course, Building Estimating Course. Auto-Mechanics and Machine Shop Practice.

Very opportunity for the most thorough and practical training. Faculty composed of educators of wide experience in the technical professions.

Young men who have had two years of High School work are qualified to enter our regular courses. Those below that standing may take our Preparatory Course.

New Term opens first week in January. Write for Catalogue and Courses of Study. W. E. GIBSON, Pres. H. C. INGRAM, Vice-Pres.

WETS AND DRY UNITE TO DRY UP WASHINGTON

Move to Make Moist Solons
Live Up to the Laws
They Passed.

By PAUL R. MALLON.
United Press Staff Correspondent.
WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—The prohibition forces in congress have determined to "dry up" official Washington.

Aroused by reports that government officials and some members of congress who have taken oaths to enforce and uphold all laws including the Volstead Act, have abundant supplies of liquors, the drys have determined to force these public men to "practice what they preach."

Evidence already has been collected that some of the congressmen who voted for the Volstead law have liquor in their offices at the capitol and that officials who share the responsibility for the enforcement of the dry act, patronize bootleggers.

OBEY LAW, IS DEMAND.
Already the drys have played two of their cards. Representative Upshaw, Georgia, has called upon government officials to obey the law just as they try to force the people of the South to observe it.

With reports of bootleggers operating under the great gray dome of the capitol building, Senator Curtis, Kansas, Republican whip, has issued orders to the police to arrest a person suspected of selling liquor in the capitol or the senate and house office buildings.

The drys still have a trump card which they will play if the officials and the congressmen do not quit drinking in their official homes. It will be the public exposure of these in official life who patronize bootleggers.

NAMES MAY BE GIVEN.
In a recent raid on the apartment of a bootlegger who catered to the elite of the city, several congressmen were found in a "directory." The drys claim to have other evidence regarding liquor law violations by officials here.

In their campaign the drys will have the support of the outstanding wet leaders in congress. Representative Hill, Maryland, a wet leader, stated that he would call upon Representative Upshaw to back up his charges by giving the names of those officials said to be violating the law.

The whole matter probably will be brought on the floor of the senate shortly after the holiday session.

The problem is a difficult one here because of the large supplies of liquors received by diplomats, some of whom give it out to their friends. Within the last week a shipment of liquor from Europe valued at \$50,000, was received by diplomats here.

Piedmont Prepares For Fire Inspection

PIEDMONT, Dec. 24.—Announcement was made by Chief Culver of the Piedmont Fire Department that arrangements have been completed for the annual fire inspection of property.

Piedmont residents are urged to cooperate in every way, and to give the necessary information and aid to the uniformed men who call in the house-to-house canvas in the interests of fire protection.

It is estimated that the canvas will take about three months to complete. Residents are urged to keep their premises clean and their garages and attics free of combustible material.

LONDON.—Edible snails are 6 cents a dozen cheaper this year than they were a year ago.

Eves of World Turn to America, Says Pope Pius

(Copyright, 1922, by the United Press.)

ROME, Dec. 23.—"The eyes of the world are turned to noble America," Pope Pius XI declared tonight in a special Christmas message to the people of the United States, transmitted to the United Press by Cardinal Gasparri. The message follows:

"May the coming Christmas be a dawn of better times for poor humanity which is still weighed down by the war. Four times Christmas has come and gone since the cessation of hostilities but the peace which heralded has not returned to the hearts of men, all efforts having so far been in vain."

"The eyes of the world are turned to noble America. May God inspire that generous people and give it the glory of raising the world from the most terrible crisis ever recorded by history."

Shine Parlor On Franklin St. Raided as Bar

"Shine Your Shoe and Drink at the Same Time."

This is the printed motto that Pasquale Accoris, a bootblack at 1413 Franklin street, is said by the police to have posted in his place of business. It is further alleged by the police that he made good to his customers by selling them liquor.

Accoris was arrested last night by Police Officers Wallace Canning, George Berner and Clyde Miller of the dry squad. He was charged with violation of the Wright act. The police officers found liquor valued at \$150, according to their report. A woman was seen in the place, drinking, when the officers entered, but she escaped through a back door, according to Officer Canning.

WOODS FARE FATAL

BRENT, Eng.—After living on nuts and berries while lost in the woods for three weeks, Herbert Bascom was unable to eat civilized food, and literally starved to death.

Will This Be A MERRY CHRISTMAS For You?

If you enjoy good health you have much to be merry over—something that wealth cannot and does not always provide—that the rich as well as the poor cannot always enjoy. For hundreds of Oakland people who have suffered from poor health and chronic maladies today will be a gala one of joyful merriment through restored robust health by

T. FOO YUEN THE CELEBRATED HERB SPECIALIST

—pre-eminent in his profession as an authority on herbs, their mixing and blending, and their administration; also as a dietician co-ordinating with the wonder health-giving properties of his prepared herbs.

Our Herbs Cleanse the System Rebuilding Tissues

The principle of the "Herb Treatment" of disease is cleansing from within, where all disorders originate, developing and finally culminating in a serious chronic disease, which through a long period has become so deep-seated and weakened the system that treatment must first be applied to the source of the trouble, and in a very mild modulated form, increasing in strength after the treatment has had time to begin its work of cleansing and throwing off the accumulated poisons, assisted by proper dieting, and finally ending in a complete eradication of the cause, carrying with it a rebuilt system and renewed exuberant health.

Are not narcotic or stimulating—very mild on the system, but potent in beneficial results

Our herbs are of the choicest. Great care is exercised in their preparation. Unlike most medical agents they are not narcotic in the least degree; they do not depress the system, only to have it reappear again, after the effects of the narcotic agent have left the patient in a still more weakened condition than at first; or have lost their effects through habitual excessive use. We do not believe in the substitution of a lesser malady for a greater through the use of habit-forming stimulating narcotics—but elimination of the cause through natural methods which cure without harm or bad after effects.

Testimonials From

Hundreds of people, old and young, living in Oakland, San Francisco, Los Angeles and everywhere, who have been cured of the following chronic diseases by our herbs and treatments are on file in our office, open to your inspection.

Kidney, Stomach and Blood Ailments, Night-Sweats, Diabetes, Neuralgia, Etc.

Free Consultation and Diagnosis
Hours—10 a. m. to 7 p. m.
Phone Piedmont 6417

Foo Wing Herb Co.

3108 Telegraph
Oakland, Cal.

GREEK REGIME NEAR COLLAPSE; LEADERS FLEE

Counter-Revolt Menaces as
Sequel to Wholesale
Executions.

(By Universal Service.)
LONDON, Dec. 23.—(Special Cable Dispatch.)—The inevitable and generally expected revolution against the recent wholesale execution of former Greek officials seems to be taking definite form in a threatened counter revolution at Athens, despatches from many sources tonight seem to indicate.

The Greek revolutionary government is on the verge of collapse and members of the revolutionary committee which overthrew Constantine's government two months ago are fleeing the country, a despatch from Nafis said.

Romean Athens indicated unrest in the army and murmuring of the civilian population which is in desperate straits owing to starvation and the economic collapse.

Revolt among the Greek troops in Thrace already has broken out. The Greek delegation at Lausanne has not had a conspicuous success, and with Greece contemplating the loss of all the fruits she gained in the World War this Christmas promises to be the gloomiest in the proud history of an ancient and famous people.

London papers print despatches from Lausanne that Venizelos, head of the Greek delegation there, was ignorant of the plans to execute the Greek leaders, and protested to the revolutionary committee when he heard of the killings.

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WFAI THY CHINESE GIRL DISAPPEARS IN WASHINGTON

Mystery Surrounds Whereabouts of Mildred Wen, Who Was to Wed Tomorrow.

By COLE E. MORGAN, Universal Service Staff Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—A Chinese mystery, smacking of the mysticism of the Orient, for 24 hours has baffled solution by the keenest Washington and New York detectives and police officials and by the highly educated Chinese leaders of the two cities.

Mildred Wen, 18-year-old daughter of Wen Wing Lim, wealthy Washington Chinese importer and merchant, who on Christmas day was to have become the bride of George Nam Lee, of New York, million-dollar president of the Chinese Merchants' Association of the United States, has disappeared under mysterious circumstances. Not a trace of the girl has been found since shortly after 7 o'clock last night, when she turned a corner at Ninth and F streets, in the heart of the theater and shopping district.

At 7 o'clock last night the girl told her mother she was going to bid goodbye to some friends and to her teachers at the Gates school, where she was a student. She called on one friend near her father's place of business and then started to see the teacher. She turned a corner where she was to board a trolley, and disappeared.

When the girl failed to return home at a reasonable hour, her parents became alarmed. They communicated with the teacher and with other friends she had expected to visit, and learned that she had made only the one call from which she was traced to the corner where she had been swallowed up in the crowd of theatergoers and night shoppers.

The girl had a costly fur coat, two diamond rings, each valued at almost \$1000, and valuable Oriental gems, and carried a considerable sum of money. These facts give credence to the kidnapping for robbery theory.

Mildred Wen, born in China, came to America when 13 years old and, for the past three years, had resided in Washington. It was through friends among the Chinese here that she first met her fiancé, Lee, a frequent visitor at the embassy, to whom she had been engaged about a year.

Elaborate preparations had been made for the wedding on Monday in a Chinese temple in New York, with all the pomp and ceremony of the higher caste of Chinese.

SMALLPOX CASE CREATES PANIC AMONG SWELLS

BY ASSOCIATED PRESS. LEASED WIRE TO TRIBUNE.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 23.—Philadelphians, prominent in business, professional and social life, were kept prisoners for six and a half hours today when a smallpox quarantine was thrown around the block bounded by Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Spruce and Pine streets, which included several fashionable apartment houses.

More than 5500 residents were examined by fifty physicians and between 900 and 1000 were vaccinated.

Eighty-five policemen roped off the area and maintained the quarantine, which resulted from the discovery of a negro suffering from the disease in a house on a small thoroughfare in the district.

Venus Company to Entertain Employees

The Venus, Inc., will play Santa Claus and host to its 150 employees at midnight Christmas Eve at the firm's second annual Christmas tree celebration.

The festivities will take the form of a midnight supper, followed by a program of holiday entertainment, distribution of gifts to all present by George and Doreen Kuroki, managers of the Venus, and will conclude with a dance.

The program of entertainment which has been arranged is as follows: "Lead Kindly Light," Westminster Chimes; "Thais" (Masse), violin solo; "Hasselberg," "My Sweet Repose" (Schubert), Henry Graef, Mrs. Hazel Pettys; comic intermezzo from Mignon (Seek), "Knowest Thou the Land" (Thomas), Miss Barrows, violin accompaniment by Rexey, "Sophie."

Mrs. Hazel Pettys. Music for the dance is to be provided by the Filipino Symphony jazz orchestra, directed by J. M. Blood, manager, Catalina Landiniano; pianist, Anastacio Veto.

Palo Alto Elks Plan For Local Chapter

PALO ALTO, Dec. 23.—Plans were laid at a meeting of local members of the Elks for the formation of a Palo Alto lodge for the some eighty Elks residing in this city. A committee consisting of C. P. Cooley and Mort Blackburn was appointed to look into the advisability of establishing an Elks lodge here and also to seek for suitable clubrooms in case the lodge is formed. Of the eighty Elks living in Palo Alto all but a few are members of the San Mateo lodge.

Million in Bonuses By Kenosha Firms

KENOSHA, Wis., Dec. 23.—(By Associated Press.)—Big Kenosha Industries divided more than a million dollars in Christmas bonuses and Christmas presents today. The Santa Claus parade, led with bonuses to their salaried officials in the Kenosha and Milwaukee plants totaling more than \$300,000, and in addition gave each of the 3000 wage earners in the plant a \$10 bill.

HONOLULU

Special 10-day Cruise, CRUISE, E. T. Alexander, Jr. and J. M. Blood, manager, Catalina Landiniano; pianist, Anastacio Veto.

Aahmes Temple Chanters to Voice Christmas Spirit in Carols

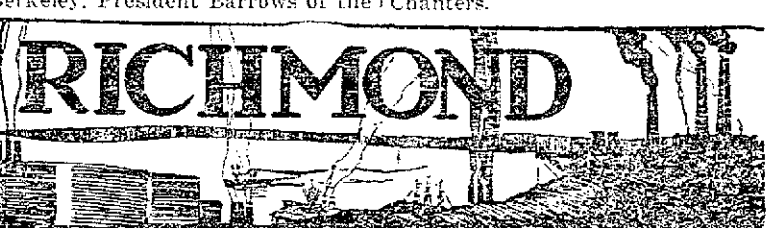
Here is a group picture of Bedouin Chanters of local shrine, who will sing Christmas songs in Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley, to usher in the dawn of Christmas day. There are sixty members in the organization. ROBERT LLOYD is musical director, and JOHN C. HUGHES business manager of the chanters.



Mystic Shrine Singers to Give Christmas Carol Treat

The Bedouin Chanters, the male singing chorus of sixty voices of Aahmes Temple Shrine, have arranged an extensive itinerary for early Christmas morning when they will present a program of Christmas carol singing.

Their itinerary includes visiting the homes and offices and past officers of Aahmes Temple, various hospitals and churches, the Hotel Oakland, the blind home in Berkeley, President Barrows of the



Richmond Hotel, where the Bedouin Chanters will sing Christmas carols.

Varied Program For Church Xmas

RICHMOND, Dec. 23.—A varied program has been mapped for the First Presbyterian church Christmas observance tomorrow. All departments of the Sunday school will unite at 9:45 in the morning in giving a program of song and recitation. Gifts will then be assembled for the folks of the community who might otherwise receive no presents. Some of about six and a half hours today when a smallpox quarantine was thrown around the block bounded by Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Spruce and Pine streets, which included several fashionable apartment houses.

Salt Lake Suspect Held Vagrant, Freed

RICHMOND, Dec. 23.—Arthur H. Brown, the suspected murderer of Rulon Jones at Salt Lake City, Utah, December 2, and who yesterday established a perfect alibi, was given a suspended sentence of thirty days for vagrancy by Police Judge C. A. Odell and ordered out of town.

CHILDREN GUESTS OF MOOSE

RICHMOND, Dec. 23.—Almost three hundred children were given Christmas cheer Thursday night at the joint entertainment arranged by the Richmond Moose and the Mooseheart Legion in Moose hall. Besides the two hundred children of members, seventy-five others were present as friends of the Richmond Social Service Bureau. The program was given by the Mooseheart Legion in Moose hall. Besides the two hundred children of members, seventy-five others were present as friends of the Richmond Social Service Bureau. The program was given by the Mooseheart Legion in Moose hall.

WAGON DAMAGED BY CAR

RICHMOND, Dec. 23.—The express wagon of J. P. Labourdette, fourteenth and Clinton, was slightly damaged today when a truck by San Francisco-Oakland Terminal railway street car in front of the Oakland TRIBUNE branch office, 1015 Broadway, ran into it.

TO WALTZ ON PLANK

One of the Square Dance club, J. J. tonight in Moose hall will be waltzing on a 12-inch plank. Prizes will be distributed to the most successful dancers. The committee in charge consists of Mesdames George Kitchen, George Bernard, Jack Fowler and E. Moran.

ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PARTY

RICHMOND, Dec. 23.—The children of the Latter-Day Saints church enjoyed their annual Christmas party last night at Pythian Castle. An informal program was followed by the distribution of gifts, candy, nuts and apples.

Wife Freed From Absent Husband

One day P. W. Robinson, former Berkeley resident, left his home at 1091 Oraday street, taking with him a machine belonging to M. Craven, 610 Waller street, San Francisco, according to the testimony of his wife, Jennie Joe Robinson, who secured a divorce from him. Judge St. Sure signing the decree. The wife stated that Mrs. Craven was her sister, and that prior to taking the automobile her husband forged Mrs. Craven's name to a bill of sale, borrowed \$75 on the car, and the next heard from him was when the machine was found in a Los Angeles garage. Robinson has not been seen since that time by his wife or relatives, she testified.

Napaite Celebrates Her 80th Birthday

NAPA, Dec. 23.—Mrs. L. P. Wenden, mother of Constable-elect George Wenden, Thursday, celebrated her 80th birthday.

ORGANIST AGAIN SUED BY SPOUSE

Edgar Bayliss, organist, is charged with additional cruelties in a new divorce action just filed by Mrs. Nina R. Bayliss, a former suit having remained in the hands of Clarence Crowell, court commissioner, without a hearing since it was filed several months ago.

In the new action Mrs. Bayliss charges the musician with flying into a rage when she announced that she was to become a mother and that he first declared his belief that she was lying or that it was a "put-up job." Then he declared that she would have to get down with a shot from his rifle, not take care of her while she was ill, Mrs. Bayliss alleges.

Stating that her child is now three months old, Mrs. Bayliss says her husband has agreed to pay \$40 a month for ten months for the child's support and after that \$50 a month. He has also agreed that she have custody of the baby, the wife says, and with this understanding she has agreed to waive alimony and expects to obtain a position and support herself later on.

Mrs. Bayliss also repeats charges made in the former divorce action that Bayliss, constantly nagged at her and quarreled, often keeping her awake nights, that he sometimes refused to eat meals she prepared for him, and that once while she was sitting in a chair eating an orange he knocked the orange out of her hand and struck her in the face.

The complaint says they were married in Oakland, June 6, 1921, and that since the separation on April 1, last, Mrs. Bayliss has been residing in Alameda with her child.

HUNTER, HOUNDS BAG TWO LIONS NEAR SAN BAR

ANGELS CAMP, Dec. 23.—C. W. Ledshaw, employed by a power company 20 miles above here at San Bar, recently killed two mountain lions, one of which was unusually large. Ledshaw in his spare time hunts with a pack of trained hounds that track bear and lions only. While out with his pack on the Stanislaus the big cat was jumped and freed. Ledshaw brought it down with a shot from his rifle. A little later the smaller lion was roared from its rocky lair and forced to take to a tree. The hunter quickly dropped it with a bullet through the head.

JUNIOR ELKS WILL Install Officers

RICHMOND, Dec. 23.—Annual installation of officers of the Junior Elks will be held on the evening of Thursday, January 4. Exalted Ruler Frank N. Gordon of Richmond Lodge of Elks will act as installing officer. At Thursday night's meeting of the Junior Elks Aubrey Wilson, formerly chairman of the Big Four committee, was presented with a gold Elks card case.

YOUNG ENTERTAIN FRIENDS

RICHMOND, Dec. 23.—Olive Homestead of Yeomen entertained the members and their families and friends at Pythian Castle last night. There was an informal program of musical and dance numbers as follows: Emma Meyer, Gypsy dancer; Fern Williams, skirt dance; Gladys Miller, piano solo; Marion Bryant, recitation; Geraldine Cleek, songs; Roy Weston, recitation; Mrs. Ethel Wagner was in charge of the evening.

JUNIOR CLUB ENTERTAINS

RICHMOND, Dec. 23.—The Junior Richmond club held a Christmas party in Richmond club house last night. The evening was given over to dancing. The party was chartered by Mrs. R. N. Peterson and Mrs. Clara Wilson. Mrs. Santa Claus dispensed stockings full of candy among the guests.

TO WALTZ ON PLANK

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Daughter Finds Father She Had Never Seen

TRACY, Dec. 23.—Mrs. Ida Larson, with her daughter, Mrs. Nicholas Heinbockel, and two grandchildren, Edmond and Allen Heinbockel, have returned from Yuma, Ariz., where the 26-year-old daughter saw her father, Nick Larson of that city, for the first time.

Mrs. Heinbockel, who is the wife of one of the Heinbockel brothers, grain farmers here, says she enjoyed the experience of being presented as a full-grown Christmas gift to her father. They spent several days together in Arizona.

It is explained that the long separation was due to the malicious stories of friends. The Larsons were married in San Francisco in 1895 and lived for nearly a year together, until each heard stories concerning the other. One morning Larson kissed his wife good-bye, saying that he was going to look for housekeeping rooms for her. He did not come back.

ROADWAY TO BE BUILT Across Union Island

BYRON, Dec. 23.—Roadway across Union Island from the main Stockton-Tracy highway to the ferry at Clifton, in Contra Costa county, which was recently decided to San Joaquin by the island landowners, will be graded as soon as the winter rains are over, and in July it will be rock and made into a first-class road.

Thus the 2200 acres on Union Island will have an outlet via the ferry at Clifton. At present it is next to impossible to get across either Union Island or Clifton.

Ferguson Brothers own a considerable acreage in Clifton tract. Alfred Ferguson has announced that he and his brother would give a free right of way to Contra Costa at any time through their lands from the ferry. The exact route has not been decided upon. Other owners are expected to agree to give a right of way. "This route will connect with the concrete boulevards of this county."

Oil Firm May Drill On Napa Valley Land

NAPA, Dec. 23.—It is rumored in Napa that William Moskowitz is heading an oil drilling company which will shortly begin operations on the 100-acre Moskowitz ranch on the Monticello road. Among others interested with Moskowitz, it is reported, is a former superintendent engineer of the Standard Oil Company's foreign operations.

Jack Gaines, well-known engineer, has been retained to look into this capacity for the concern. It is understood.

Automobile Ferry Service

San Francisco and Oakland

Sunday, December 24 and Monday, December 25

Account necessary repairs to Steamers the following will be the service on above dates:

Lv. San Francisco for Oakland, 1st and Bdway.—7:00A, 8:30A, 10:00A, 10:45A, 11:30A, 12:15P, 1:00P, 1:45P, 2:30P, 3:15P, 4:00P, 4:45P, 5:30P, 6:15P, 7:00P, 7:45P, 8:30P, 9:15P, 10:00P, 11:30P, 1:05A.

Lv. Oakland, 1st and Bdway., for San Francisco—6:15A, 7:45A, 9:15A, 10:45A, 11:30A, 12:15P, 1:00P, 1:45P, 2:30P, 3:15P, 4:00P, 4:45P, 5:30P, 6:15P, 7:00P, 7:45P, 8:30P, 9:15P, 10:45P, 12:15P.

Lv. San Francisco for Oakland Pier—6:10A.M. and every 30 minutes until 12:20A.

Lv. Oakland Pier for San Francisco—6:10A.M. and every 30 minutes until 12:20A.

Southern Pacific Lines

San Francisco and Oakland

Sunday, December 24 and Monday, December 25

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Lv. Oakland, 1st and Bdway., for San Francisco—6:15A, 7:45A, 9:15A, 10:45A, 11:30A, 12:15P, 1:00P, 1:45P, 2:30P, 3:15P, 4:00P, 4:45P, 5:30P, 6:15P, 7:00P, 7:45P, 8:30P, 9:15P, 10:45P, 12:15P.

CARDINAL LOQUE HATCHET MURDER ARREST THREAT SUSPECT WILL BE OF ULSTERITES TRIED IN OAKLAND

Prelate Determined to Hold Mass in Violation of Curfew Law. Harry Allen to Be Charged With Slaying Palo Alto Man on Highway.

BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE. LEASED WIRE TO TRIBUNE.

DUBLIN, Dec. 23.—A delicate situation was arising here today over the announcement by Cardinal Logue, primate of Ireland, that he would violate the Ulster curfew regulations by celebrating a midnight mass Christmas Eve. The Ulster military authorities threaten to arrest both Cardinal Logue and all the members of his congregation if they defy the 9 o'clock curfew act.

By GEORGE MACDONOUGH, United Press Staff Correspondent.

DUBLIN, Dec. 23.—Irish Republican army officers, who have fought incessantly against the Free State since its inauguration, began a peace move today.

Eight commanders of the insurgent forces, understood to represent a large element in the De Valera ranks, now ready for truce, sent round public letters to men of the old Irish Republican army, urging formation of an Ireland-wide organization to terminate the internecine fratricidal strife that is ravaging the country.

While the move was regarded with some skepticism in Free State official circles, where it was recognized that extremists under De Valera have always in the past disregarded such advances and merely increased the campaign of terror, it was stated the government officials were ready to meet the proposition more than half way, if it promised success.

DUBLIN, Dec. 23.—Two hundred and sixty-nine political prisoners were released today by the Free State officials after the prisoners had pledged themselves not to bear arms against the government.

Plans of Watsonville Water Co. Advanced

WATSONVILLE, Dec. 23.—Mayor F. W. Atkinson and City Attorney A. W. Sons, representing the city of Watsonville, and H. C. Wyckoff, attorney for the Watsonville Water company, appeared before the board of supervisors in San Francisco Thursday to apply for permission to transfer the properties of the company to the city, in conformity with the provisions of a recent bond election providing for the purchase of the water system by the municipality.

The \$225,000 bond issue was sold Wednesday to the National City company of San Francisco. They paid a premium of \$7132.50 for the securities, being the highest of eight bidders.

Bootleg Suspect Sues To Regain His Wine

SANTA CRUZ, Dec. 23.—John Roggero, who was recently arrested after a raid of his place, the Hotel d'Italia, and who was acquitted when the case came to trial before Police Judge H. J. Bias, through his attorney has made application for his wine, which was seized by the police officers at the time.

CHRISTMAS TREE for Oakland Tribune Subscribers

Keep your TRIBUNE December subscription receipt handy—it may entitle you to a valuable gift.

Each day ten TRIBUNE subscription receipt numbers will be published in our Christmas Tree Prize List. Each one of these lucky numbers will entitle the holder of the same to a valuable prize.

ABSOLUTELY FREE—NO OBLIGATION.

The numbers will be selected every day at random from TRIBUNE subscription receipts that are issued at our main office, branch offices and by our subscription collectors who call regularly at the homes of TRIBUNE subscribers in Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda. Every prize will be worth while. So when you pay your TRIBUNE subscription bill, remember the number of your receipt—and watch the TRIBUNE Subscription Christmas Tree Prize List every day from now on.

OAKLAND TRIBUNE PRIZE LIST

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1922

Tribune Subscription Receipt Number

C768-20—One Aluminum 4-quart "Lifetime" Sauce Pan Set, made by the Aluminum Products Company.

170516-A—Two tickets to Oakland Orpheum (Matinee).

120433-A—One white and gold China Fruit Set—large bowl, six dishes, sugar and cream.

C756-15—Two tickets to Oakland Orpheum (Evening).

37162-A—One set six beautiful white and gold Cups and Saucers.

117-B—Two tickets to Oakland Orpheum (Matinee).

C785-25—One glass Punch Set—large bowl, stand and six glasses.

2588-B—Two tickets to Oakland Orpheum (Evening).

C785-9—Sauce Set, white and gold china—bowl, six dishes and sugar and cream.

168601-A—Two tickets to Oakland Orpheum (Matinee).

Present your TRIBUNE SUBSCRIPTION RECEIPT with the winning number at the Circulation Department, OAKLAND TRIBUNE, 1015 Broadway, and receive your prize.

HERE ARE YESTERDAY'S PRIZE WINNERS

G. Rix, 372 45th Street, Oakland

W. C. Smith, 2327 Prince Street, Berkeley

H. Murray, 1906 62nd Avenue, Oakland

C. Clark, 1215 Garrison Street, Oakland

A. McDonald, 3845 14th Avenue, Oakland

H. Anderson, 722 45th Street, Oakland

Chas. McNiff, 3021 Barker Street, Oakland

M. McArdle, 1282 Weber, Alameda

F. E. Tompkins, 5417 Shafter Street, Oakland

C. Johnson, 1316 12th Street, Oakland

"GET THE HABIT"—Watch THE TRIBUNE Prize List every day for YOUR RECEIPT NUMBER!

GERMANS PIN HOPE FOR MERRY CHRISTMAS ON UNITED STATES

EXCLUSIVE DESPATCHES FROM LEADING WRITERS IN EUROPE AND UNITED STATES

HARDING INSISTS PARLEY ON EUROPE TO BE HELD IN AMERICA

BERLIN WARNED,
HOWEVER, MONEY
WON'T CURE ILLS

European Industry Must Reorganize and Co-operate, Harden Declares.

By MAXIMILIAN HARDEN, German Press Publicist.
BERLIN, Dec. 23.—Is our world approaching a new Christmas? The present era has lasted too long, as once before when Jeremiah prophesied the dawn of Christianity. Grief hangs cloudlike over everything. Millions of mothers lament their dead children. Distressed cripples, whole nations and the air vibrates with the groans of misery.

But suddenly the rays of a star penetrate the darkness. Is the miracle of Bethlehem to be repeated? Thousands of Germans believe it.

"Our suffering is coming to an end," they say. "The world is beginning to see that it cannot exist without Germany's recovery. America is going to intervene. She will grant a big loan and compel France to reduce her claims. After a few years the mark will recover its old value."

The tangible reason for this belief here is the fact that the dollar declined 3000 marks in the last few days. All the rest, as I write, is intangible hope, having its origin in political and financial speculation.

FRANCE STILL UNYIELDING.
England has as yet not found an effective means of making France yield on reparations. The effort to do this by lowering the exchange rate of the franc has been unsuccessful, despite the fact that American private institutions helped in the matter for political reasons.

During the recent London conference it became clear to President Poincaré that America's help would be obtainable only when France desisted from military force. He expressed this intention in the chamber and Deputies Tardieu and Loucheur, who desire to succeed him, agreed with him. This means peace, but the way is still "long to Tipperary."

For France to be brought to the British viewpoint she must be intimidated and made to appear as the only obstacle preventing solution of all political and economic difficulties with American help.

It is impossible that this belief prevails in America, whose cooperation is necessary, but that even a large loan could miraculously heal the world's economic sickness is foolish to believe. France claims more money than Germany could possibly find. England wants to recover her old markets. The American farmers want to sell their products. American manufacturers want to sell their goods to Europe, especially to Germany. Who can believe for a moment the healing power of a loan when he considers all these symptoms?

What would happen to a loan whose proceeds would be exhausted in a year in a country which today prints twelve billion paper marks daily? The consequence would be a terrible industrial crisis which could not then be avoided as soon as the manufacturers had used up their cash.

REORGANIZATION VITAL.
The cause of the evil lies much deeper than those who think only of reparations. Europe's economic situation became untenable through the war that killed half a billion and at the same time built up new industries in other parts of the world and destroyed Europe's manufacturing and European industry.

80 Hens Lay 50 Eggs a Day
Sebastian E. Krebs, Farmer and Oil Producer, of Pennington, Butler County, Pa., is getting on an average of 50 eggs daily from 80 hens, and most of them are pullets at that.

Pratts poultry regulator, not only makes hens lay, but the first step toward economic restoration and which is the best substitute for a United States loan pact which the bankers refuse to conclude.

A second, and no longer distant objective, would be a pan-European economic organization. If America forces the old continent to a recognition of an economic country as the only remedy for the greatest misery, then will the Christmas miracle be renewed in a solid earthly way and the sun of world peace will rise over all men and bring good will once more.

Downfall Forecast

New photo of CHANCELLOR CUNO of Germany, whose collapse has been predicted by ex-Chancellor Brüning, whom he succeeded in office.—Copyright, 1922, by Underwood & Underwood.



U. S. Plans Must Include France, Tardieu Insists

But America Can't Help Till Europe Solves Tangles, Frenchman Holds.

By ANDRÉ TARDIEU, Ex-French Commissioner to U. S.
PARIS, Dec. 23.—I went to Havre to greet Clemenceau and returned to Paris to find the press full of vague solutions the United States is supposed to be planning concerning reparations. The coincidence affords an opportunity to make a few certain statements which can't help being useful.

Clemenceau did not go to America with a political object, much less financial view. The object was psychological and moral. He thought Americans needed to know the French viewpoint better and that he could tell them something on that subject. He went and talked as he does everything, frankly and squarely. He obtained the results sought for. Americans found it worth while listening to him, just as he found it worth while to listen to them. He asked nothing and proposed nothing resembling a positive solution, which is solely an affair for the governments themselves.

I emphasize this because there has been attempts to establish a relationship between Clemenceau's trip and the political-financial projects with which the press of both continents now is full. Such a relationship does not exist.

U. S. PROPOSALS CRITICIZED.
Having stated Clemenceau's purpose, I will now pass to quite a different subject, namely, this matter which the papers call the American plan. This plan was first presented to the public as official but the mistake was quickly corrected. Next it was attributed to eminent financial personages, but Morgan's prompt denial disposed of that, so today the plan is indefinite.

Though first announced as a loan, it really is only a method to help Germany. We in France do not see any objection to aiding Germany if we thought she could or would be helped, but her policy of the past three years has been one of always choosing the worst and nothing indicates a change of heart.

Moreover, if aid is to be given Germany, we would like the conditions to be such that our just reparations will not be excluded. The plan, which has caused such great sensation, does not fulfill these conditions.

We ask you to remember that there is no peace without justice and any restoration of Europe with the invaded paying for the invader would be the worst of injustices. It is highly desirable to put Germany in order, but dangerous to do so without subordinating this to the execution of the engagement solemnly contracted by Germany.

EUROPEAN PLAN FIRST.
Such a competent judge as J. P. Morgan declares that a loan to Germany is unthinkable so long as Europe does not solve the reparations problem.

Nobody pretends a final absolute solution is possible without the United States, for when the solution finally is agreed upon, the United States will be asked to act as banker and to mobilize the needed elements.

BRITAIN BURIES
HER TANGLES IN
YULETIDE CHEER

Not Even Unemployment Allowed to Mar Holiday; B. Law Wins Praise.

By A. G. GARDNER, Britain's Greatest Liberal Editor.
LONDON, Dec. 24.—The indomitable spirit of Christmas spreads over the land. London never has been more cheerful. Never has it seemed apparently more prosperous. The streets are full of people laden with parcels. The shops are jammed. Theaters are overcrowded, hotels are full. All skeletons have been put away for the season. The Turkish skeleton is securely buried at Lausanne, doubtless with the prospect of an early resurrection. The Ruhr skeleton has been put in the cupboard until Christmas is over. The unemployment skeleton, most sinister of all facing England—is not to be permitted to cast a shadow over the feast. The entire nation is determined to enjoy an old-fashioned Christmas despite these skeletons in the various closets. Indeed we are so accustomed to skeletons that we almost have ceased to have been afraid of them.

Undoubtedly one cause of the general cheerful feeling throughout the country is the recent political explosion. Everybody seems relieved at the disappearance of coalition. Even the Liberals agree that Premier Bonar Law is acting with moderation and wisdom. He displays no disposition to initiate the stunt methods of his predecessors or to make himself a sort of a Barnum showman.

PRaise FOR BONAR LAW.
Moreover, Law's quiet, decent method of gaining justice by a succession of disclosures, which is making havoc for the remnants of Lloyd George's reputation, has won the approval of the country. Almost daily new light is thrown on the former premier's responsibility for the Greek disaster. There is a deepening realization that this country has been involved up to its neck in one of the most deplorable tragedies of history. The attempt of Lloyd George and Birkenhead to throw the blame on Carzon has ended in a grotesque fiasco and apologies. Never was an engineer so completely hoisted with his own petard.

The public is rooking with laughter over the pantomime staged by Lloyd George in collaboration with certain papers in the United States. It is agreed that there is a serious aspect to the matter. British statesmanship never before has been mixed up in an affair of this sort. But the comedy aspect commands the chief interest. The circumstances in which Lloyd George first contracted for publication of his memoirs at a fabulous price, then, after public criticism waxed warm, announced his intention of giving the proceeds to charity and afterward entering into this new undertaking has resulted in his action being mercilessly criticized by a united press here.

The plea of the former prime minister that he is a poor man and must earn a living has not helped him. Even poor men, especially under present conditions, are expected to observe certain traditions. Moreover, it is being pointed out very plainly that he is not entitled to call himself a poor man. Apart from anything else he received an annual income of ten thousand dollars under the Carnegie will. This is not a great fortune but enough to keep the wolf from the door.

LODGE GEORGE SCORED.
This incident has done much to anything else to complete the amazing discredit under which the light of the late premier has been eclipsed. His prospects of political resurrection are rapidly reaching zero. He still apparently clings to the hopes of restoring his personal party but now the leaves and fishes of office are no longer in his gift and there is a marked tendency on the part of his followers to fall away.

His attacks on French policy are unappreciated even by those who deplore the attitude assumed by France. He is not in a position to make them for he was more responsible than anybody else for giving France the impression that extravagant demands on Germany. It has been left to his successors to disabuse France of that idea. This is now being done with what effect the next few weeks will indicate.

It is the impression here that while military occupation of the Ruhr district will not be attempted, economic occupation will. This is the same thing under a disguise. France cannot work the Ruhr without harnessing or without the good will of the German people. It cannot control German customs or forests without the same conditions. England will have nothing to do with such policies. She refuses to treat Germany as a bankrupt to be maintained in a condition of eternal bankruptcy of Europe and the bankruptcy of England as well.

Critical days are ahead of us. If Poincaré pursues his announced policy the entente ends.

Harding Refuses
To Take Part in
Old World Meet

President Feels People Are Suspicious of Conferences Over There.

By ROBERT T. SMALL, BY CONSOLIDATED PRESS.
WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—Any conference in which the United States actively participates looking to a settlement of affairs in Europe must be held in this country, preferably in Washington.

President Harding will not go to Europe nor will he send any representative with plenary powers to Europe.

The President believes that if America "goes in" her incursion must be made in the midst of the wildest possible publicity. That publicity is possible only in this country.

MUST COME TO U. S.
It is the belief in administration circles that in a Washington conference the extent to which America might commit herself in foreign affairs would be under better control than if the conference were held in Europe and leaders exchanged were necessary.

Harding would want to be in immediate touch with such a conference and as nothing could drag him overseas in emulation of Woodrow Wilson, the suggestion of Europe must come to his country if the conversations, now in progress, lead to a point where a conference actually is called.

It is admitted in Europe that help, both moral and financial, can come to that stricken continent only from the United States. For the past three years the people of the United States, however, have been harassed with direful forecasts of the evil that would come from any move on the part of America to participate in European affairs. The halls of congress, especially the senate, have rung with denunciations of Europe and all her works. The people have been warned that any move in the direction of European aid would mean a loss of American independence. It will take some time to wipe out the effects of much of the propaganda of isolation and it is held here that one of the best methods of doing this is to have the conference come to Washington.

PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECT.
The psychological effect of holding the conference in this country upon the people of this country cannot be overestimated. This was illustrated in the far eastern and arms conference held here a year ago. The American people felt they knew all about the conference from beginning to end; they felt that in a way it was their own particular conference and they felt that the wholehearted support which the revenue tax on alcoholic drinks will be imposed, by applying the argument specious as it is, that as the peasants seem to be bent on drinking themselves to death, the state would as well profit by this.

Imposing taxes in Soviet Russia today is a far easier matter, however, than inducing them. Among the many phases by which Soviet Russia is afflicted is that of a corrupt bureaucracy by which every possible measure is defeated.

There is not the slightest improvement over the good old times in this respect," says the correspondent of the "Pravda." "The air is filled with the baill of greed of the by which every phase of public life has been infected. Everyone speculates—some work, but in an aimless and ineffective manner."

"Despite all the retrenchments undertaken, the Soviet bureaucracy is still the malignant tumor sapping at the vitals of the state organism. There is a deficit of twelve billions in the transportation system, which the state industry is being ordered at a deficit of twenty billions."

Conditions are at their worst among the officials connected with the Department of Commerce and Trade. It is claimed that the deficit in this direction could be diminished by 40 per cent if all the commercial transactions between the state department and private individuals could be done away with. A Soviet official once characterized the state in which the Soviet Economic Council sold a certain quantity of nickel to a speculator. Although the nickel remained stored in the state warehouses, the price of the article suddenly increased threefold.

VAST OFFICIAL ARMY.
Another division of the same department then bought nickel at an unprecedented price, learning later to its astonishment that the nickel was stored in its own magazine! At a recent meeting of the Central Executive Committee, Lenin pointed out that the state industry is being ordered at a deficit of twenty billions."

GREEN BRANDY
NEW MENACE TO
RUSSIAN PEOPLE

Samogonka Drink Which Now Threatens Destruction to People.

By KARL H. VON WIEGAND, Universal Service Staff Correspondent.
BERLIN, Dec. 23.—Russia is menaced by a so-called "Green Peril," according to recent reports from that country.

Racial extermination is threatened, but not in the same way as when the bogey-man of the "Yellow Peril" was held up to Western civilization by the former German Emperor, Wilhelm II.

This is a case of a hygienic menace growing out of the increasing consumption of a deadly alcoholic drink called "Samogonka."

By far the larger part of this drink now said to be undermining the health and vigor of the Russian peasant is consumed in country districts, thereby evading control. In the larger centers drastic measures are taken both by the military and judiciary authorities to prevent the distilling of this particular pernicious species of brandy, but throughout the countryside police vigilance is necessary.

OFFICIALS NEVER SOBER.
The president of the local Soviet in the town of Kaluga is accused of being in a state of permanent intoxication. On market days he is seen lying dead drunk in the middle of the square surrounded by drunken peasants and their wives, to whom he now and again pushes over a legal document which they, unwittingly, sign.

The commission appointed to supervise the harvest in the Smolensk district and attend to its distribution and the levying of the so-called "product tax" was never sober. In making the rounds of the fields an upright position was maintained only with the greatest difficulty, and the same thing was true of the men sent out to gather statistical material.

Any peasant who could hand over a bottle of Samogonka secured immunity from the tax, or his quota was diminished from five hundred to fifty puds.

Another peasant writing in a still more pessimistic strain expresses the fear that the Soviet Government will "go up in drink" and that all the gains of the revolution will be washed away in Samogonka.

GREEN PERIL MENACE.
Thoughtful persons regard a return to state monopoly of liquor as preferable to the present and increasing devastation of the "Green Peril."

Gives Former Kaiser Away

DR. BURCHARDI, of Vienna, who has admitted that he recently performed a "youth restoring" operation on Germany's ex-emperor. This probably explains why Wilhelm had the courage to remarry in spite of vigorous opposition.—Copyright, 1922, by Keystone View Co.

Seven Days in
Life of New York

By JESSIE L. HENDERSON, By Consolidated Press, Leased Wire to Tribune. Copyright, 1922, by OAKLAND TRIBUNE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—You've got to hand it to this town. After all for being handicapped, they arrested Santa Claus this week.

And on what charge do you suppose? Blocking traffic!

Not for malicious mischief or for inciting to riot or to rebellion nor for any of the things you'd suppose Santa Claus might logically be arrested for, if you were illogical enough to suppose his arrest anyway. After a glance into our Christmas stocking we ourselves have sometimes considered having the old saint sent to Bellevue for peevishness or at least brought before a juvenile commission, but even we never thought of calling a cop and having him pinched.

It just shows how different values are in this town from what they are in other places. You can get away with murder here. You can park your car without tipping the patrolman, but blocking traffic is the unforgivable sin. It's the offense for which a Salvation Army lassie was arrested on Broadway not so many days ago.

Behold, Santa, therefore, intercepted in the midst of wishing a crowd of youngsters a merry Christmas, arrested by a traffic officer, who seemed not to feel any peace on earth or good will toward men, and escorted him to the police station.

At the heels of Santa and the policeman trailed approximately 5,000 to 10,000 children, 90 per cent of them with tears streaming down their faces, and a hundred and one of them telling the officer exactly what they thought of him in that simple, unrefined manner characteristic of the New York youth. The fact that by crowding into the police station to watch pinning them, many waiting at midnight at school, seemed not to bother the younger set at all.

The complaint against Santa Claus was dismissed and he was told to get a license or a permit or some such bit of red tape before blocking traffic again.

HARD on the heels of his arrest, for example, came news of the approach of a yet greater calamity than that which now chills the town, the sale of the Dewitt Clinton

GALICIA RETAINS
WILSON TO GAIN
REPUBLIC STATUS

Author of Self-Determination Doctrine Engaged to Insure Freedom.

By NORMAN H. MATSON, BY CONSOLIDATED PRESS.
VIENNA, Dec. 23.—The republic of Eastern Galicia, parried by Polish troops, armored motor cars and martial law, looks to Woodrow Wilson, its legal representative, to bring it back to re-birth in the family of nations. It rejoiced openly when a Polish nationalist a few days ago assassinated the president of Poland. It promises resistance until its alleged wrongs are redressed.

Its President, Dr. Eugene Petrouchevich, exiled and with a price on his head, has headquarters with his national council in a shabby office here. Breathing defiance to Poland and asserting that his country never would accept her rules, the exiled president today explained that this country had retained the former American president as legal adviser and intended setting up a republic that will be modeled on American lines.

"The intellectual leaders of my country are in exile or in Polish jails today," he said. "There is no rule but terrorism. Poland is seeking to stamp out by violence our language, our culture and our independence. So long as this Polish dictatorship continues there will be no peace in eastern Europe. We want a republic like that of the United States. Thousands of us have lived and worked in America and returned home with American ideals. Red Russia borders us on the east but Eastern Galicia, independent, would speak her own language in the American way."

"The republic was organized by Austria. Hungary collapsed in 1918. Its army of 120,000 men combated Polish troops who essayed invasion. In July, 1919, the supreme council of the League of Nations directed Polish troops to occupy the territory. It was promised that the eventual destiny of the people themselves. In September the allied powers took over the country. Since then nothing has been done to permanently dispose of the 'republic of Eastern Galicia.' Last year, however, the League of Nations suggested that the political status of the country should be decided in the near future.

Since then, the natives allege, the Polish government has been countering their country. It is claimed they have seized the Ukrainian charitable, cultural and economic institutions. There are 20,000 men and women prisoners—including six hundred clergymen. In November of this year, by direction of General Haller of the Polish army a military dictatorship was set up.

BLOODSHED OVER VOTING.
When the Polish national elections were held Eastern Galicia was obtained to participate. President Petrouchevich claims that the Poles utilized bribery and terror, made wholesale arrests and manufactured votes to make it appear that the participation was general, in order that the League of Nations would consider Eastern Galicia a part of Poland.

Bloodshed followed. Six native attorneys, announced as candidates for the Polish parliament, were killed in six subsequent days. Other candidates were arrested.

KRIS KRINGLE TO PRESIDE.
RICHMOND, Dec. 23.—A Christmas tree party will be given jointly by the Sons and Daughters of St. George next Tuesday evening in Moose hall. There will be a program. Santa Claus and distribution of gifts. The committee in charge of the event is headed by Charles Babcock.

GRAY FADED
HAIR RESTORED
DANDRUFF GONE!
Without the use of dyes thousands of men and women have restored the original color of their hair, whether black, brown or blond, in a natural, natural way. One bottle of Nourishing hair cream restores the hair, thus restoring it to its natural color. One bottle of Nourishing hair cream restores the hair, thus restoring it to its natural color. One bottle of Nourishing hair cream restores the hair, thus restoring it to its natural color.

Nourishing is Not a Dye

MILLION TO BE SPENT ON CHILD WELFARE IN U. S.

Children of Three Cities to Get Every Scientific Care For Three Years.

By CAROLYN VANCE, BY CONSOLIDATED PRESS, LEASED WIRE TO TRIBUNE. OAKLAND, Dec. 23.—Health as a priceless Christmas gift is promised to the children of three cities in the United States, children who might well be called the "luckiest kids in America."

Herbert Hoover is to play the role of Santa Claus. As head of the new powerful combination of child health organizations in America, he will administer a fund of one million dollars in putting on child health demonstrations in three widely separated cities. For three years the children of the fortunate communities selected will have every attention that science has devised for promoting their health. These demonstrations will not be object lessons to the rest of the country in showing what can be done in saving the lives and improving the health of little children when practical theories are consistently applied. We need the lesson badly.

"Eighty per cent of all children are normal at birth," said Hoover, "and less than seventeen per cent are normal when they reach maturity."

RESULTS EXPECTED FROM MEIGER.

These plans were announced for the first time in an exclusive interview given by this writer by this man. He looks for big things from the amalgamation of the American Child Hygiene association and the Child Health association of America.

A nation of two powerful forces will result in a new deal for boys and girls from the most crowded city to the isolated country district.

Instead of many private agencies groping for the solutions of the problems of high infant mortality, under nourishment, and too low vitality, we now will have the American child health as our chief aim with plans for bringing health and vigor and sound citizenship within the reach of every baby born.

It was the prospect of having Hoover as the president of the new organization which brought about the amalgamation to take place January 1. It seems to be the fashion these days when anything needs to be done to let Hoover do it. He probably has the greatest collection of jobs that have ever fallen to the lot of one man.

These three cities will be helped from the commonwealth fund which has laid aside a million for this purpose. Advice will be given in safeguarding the life of the mother-to-be, in laying a good health foundation for children in the early sensitive and formative period of their growth and in the health supervision and the formation of essential health habits in school children. The work will be so developed as to enlist the cooperation of physicians, public health nurses, school nurses and all other agencies interested in health and child welfare.

PARENTS PROVE GREAT PROBLEM.

The fathers must be convinced of the plans. When a father holds out he is less amenable to reason than his wife. He can be as stubborn as a mule. Then there are the grandmothers who honor the children by allowing them to eat what they want to. Grandmother is sometimes a hard problem. She can be more stubborn than father.

The first city to be selected for the Mississippi valley region. This city will be announced in a few days. The other two cities in other sections of the country are to be selected after work has been well started in the first. The city must show a desire to cooperate in the work during the three-year period and have a reasonable prospect of assuming responsibility for carrying it on in the future.

Well, to do parents will say probably that this "public child health talk" is only for the children of the poor.

"Don't we employ the best doctors in town?"

"Haven't we got good homes?"

"Don't we feed our children on the best?"

"Yes," the child experts agree—but the often over-humored one or two of the well-to-do have more defects than the larger family of the poor.

SLAYER DIES AT BAY. MANCHESTER, Eng.—Driven to bay by a pursuing crowd after he killed his wife, Walter Preston fired a bullet into his heart.

ACTIVITIES of WOMEN

Mrs. A. M. Gault entertained twenty guests at a dinner party last week in honor of Miss Geraldine Powell's eighteenth birthday.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. A. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Raymond, E. T. Wilson, F. H. Powell, W. L. Brunson, E. G. Allen, Bakersfield, E. J. Chadwick, Seattle; J. W. Wellman, Miss May Smith, Miss Edyth Fortes, Miss Barbara Brown, Miss Helen Meisner, Heidelberg; Miss Sadie Grant, Mrs. T. L. Brunson, Santa Rosa; Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Terry.

On Saturday evening, December 16, among a group of relatives, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Knight of Alameda announced the engagement of their daughter, Helen S. Knight, to Jay A. Davis of Sacramento.

Two courses of popular appeal to students interested in art are those to be taught by Otis Shepard and Mrs. Wilhelmina Randall under the University of California Extension Division in January.

Mr. Shepard's course on Commercial Art is especially attractive to those wishing to relate salesmanship to drawing. Color in its relation to lettering as it should be applied to advertising design, composition that tends to unify design—these are some of the points which are handled in Mr. Shepard's class.

It is the practical application of the principles of art to the drawing of posters, advertisements and designs of various kinds, which makes the work of the Commercial Art class valuable. Students are encouraged to do independent work in drawing, and the construction given such work is a benefit to the whole class.

Mr. Shepard's work with one of the advertising firms makes him a valuable instructor in Commercial Art. He has taught University Extension classes for several years.

The class in Commercial Art will have its first meeting at 237 Flood Building, San Francisco, on Thursday, January 5, at 7:30 p. m.

The new course in Drawing Design which is being offered by Mrs. Wilhelmina Randall already has been taught by her with success.

Mrs. Randall's object is to create in her students the ability to design their own posters and further more to find the artistic type of work to which they are best suited.

In order to do this, much stress is laid on the ability to draw. Mrs. Randall feels that when the student learns to draw, his medium of expression is greatly widened. Therefore, much careful work is devoted to teaching the student to draw the human figure in pen and ink, in designing in water color and in careful composition and creative work.

Both of these instructors have found that students do not confine their efforts to the class work, but follow their particular bent, designing patterns, draperies, furniture, houses, children's clothes, and even designing themselves to photography.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel J. Day



MISS GERALDINE POWELL, who was a guest of honor at a birthday dinner last week at the home of Mrs. A. M. Gault.

recently entertained a group of friends at an informal party at her home on Richmond boulevard. Dancing and games were enjoyed until a late hour. Elaborate refreshments were served.

Among the guests were the Messrs. and Mesdames Thomas Bailey, Zach. Brody, Arthur Brody, William McLaren, John Sullivan, Jack Hagen, Harvey Kutherman, Louis O'Brien, Rodney Madison, Joseph Connolly, Peter O'Brien, Juliet Carr, and Charles Taber, Acie Druggan, the Messrs. Claire Bluskey, Isabel Stormfield, Esther Kelly, Alice Kain, Barbara Broden, Edie Tether, Shelia Golden, Beatrice Sullivan, Florence Payne, the Messrs. Clarence Creany, Morris Garfield, Grandville Bailey, Harry Sorenson, William McLaren Jr., John McGowan and Miss Sullivan.

Mrs. A. A. Green recently entertained a number of the young friends of her son, Thomas, in honor of his 21st birthday anniversary. The parties were a number of blossoms in holiday colors and constantly changing rainbow colored lights gave the appearance of an "Aurora Borealis" and added greatly to the beauty of the decorations and the delight and enjoyment of the young folks. Dancing was enjoyed until midnight, when a dainty supper was served. The guests included the Messrs. and Mesdames Edwina Hays and Frankman, Bert Green, the Messrs. Edna McIntyre, Gene Blackburn, Bertha Orizen, Elsie Hayes, Vivian Hayes, Winifred Hayes, Nina Townsend, Lillian Penly, Lucile Claydon, Harriet Beane, Messrs. Thomas J. Green, Walter Frondsen, Edna J. Anderson, Clift Townsend, Walter H. Anderson, Harry Smith, Paul Quinn, Garret Kitchen, Edwina Armour, Eddie Kenyon, Elliot Sidney, James Dickey.

JOHN B. WYMAN CIRCLE HOLDS INSPECTION

Colonel John B. Wyman Circle No. 2, Ladies of the G. A. R., met on Tuesday afternoon with the senior vice-president, Lida E. Wheeler, presiding. President Kathryn A. Page was reported ill. There was a large attendance. Harriet C. Finch, department president, made her first official visit. She inspected the work of the Circle.

Among the other department officers present were Venies Fleusling, department inspector; Sarah A. Cunard, department chaplain; Violet A. Lawrence, department treasurer and Frances Gayett, department secretary.

After the meeting all were invited to the banquet hall where refreshments were served. The department president was presented with a hand-painted dish. One comrade was obligated, and two members were admitted, one by transfer and one by initiation.

BABY PIGS BOTTLE-FED. HOBOKEN, N. J., Dec. 23.—All six of a litter of pigs on a farm near here are being raised on the bottle, their mother having died.

TWO WIVES IN AMITY. Paris—His two wives lived amicably the home of Leon Bertrand, but neighbors objected and the police dragged Leon from his Occidental harem.

PARIS, Dec. 23.—(By Universal Service)—Miss Edna Maxwell of New York, one of the socially prominent Americans in Paris, has retired from any participation in the new night restaurant, "My Sister's Garden," which was opened by Oscar Mouvet, brother of the dancer Maurice, on December 5.

Miss Maxwell's successful summer venture here.

"Mouvet is what she would call a pretty smart business man," was Miss Maxwell's comment to queries regarding her withdrawal from the partnership. She refused to say whether the report she was to bring suit for damages was true.

"The facts are that I put up half the money and Miss Maxwell and Captain Melvoux, the dressmaker, put up the other half," said Oscar. "The agreement was that the lease was to be in my name and that I was to have sole management."

"Now Miss Maxwell demands that she be given half the lease, and I have refused, because it is I who am doing and will do all the work."

Miss Maxwell denies Mouvet's statement regarding the lease. "The agreement was that we were to share equally," she said. "My Sister's Garden" has cost nearly half a million francs. It is decorated to resemble an outdoor garden, with trellises, climbing flowers, arched, playing fountains and rustic benches. Waiters are dressed as gardeners and an authentic Russian general wearing all his decorations receives the guests. By means of an ingenious light arrangement colored butterflies seem to fit among the trees.

The new establishment is situated in the Rue Camartin in the same building where Harry Ploer ran a club two years ago.

YULETIDE PARTY DEC. 30 PLANNED BY RELIEF CORPS

Appomattox Relief Corps No. 2, Auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic, met in regular session last Thursday afternoon. President Annette I. Hooper presiding. One of the honored guests was James Huntington, past junior vice department commander of Oregon and Washington. In a short address he spoke of the work accomplished by the national body of the Women's Relief Corps in its forty years of existence. He said that in that time more than \$5,000,000 had been expended for relief work and many thousands for patriotic work.

The Child Welfare Committee, of which Mrs. Clara Stellman is chairman, is planning to take Christmas baskets to several needy families. The executive committee, Mrs. Mary Woodruff, chairman, reported that a Christmas party is being planned for the comrades on the evening of December 30 at Memorial Hall. A dinner will be served at 6 o'clock.

The Post and Corps will hold a joint installation of officers Thursday afternoon January 4, at 2 o'clock in Wigwam Hall, Pacific Building. Past National Senior Vice Commander John Bostoff, will install the post and Past President Kathryn A. Page will install the Corps.

The Corps sent a Christmas gift of \$15 to the Women's Relief Corps Home and individual gifts to Eva Simpkins a crippled member of the Corps who has been at the Home, bedridden for many years. The usual Christmas donation of \$5 will be sent each needy member of the Corps.

MEN AHEAD IN BELGIUM. BRUSSELS.—Latest census statistics show that men now slightly outnumber the women in Belgium.

Oakland Review Gives Christmas Tree for Young

On Tuesday evening, Oakland Review entertained the children of members and friends at a Christmas party. Miss Daisy Wright's pupils delighted the children and grown ups with fancy dancing and songs.

Immediately following the entertainment, Santa Claus appeared, and greeted the children, with candy and apples for each one.

Plans have been completed for the boys in the adopted ward of a Letterman General Hospital. A committee of members from the various reviews of the East Bay will visit the hospital this afternoon.

A Christmas tree will be prepared at the Red Cross House and taken to the ward and from 5 to 6 p. m. the gifts with which it will be loaded will be distributed to the boys. Mrs. Clara Clifford is in charge of the arrangements. In the evening an entertainment will be given at the Red Cross House.

150 CHILDREN ENTERTAINED AT YULETIDE PARTY

Alameda Camp 15725, Modern Woodmen of America held a Christmas program and party last week. More than 150 children's hearts were gladdened by the appearance of Santa Claus and his hospitality.

A program and dancing concluded the evening entertainment. Twenty-five members of Alameda camp visited San Francisco last week and were entertained there. They watched the coronation of conducting 91 candidates into the mysteries of the order.

Wednesday evening Alameda camp will hold its meeting in the Eagles hall.

JAP CHOLERA SPREADS. TOKYO.—The Japanese epidemic of cholera has spread to Korea.

Girl Playwright EVELYN VAN VALKENBURG, 11-year-old, who wrote and directed a Christmas playlet acted by her schoolmates.

Bright Member of Claremont School Congratulated For Production.

Persons who witnessed and applauded a Christmas playlet presented by the members of the 52 class of the Claremont school during the past week were not aware of the fact that the production had been written and directed by 11-year-old Evelyn Van Valkenburg, daughter of Mr. Mrs. R. E. Van Valkenburg, 423 Clifton avenue.

The playlet, according to popular verdict, was clever, possessed originality of climax and had been directed and supervised carefully. The young playwright was warmly congratulated at the conclusion of the performance when she and her talented associates were presented with gifts and during the progress of a banquet.

Noted Anatomist On Harvard Staff

BOSTON, Dec. 23.—Samuel R. Detweiler, for the last three years an associate professor in anatomy at the Peeking Union Medical college, in China, which is under the management of the Rockefeller foundation, has been appointed assistant professor of zoology at Harvard college.

GAMBLING BREEDS THEFT. PARIS.—Trusted employees of various firms to embezzled more than \$750,000 during the past year lost most of their loot at the Deauville gambling casino.

11-YEAR-OLD GIRL WRITES AND DIRECTS PLAYLET

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CHRISTMAS DINNER MENUS

PETE'S FASHION 401 TWELFTH STREET Corner Franklin Phone Lakeside 7600 Phone your reservations XMAS DINNER

JOHN B. WYMAN CIRCLE HOLDS INSPECTION Colonel John B. Wyman Circle No. 2, Ladies of the G. A. R., met on Tuesday afternoon with the senior vice-president, Lida E. Wheeler, presiding. President Kathryn A. Page was reported ill. There was a large attendance. Harriet C. Finch, department president, made her first official visit. She inspected the work of the Circle. Among the other department officers present were Venies Fleusling, department inspector; Sarah A. Cunard, department chaplain; Violet A. Lawrence, department treasurer and Frances Gayett, department secretary. After the meeting all were invited to the banquet hall where refreshments were served. The department president was presented with a hand-painted dish. One comrade was obligated, and two members were admitted, one by transfer and one by initiation.

FOLKS! COME AND ENJOY Special Home Cooked XMAS DINNER \$1.00 From 12 m. to 8:30 p. m. THE BLUE BIRD 323 Fourteenth St. Near Hotel Oakland. Phone Oak. 3507

Zinkand's Restaurant 1017 BROADWAY For Reservations Phone Oakland 799 CHRISTMAS Dinner \$1.75 PER PLATE From 11 a. m. to 9 p. m. Our chef says that our Christmas Dinner will be the best ever

Christmas and New Year's DINNER DANCES Good old-fashion Xmas Dinner with vested choir singing Christmas carols, December 25. Dancing during dinner. \$2.50 per cover. Jolly New Years Celebration. Festivity—gaily reigning from 9 P. M. 'till wee hours of the morn. Music by Ernie Millicens U. C. Tiddlers Orchestra. Favors, noisemakers furnished guests. \$2.00 per cover. Phone for Reservations Lakeside 199

HOTEL OAKLAND OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

RICHARD'S 418 13th Street CHRISTMAS DINNER DANCE Monday, Dec. 25th \$2.00 Per Person 4 to 9:30 P. M. Make your reservations for New Year's Eve Sunday, Dec. 31

IROQUOIS Restaurant Estadio Hotel Building San Leandro Sunday and Christmas Day Turkey or Chicken Dinner \$1.50 From 12 Noon to 8:30 p. m. GUEST DANCING New Year's Eve Service by Reservation Only. RESERVATIONS ONLY. Phone San Leandro 81

CHRISTMAS DINNER Served tomorrow from 11 a. m. to 10:00 p. m. MENU Choice of Blue Points on Half Shell Crab Louis Celery Hearts Grape Fruit Cocktail Ripe Olives Choice of Venus Mock Turtle Soup Chicken Broth with Noodles Cream of Tomato Croustons Souffle Fillet of Striped Bass, Marguerite Creamed String Potatoes a la Receptor Potatoes Braiant Choice of Roast Young California Turkey, Venus Dressing Cranberry Sauce Roast Young Duck, Apple Dressing Sweet Potatoes a la Venus String Beans Sauté Lyonnaise Salad a la Shorman Choice of Venus Plum Pudding Hot Mince Pie Pumpkin Pie Neapolitan Ice Cream Small Cakes Nuts Raisins Demi Tasse Per Cover\$2.00 Also Venus quality a la carte service on Christmas Day The Venus, Inc. 1422 Broadway Oakland

Lehnhardt Christmas Dinner 11 A. M. to 8 P. M. MENU Assorted Hors d'Oeuvres French Crab Mince Cocktail Mixed Olives - Crisp Celery Sautéed Almonds Mock Turtle Soup Consomme Princess Fillet of Deep Sea Bass, Mateoite Pommes Chateau Choice of Roast Young Fresno Turkey Oyster Dressing Cranberry Sauce Roast Domestic Goose Stuffed, Glazed Apple Roast Saddle of Lamb, Durand Brussels Sprouts Pommes Duchesse Hearts of Lettuce, Thousand Island Dressing Oriental Sherbet Meringue Kisses English Plum Pudding Mince Pie Pumpkin Pie Cafe Noir After Dinner Mints \$2.00 No Cover Charge

NOTICE We Will Celebrate Christmas Sunday and Monday Elaborate Sunday \$1.50 Turkey Dinner \$1.50 Monday Christmas Dinner and Concert XMAS TREE Key Route Inn 22nd and Broadway Oakland's Keated Hotel Exceptional Dining Musical Concert, Arion Orchestra Vocal Selections by LEON A. MILLS, Tenor SUNDAY AND MONDAY Xmas Dinner 5 to 9 p. m. \$2.00 PER PLATE NO OTHER CHARGES MAKE RESERVATIONS NOW PHONE OAKLAND 3224

BLUE BIRD WASHING MACHINE SOAP Brings Happiness to you on Wash Day Ask Your Grocer West Coast Soap Co. OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

RAIDING BANDITS MAKE HAULS IN VARIOUS CITIES

Daring Holdups Mark Week-
End Criminal Activities
Throughout Country.

CHICAGO, Dec. 23. — Bandits got \$3000 when they held up Miss Mary Piskerall, cashier for the Healy Envelope Co., here today. A laundry safe was robbed of \$250 by cracksmen.

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 23.—Harvey Weisman, Jeweler, was robbed of \$18,000, worth of diamonds and \$150 in cash today.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 23.—Bandits robbed the Consumers' Biscuit Co. here of \$3900 today.

LUDLOW, Mo., Dec. 23.—Bandits dynamited the safe of the First National Bank here today and escaped with \$3900.

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 23.—W. H. Behring, president, and A. H. Forest, treasurer of the Brass Products company, were held up and robbed of \$10,000 by the company's weekly payroll today.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 23.—Scores of detectives tonight aided in the search for six bandits who got away with a Christmas payroll of \$13,400 after killing J. E. Denahan, a member of the Pittsburgh mine of the Pittsburgh Coney company at Beading, near here.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 23.—Three motor car bandits held up two motorists in a suburb here tonight and obtained more than \$400.

Emil Kruger, one of the victims, told \$570, and Loula Passauer \$50.

Sacramento Safe Crackers Get \$1,000
SACRAMENTO, Dec. 23.—Safe crackers got \$1000 when they broke the safe of a local downtown market. Police have no clues.

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 23.—Adding another victim to the long list of those feared in general, or payroll robberies during the past week, C. W. Critchlow, grocer, was held up by three bandits this morning as he was taking \$2500 in a satchel to deposit it in the bank.

The bandits escaped in an auto.

FREE

S California have al-
the famous

out Knife
ing out, and in fact,
and delighted to own.
Has wire scraper,
course you want one
e.
handle or the Red, White
TRIBUNE office, 13th
w. Act quickly—secure

HERE IT IS:

The Remington Scout Knife is built for "business" and more than meets the requirements of the modern boy. The master blade is an extra gauge - giving greater strength. Closed, the knife is 3½ inches long. Full weight throughout and of special blade and implement is designed with a definite purpose in mind. Boys - regular tool kit in itself!

A Real Man's Knife

—Get Yours Now

ENGLISH CHURCH STARTS WAR FOR CURB ON BOOZE

Roman Catholics, Anglicans and Methodists Unite in Dry Battle.

LONDON, Dec. 23.—(By United Press).—England will be in the throes of the greatest booze fight in her existence by the new year, if the church has her will. The church is out for a drier England.

The wets are determined to have a wet England. New Year will see the battle open, when fourteen denominations of the church, including Roman Catholics, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Methodists and Free churches, backed by 38 Anglican bishops, start out to convert the country with a smashing anti-drink propaganda which will hit rich and poor alike.

DEMAND DRY SUNDAY

The booze fighters, armed with the authority of mother church will urge:

- No sale of liquor on Sundays.
- No sale to men under eighteen years.
- No sale in aristocratic clubs without license.
- General restriction of drinking hours.
- Heavy reduction in the amount of wine, beer and spirits supplied to public houses.

The wets, armed with anti-dry propaganda will be backed up by at least seventy per cent of the British population, it is believed.

Both sides will use the outdoor cinema as a means to their ends. The anti-boozers will show films depicting the sad lot of the drunkard, show him in all his gruesome loathsomeness, while he beats his wife and children.

The wets, it is reported, will stage a series of films showing the results of drinking bootlegged liquor, with picturesque effects on the part of blind-struck victims.

Father Wrigley, prominent anti-dry clergyman told the United Press that the Roman Catholic church did not wish to deprive the British working man of his beer, but believed the sale of too much drink should be modified by minor restrictions.

WETS ARE WARNED

The Pussymothers are jubilant at the chance of once more getting a real hearing. Their wagers at the opening stage will, it is believed, be one of restriction, but if the tide of battle swings in favor of the anti-alcoholic churchmen, then England may expect the massed guns of Pussymotherism in full driving in a night to a finish for prohibition.

Whether funds from America will be brought in to aid the dry cause has not definitely been stated.

Meanwhile the wets have given a march on the dries by placarding the inner parloirs of the famous "pups" of London and the provinces with notices warning those who enjoy their beer to turn out in force when the campaign starts.

General opinion is that the wets will come out victorious. Touch an Englishman's beer and you touch his pet corn. When that happens he is liable to kick.

Unless corn goes above 20 cents a bushel or coal below \$10 a ton, the use of corn as fuel will become general in the middle west.

VANISHING WIVES

WHO STOLE THESE OAKLAND BRIDES?

By GEO. C. HENDERSON

CAST OF CHARACTERS.
Stephina ("Steve") Burr, a daredevil debutante.
Eugenia Fleming, a wealthy wife.
May Nieland, another wife.
Mrs. Burr, Steve's mother.
Inspector Ian McGregor, handsome young officer.
Napoleon Knott, himself.
Miles Witherspoon, alias.
Paul Fleming, Eugenia's husband.
Simon Burr, scientific scientist.
An elusive kidnaper.
Yogum, Steve's blooded police dog and others.

SYNOPSIS.
Eugenia Fleming disappears at the corner of Fourteenth street and Franklin avenue from a car belonging to Steve Burr, her husband, and driven by a Santa Claus that she had picked up on the street. The Santa Claus, a man named Miles, returns to the Burr household with the story of Eugenia's disappearance. Steve sees blood on his hands.

Young Fleming, in search of his wife, comes to the Burr household with Inspector McGregor and Gilbert. They find Napoleon Knott hiding under the car in the garage. Steve sees the face of a beautiful woman, who vanishes in the darkness. The police uncover the Santa Claus as an ex-convict and murderer.

Chapter 6

THE THIRD DISAPPEARANCE.
"You're a blunderer, a boob," charged Paul Fleming, angrily, turning on McGregor. "Some off-putting look! Stand there with your hands in the air and let a woman get away with a diamond worth \$50,000."

Inspector Ian McGregor was too much disgusted with himself to make reply. Yes he had lost the Romanist diamond and thus far he had proven himself wholly incapable of handling this case. What would Captain Scott say?

Not only had he failed to solve the mystery surrounding the disappearance of May Nieland, but he had got deeper and deeper into a maze of unexplainable clues which led nowhere. Three times had the elusive lady of the handkerchief mask appeared to him, and three times he had allowed her to escape. The last time she had held him up with a gun and had taken from him a gun of the highest value.

To make a report of this kind to Captain Scott would lay the blame of the whole inspectors' bureau. He indulged Fleming's disparaging remarks wholeheartedly.

But Stephina Burr was not so complacent.

"Don't be nasty, Paul," she advised. "The inspector has no superhuman powers. You wouldn't want him to get shot just for an old ring. Anyone would have put up their hands with a person showing a gun in their back."



They Examined the Death Note.

(Told by Fulton Players—John Ivan, Henry Shumer, Stuart Sage)

McGregor smiled at her gratefully.

"It's too late to attempt pursuit," he said. "I'll telephone headquarters asking them to be on a lookout for a person of her description. You saw her Fleming. What did she look like?"

"I saw her all right," said Fleming, sulkily. "She was at least six feet tall, a blonde and certainly was a tough looking bird."

Napoleon Knott began to laugh. "You're a liar, Fleming," he said. "I guess you were scared so bad you saw double. She was a pretty girl, McGregor. Dark hair, dark eyes, a perfect mouth, and she had on a black hat with dark plumes and a coat with fur collar and sleeves. Around her waist she had a sort of metal belt. She wore a big cameo ring on the little finger of her right hand."

"The photographic eye," sneered Fleming. "I say she was a blonde. I wash my hands of the whole bunch of you. I'm going straight to the chief when we get downtown and let him know what has been done."

"Goodness, Inspector," said Steve, extending her hand to McGregor and turning her back on Fleming. "You'll excuse Mr. Fleming's boorishness I am sure. It does not at all reflect the attitude of the society in which he travels."

"I'll have your car returned to you safe and sound," said McGregor, smiling. "Your confidence in me is refreshing. An revoir, but not goodbye Miss Burr. Fleming, you sit on Knott's lap and we can all ride."

At the city hall McGregor made arrangements for the return of the Burr car. Gilbert was waiting for him in the bureau. The black-browed officer evidently had run up against a stump, because he wore a disagreeable expression.

McGregor brought out the purple messages he had received and they examined them together on a table. Tootles even using a magnifying glass in his scrutiny. Gilbert could offer no suggestions nor

declared Napoleon Knott.

"How the devil did you guess?" asked Gilbert. "That's exactly what he did."

"Oh, I know these birds," said Tootles. "After he had time to think it over and talk of the affair with members of the Hip Song Gang, Chang decided to leave the white men out of it. That's the way with these Chinese. They don't like to have officers poking around."

"I went up to the door of the east show, which was closed, and made such a noise that a Chinik came out. 'Whatta malla you?' he asked. When I flashed my buzzer on him he opened up quick enough, but he didn't know where Chang was."

"No guess, Chang," he said. "I pointed to the sign Li Hung Chong and finally he got it through his bean what I wanted."

"I told him that Chang's wife had been kidnapped and that I wanted to talk to his boss about it."

"He went away and presently came back with the information that Chang didn't live here. He lived on Clay street. This was only his place of business. I went to the Clay street address. They told me there that Chang had gone. I couldn't get anything definite out of any of them."

"Finally I said they could all go to thunder. If he didn't want to find his wife it was nothing to me. 'As soon as you reported about the East Oakland disappearances I got the idea that this might have something to do with it. But the question is how are we going to find Chang. And when we find him how are we going to know that he is Chang and not one of the hundreds of other Mongolians that infest this neighborhood.'"

"Don't worry about that," said Knott. "I'll find Chang."

"In the morning?" asked McGregor.

"No, right now," asserted the fat detective. "Drive uptown, ditch me out there and I'll come back and get in this place. None of his lookouts have seen me. I've been hiding in the tonneau and taking good care of myself."

"You are certainly confident of your own ability," said Gilbert intemperately.

Just as the inspector started the car the windshield cracked as if it had been hit by a bullet. Something white dropped into McGregor's lap.

"Now where in the world did that come from?" exclaimed the Scotchman.

"Someone shot a hole in my windshield," declared Gilbert angrily.

He drew his automatic and

jumped out of the machine, looking up and down the street for the gunman. No figure was in sight. The thoroughfare was dead. Not even a gleam of light came from the drab, ugly shacks in which the Oriental population made its home and transacted its business.

McGregor examined the bullet hole in the glass.

"I would say that this shot was fired from one of those buildings," he said. "But where the devil did it hit? At the angle it entered it should have landed in Gilbert's lap."

Inspector Gilbert crawled back in the car, growling something about "highbinders" and vowing that he would call out the riot squad and clean up Chinatown.

"No need to try to find the bird now," he said. "Looks like the beginning of a tong war. Kidnaped bride, bullets fired in the night, Chinik disappearing—hears all the earmarks of a tong war."

"What does the note say?" asked Knott, impatiently, indicating the paper in McGregor's hands.

"Another afternoon tea invitation," said the officer, grimly. "THE NEXT SHOT WILL BE FATAL," our friend says."

"I wonder who he plans to croak," mused Napoleon Knott.

(Continued Tomorrow)



To those who made it possible for us to achieve our greatest year in sales and in satisfaction our heartfelt thanks

To everyone a MERRY CHRISTMAS!

The Emporium San Francisco, Cal.

CASTLE IN ITALY WAS ONLY DREAM

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 23.—Promised a castle in Naples and a life of luxury only to discover that she had been the victim of the creative imagination of her spouse, Mrs. Rose Preede, 523 O'Farrell street, told her troubles today to Superior Judge Daniel C. Dray.

On August 29, 1921, Mrs. Preede was married to Captain Peter J. Preede. She testified that he told her he had a fine residence in Naples, plenty of money and was a captain in the United States navy. He appeared before her resplendent in uniform but, later, while they were in New Orleans, he told her he was only a master mariner and captain of a ship in the merchant marine. He had no home and no money and asked her for her jewels to pawn in order that they might have temporary funds.

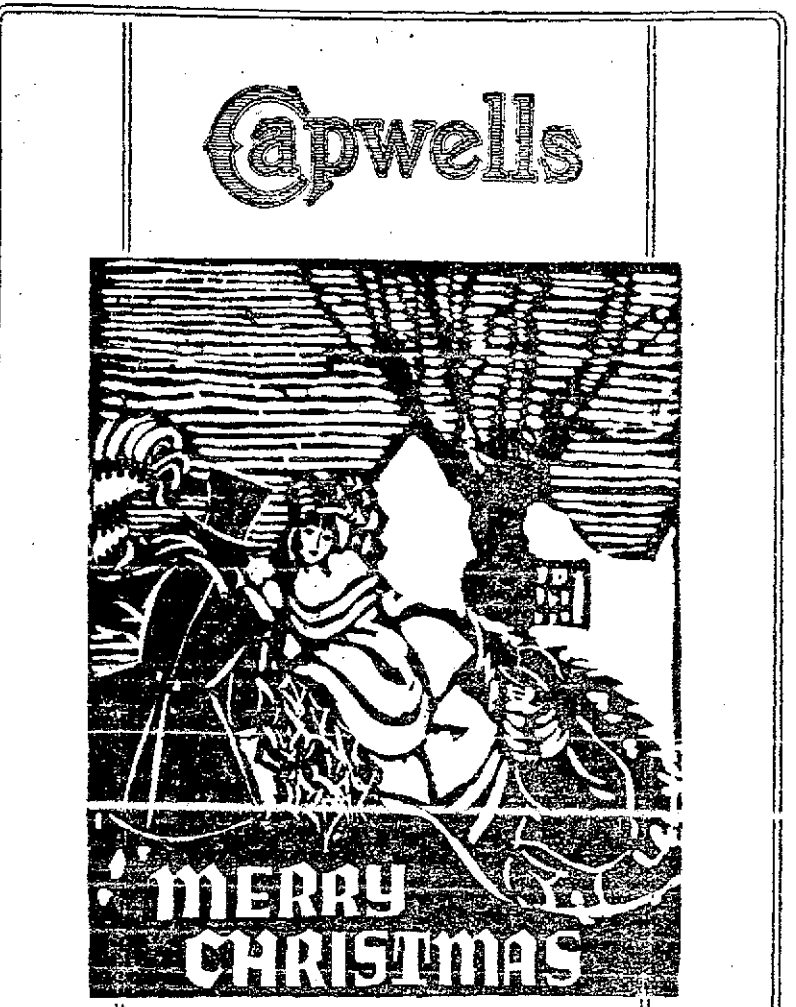
She was granted an annulment.

Pilotless Planes Do Great Stunts

sible to control the movements of an airplane in the air from a spot on the ground 200 miles away. The pilotless airplane, which may revolutionize warfare, has passed from the realm of imagination into that of reality. For an hour a small gathering of experts at Villacoublay, near Paris, watched an empty airplane take off, descend, turn, and do stunts at the command of a man playing on what looked like a grotesque piano in a small hut beside the hangar.

Even the propellers twisted for the initial flight by themselves. Upon the slight manipulation of a tiny lever, the machine—differing scarcely at all from the ordinary one-seater Spad—took off, glided to a height of 200 yards, did a steep bank and returned in a straight line. Then it ascended to 1,000 feet and descended in a vrille, afterward making a perfect "three-point" landing.

The invention is the property of the French army.



The Shrine of Humanity

In the glad chimes of Christmas bells pulses the music of our souls.

With the dawn of Christmas morn rises exalted and triumphant the spiritual essence of all mankind. It is the universal day of purification, glorified by the ideal of unselfishness.

The beneficent bond of Christmas revives old loves, renews old friendships, regains old faith in ourselves and others.

Who can conceive of a world without Christmas? And who would care to live in it?

A Merry Christmas to All Our Friends and Customers

Thank You

had in us as expressed by your most generous patronage.

The Store will be Closed Monday.

On Tuesday Begin Our

Semi-annual

Clearance Sales

WITH COMMANDING REDUCTIONS BOTH UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS. Do not fail to be here for the great savings on staple and seasonal merchandise.

See Monday's Papers

No Holiday For 5 Years, Paris Proposal

By Universal Service

PARIS, Dec. 23.—Ten million dollars is the total cost of France's new holiday, according to statistics.

The loss to the state alone of taxes normally obtained from a day's business transactions is estimated at about one million dollars. Absence of business and profits for 24 hours, it is estimated, cost commercial houses about five million. The remainder of the sum is deducted from the diminution to the

tion's economic production.

The same authority urges that the working day be lengthened by one hour. This extra hour, he asserts, would result at the end of a year in more than the three billion francs of taxes now necessary to the French government to balance its budget.

"Instead of authorizing another holiday France should declare a moratorium on all holidays, Sundays included, for a space of five years," asserts Georges Maus, president of the Retail Federation.

"If this were done France would be the first trading nation in the world within five years and all her financial worries would be over."

Parliament, however, voted for the holiday.

K. K. K. Give Shoes To Orphan Children

Six men, wearing the regalia of the Ku Klux Klan, drove up in an automobile to the Fred Finch orphanage yesterday afternoon, and presented 97 of the children with a pair of shoes each. The children were delighted with their gifts, and the hooded visitors drove off without waiting to be thanked.

Raymond Tucker, a minor through Jessie Tucker, as his guardian, has filed suit for \$10,000 against Frank Silva, who is charged with negligently operating an automobile which collided with his motorcycle at East Twelfth and

Plaza streets December 6, 1922. Tucker claims his leg was fractured and he received other injuries in the accident.

ASK THE TRIBUNE Bureau of Information

"Will you kindly publish the complete formula for an astringent massage cream that is light brown in color and composed partly of honey and almond oil, the other ingredients and proportions of which I do not know?"

cell, 1 av. oz., sweet almond oil, 7 av. oz.; borax, 5 fl. oz.; honey, 1 fl. oz.; water. Melt the wax and spermaceti, add the lanolin and oil and honey, and when melted add the water containing the borax solution, stir together until cold, and add suitable perfume and color (if desired).

Recently a query came concerning an 1888 five-cent piece with 13 stars and a shield. If the writer of this query will send in his correct address he will receive a personal answer to his question.

The TRIBUNE information bureau will answer all questions of a general nature, except school or local problems, debates, trade and

time of day. The bureau is open every day except Sunday from 8 a. m. to 9 p. m.

If answers are desired by mail stamps must be enclosed. Quick results can be obtained by telephoning to the bureau if you have any problems of a general nature to solve, ask The TRIBUNE Information Bureau, Lakeside 6000.

Criticism Causes Artist to Quit Paris

PARIS, Dec. 23.—Unfavorable criticism is responsible for the decision of K. Van Dongen, famous painter, to abandon Paris, according to art-world gossip.

The painter's recent salon offerings have been called "brutal" and "inartistic" by certain critics. The artist himself asserts they are "painted truth."

As a joke on the Salon committee Van Dongen recently sent two apparently unsigned contributions to be displayed. One was hung—very high, where the light was bad—and the other was rejected.

Then the Dutch painter took a benzined rag and wiped off some paint at the corner of each picture.

Confirming the report that he is leaving Paris, Van Dongen recently sold his painting studio in the Villa Said, avenue du Bois de Boulogne, following the example of Anatole France, who said in explanation, "the atmosphere of millions here stifles me."

RADIO HEARD 2400 MILES.
PENTICTON, (B. C.), Dec. 23.—G. R. Etter, radio amateur, last night heard the Schenectady, N. Y., WGY broadcasting station perfectly—a distance of 2400 miles.

WARNING
Amazing discovery! If your hair is thin or even if you are bald, just try Kestito and watch the mirror. In many cases healthy hair has grown anew over bald spots. We will mail you a "Boost Box" (plain price, 50c). You need only write to: Kestito Offices, B.D-62, Station X, New York.

VOLUME XCVII.

The Miller Ice Cream Company has not retired from business and is still located at its old factory on Broadway.

A portion of the creamery plant was recently leased, together with certain manufacturing privileges, for the production of a new soft drink that is being placed upon the market throughout the state. The Miller Ice Cream Company is still at the old stand and is operating as usual.

This being true, how can the progress of the state, the prosperity of the city dwellers, be most effectively advanced? Can it be done by merely bringing people to California; by building up organizations to get more money out of the present farm owners; or shall it be accomplished by concentrating every effort on securing more intelligent modern farmers for our big back country and by developing our unexcelled combination of water, soil and climate to a point

Many eastern farmers come to California prepared to pay a premium for a farm place with every convenience, one brought to a high production basis, with the pioneering completed. But this class of farm homes is limited in Upper California. This is not, however, the condition in Southern California, which has boomed ahead be-

er se. And we must have that additional capital investment on every bare acre.

We can make the Greater California Land Management a success. We have not lost the "Spirit of the West" that blazed trails and swung long distance power lines, initiated cooperative marketing and rebuilt San Francisco. Dauntless, that spirit abides, potent to perform more wonder feats.

Visible land improvement in every community, the present

N. C. HOPKINS
1431 23d Ave.
Near East 14th St.

WA
Main Office: 711 Syndicate
Lakeside 4410
Tract Office
direct from

ALTER H. LEIMERT
Building Tract Office
Open Sundays, reached by Key Route Lakeside
San Francisco or by Lakeshore Avenue E Car from
OAKLAND

CO.
601 Trestle Glen Road
Lafayette 974
Freight Trains
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Lareside 974
Tract Office Open Sundays, reached by Key Route Lakeshore Trains
direct from San Francisco or by Lakeshore Avenue E Car from Oakland.
OAKLAND

REALTORS LEARN THE RESULTS OF GO-OPERATION

C. W. Borden Tells What Was Disclosed on the "Oreb" Caravan

The members of the Oakland Real Estate Board returned from the "Oreb" caravan trip to the Santa Ana convention, every one more "sold" on Oakland and the Eastbay district than ever before. Everyone who went south studied conditions in that section as well as attended the sessions of the convention, and everyone came back convinced of the importance and the advantages of Oakland.

C. W. Borden, the builder, spent two days in and about Los Angeles, studying the methods pursued by real estate men and builders. Borden went into the subdivision question thoroughly, and comes back with the conviction that Oakland gives a greater value for the money than any other city in the state, not alone prospects for the future, but in actual cash value.

"But all the returned delegates are convinced that property in the South is the result of co-operation between men engaged in all lines of business.

"Oakland property is a better value for the money than any property in the Southland that I bring offered to the tourist," said C. W. Borden. "I made a careful investigation of building conditions in the suburbs and am more than ever convinced that an investment in Oakland is better than an investment in that section, and that Oakland realtors and builders give more for the money. The houses that are being offered for sale are generally well constructed, but some of the street improvements are superficial, and there is a lack of proper sewers. A large number of the tracts that are being sold off sewer only into septic tanks.

"They are selling property which does not begin to compare with Oakland property for three and four times the price obtained in Oakland. The houses sold in Los Angeles are brimful twice the prices obtained in Oakland.

"One is struck after noting what the dollar will buy in the suburban district with the fact that Oakland is building and growing on a sound basis and giving full value for the money.

"Oakland has a more beautiful topography and better situated for prices for real estate are two-thirds lower than in Los Angeles.

"The realtors of Los Angeles have the backing of the Chamber of Commerce, the merchants and the manufacturers.

"Los Angeles has the co-operative spirit of boosting. While I was in Los Angeles I did not hear one knock. In fact the general theme is that piece of property was worth so much last spring, but it is worth more now.

More Than Half a Million Construction by One Builder



A record during 1922 of more than half a million dollars in construction, mostly in moderate priced apartment houses, is just one instance showing the development of the Eastbay district in the year just closing. Harry C. Knight, builder and member of the achievement committee of the Oakland Real Estate Board, can show business that has passed through or now is in his office amounting to more than \$537,000.

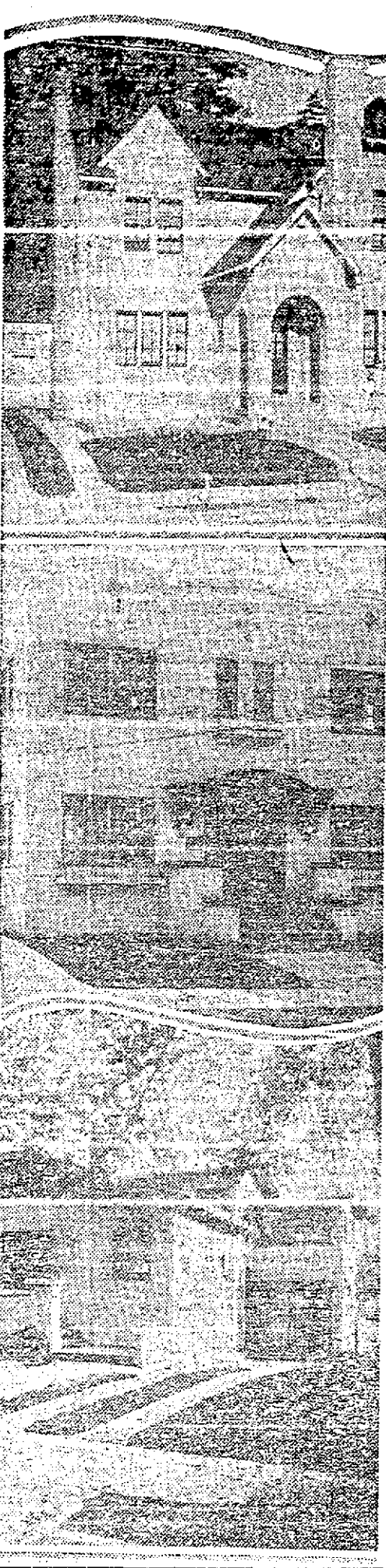
While Knight has built a number of single houses both for clients and for sale through his own office, he has developed a special line of work during the past year that leaves him with more than a dozen moderate sized apartment houses actually under construction. Knight recognized a demand for buildings carrying from four to ten apartments of four rooms each, such apartments as would take the place of the once popular "flat" of years ago. So Knight worked out some standard arrangements and floor plans that could be adapted to moderate sized lots, and he has a great quantity of these now going up in all parts of the Eastbay district.

This type of building can be put on any lot of from 50-foot frontage up, and the suites are of three or four rooms in number, as the owner may wish. The matter of exterior design is something that the wish of the owner dictates. It is the compact interior arrangement that Knight has developed.

Knight's work is not confined to the Eastbay district. He is building twelve houses for the Redwood Highland company in Redwood City, San Mateo county. Six of these houses have been sold before they were completed.

"These buildings will house a considerable addition to the population of the Eastbay district," said Knight.

A few recently completed Knight apartments and homes. Photos by the Western Photo Company.



MUST CONTINUE PUBLIC SERVICE

No utility can arbitrarily discontinue its service and withdraw property voluntarily to a public use. The railroad commission has declared in a decision written by Commissioner Chester H. Rowell, denying the San Diego Railway company to restore service on Adams avenue. As the result of a dispute with the city authorities over paving, the company has torn up about three-quarters of a mile of street track. At the hearing an agreement was reached between the city, the company and the commission by the terms of which the company agreed not only to restore service but to double track and extend the line. The city has relieved the company of paving its right of way.

Dr. Emerson to Hold Nutrition Institute

Dr. William R. P. Emerson of Boston famous authority on nutrition and head of an organization known as Nutrition Clinics for Deaf Children, is on his way to San Francisco with Sam H. Greese, Secretary-Manager of California Dairy Council. Dr. Emerson, some time ago, held a series of Nutrition Institutes in California under the auspices of California Dairy Council, which resulted in widespread good. Much of the valuable work now being carried on by the institute through the University of California.

Dr. Emerson has conducted one institute in Honolulu, and one in Hilo. Approximately 7,000 children throughout the Islands have been weighed and measured in anticipation of Dr. Emerson's visit. The Hawaii Institutes are the direct result of the California Dairy Council's bringing Dr. Emerson to California last year.

Water System Changes Hands

Kate F. Waterman has applied to the Railroad Commission for permission to sell to N. M. Peterson a domestic water system located near Boreas Springs, Shasta county. Applicant states that the water system was installed primarily to aid the sale of real estate. The proposed purchaser is engaged in supplying water in the vicinity. The price agreed upon is given as \$5,000.

Bakersfield Fights Many Switch Tracks

The city of Bakersfield petitioned the railroad commission for an order directing the Southern Pacific Company to remove four of its eight tracks crossing Baker street. It is charged that the large number of tracks, which are used for switching purposes, constitute a danger to pedestrian and vehicular traffic and have occasioned serious accidents. The complainant states that the company owns private property suitable for switch purposes.

THREE WOMEN MADE SUCCESS OF CAFETERIA

In the Face of Predicted Failure They Move to Own Building.

Work on the new home of the Colonial cafeteria on Franklin street, between the Franklin and Fulton theaters is approaching completion. The building is expected to be occupied during January. A. R. Berke is the architect.

Back of the story of the new home of the Colonial is the story of the three women, pioneers in the cafeteria business in Oakland. The women are Mrs. H. H. Crane, Mrs. E. G. Hammond and Mrs. J. M. Hammond. Mrs. Crane and Mrs. Hammond are sisters and both former school teachers. Mrs. Hammond is a widow.

Established the first cafeteria in Oakland in 1909, on Thirteenth street, occupying a portion of the building which has been moved to make room for the new Tribune building. None had had previous business experience. One business man gave the women one month in their venture. Another said about three months at the most.

"But our business has grown," said Mrs. Hammond. "We introduced improvements on the original cafeteria when originated by

OAKLAND REAL ESTATE BOARD OFFICIAL BULLETIN

President Frank Flint Porter will occupy the limelight at the meeting of the Oakland Real Estate Board on January 3 when he will outline the program of activities which he proposes to set before the realtors of Oakland for their achievement during the biggest year in the history of the board.

Some of the items on that program is transportation, and it is to be the first to be discussed. On January 10 at Hotel Oakland, William R. Alberger, vice-president and general manager of the San Francisco and Oakland Terminal Railway, will deliver the address on "Oakland's Street Transportation Problems" which was scheduled for last Wednesday.

Dr. Carol Aronovich, well known speaker on January 17, his subject being "A Survey of Oakland's Development Needs."

The third subject of primary importance is to be handled by Wigglesworth Creed, president of the Pacific Gas and Electric company. His subject is "The Realtor and the Electric Company" and the message he is to give has to do with the responsibility of the realtor to the owner of real estate in the protection of the latter's rights and interests against the electric company and its exorbitant rates.

There is to be no session of the board during holiday week, but the meetings of January and February are to be the most interesting and important ever held by the local realtors.

President Francis O. Reed of San Jose, of the California Real Estate Association, announces that the state realtors will remain in

INVENTOR WILL LOCATE FACTORY IN OAKLAND

Oakland Man Makes Screw Driver Operated By Electricity.

A plant which will manufacture reliable tools of new design will shortly be erected in Oakland. The Electric Screw Driver and Tool Company, Inc., a concern organized and financed by local men, will make a new type of high-speed screw driver, the inventor of which is Julius Dusevior, an Oakland inventor.

Dusevior's appliance is applicable to all rotatable tools now in use including screw-drivers, wrenches, and to new tools. In factories where assembling is done by standard tools, the new device, it is claimed, will greatly increase production. Running at high speed until its resistance ceases, the use of more power, the operator can at will reduce the gear ratio of the motor to the bit, drill or wrench and complete his task without danger of slipping or twisting.

The new tool is particularly adapted to the assembly of automobiles, stoves, street and railroad cars, telephone accessories and other units where bolts and nuts or screws are used extensively.

In a recent test before officials of the Star, Durant and Chevrolet factories Dusevior demonstrated his ability to drive 900 one-inch screws into a piece of steel in the same length of time.

The firm is capitalized at \$100,000, all of which has been subscribed. The officers are B. D. Austin, president; Julius Dusevior, vice-president; D. P. Roebuck, treasurer; Gerald H. Hazar, secretary, and W. J. Seroy, sales manager. Seroy is now in Chicago arranging for the equipment for the local factory. Temporary headquarters have been established at 235 Twenty-ninth street.

Modesto Man Buys in Oakland

A lake frontage apartment house site, fronting 350,000, is announced by the G. O. and E. M. Harde Realty Company. The property is at the intersection of Lake shore boulevard and East Fourteenth street, and has been sold by the firm to Mr. Conrad, of G. W. Roberts of Modesto. A \$25,000 Thompson vineyard at Modesto is part of the transaction. Mr. Roberts acquires a building of ten acres with a lake frontage of 100 feet. He has transferred all his valley holdings and cast his lot completely with Oakland.

Watsonville to Buy Water Plant

Watsonville Water and Light company has asked for authorization of the Railroad Commission to sell its water system to the City of Watsonville at an agreed upon price of \$200,000. The city joins in the application reciting that the electorate had voted bonds to acquire the plant.

The Rose--Queen of Flowers Roeding Writes on Gardens Now Is the Season to Plant

By GEORGE C. ROEDING President of the California Nursery, Niles, California.

Of all the flowers that blaze their color to the sun in the garden, or illumine hall and corridor, living room and the hours of joy and sorrow, the rose is the emblem of unspoken expression that reaches the mind and heart as does no other flower. In the words of the poet Moore: "You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will, But the scent of the rose will hang round it still."

From time immemorial it has been the theme of painters and poets and nowhere has it found a more glorious expression than in the garden and houses of the San Francisco Bay region. There is a variety for early need; a kind for every purpose, a color and type calculated to "gratify" all tastes. There are climbers and trailers, bush plants and tree roses, varieties that meet various conditions of exposure and different kinds of soil, so that rich and poor, owners of estates and city lotters can all enjoy choice collections as their means and ambitions may suggest.

Obviously the best time to set out the plants is in the spring, or with the advent of warm weather, after the winter rains have spent their force in this section from February to April.

The matter of a selection of varieties depends somewhat on situation, size of ground and character of soil, and individual taste. Intending planters will find it advantageous to consult the nurseryman supplying the plants, explaining the environment in which they will grow.

Roses will "do well" under ordinary conditions, but will give better results with extra care and attention. The ground should be thoroughly spaded and unless very rich, should have some well-rotted manure worked in. Fresh manure is likely to kill the plants unless

REALTY BOARD SAVES MUCH LITIGATION

Adjusts Many Contests Over Fees Without Recourse to the Courts.

Costly litigation which frequently results in financial loss to both sides, animosities, bitterness and general dissatisfaction have been avoided to a marked degree in the realty field in this community through the work of the arbitration committee of the Oakland Real Estate Board. Because of this work realty litigation in local courts has been reduced by fifty per cent and criminal cases resulting from realty transactions have been reduced by a still greater proportion during the last four years.

Because these arbitration cases are handled as confidential matters, no publicity is given to them and the public, therefore, learns little about them. Many of them, however, involve decisions on points of ethics and procedure which are interesting and instructive to all and the Real Estate Board has been asked to prepare a series of articles to be published on this page from time to time, based on various cases which have been adjusted by the arbitration committee.

Broker A and Broker B brought to the board for adjustment a dispute which, but for such an avenue, would have resulted in costly warfare. It was settled in two hours to the satisfaction of all. Broker A had found a purchaser for an apartment house property. He would pay as much as \$75,000 if a desirable investment could be found on a certain quarter of the city. Broker A could not recall any listing of his own which seemed to meet the requirements. In the course of other business in the office of Broker B, Broker A mentioned his buyer and asked if Broker B had anything listed that would suit. The latter had and promptly gave to Broker A all of the data regarding a certain property on which he had a listing, but

CALIFORNIA FIFTH IN UNION Banking Power of the Golden State ANALYSIS OF LAST FIVE YEARS

By JONATHAN S. DODGE State Superintendent of Banks

Nothing more critically reflects the progressive activities, the prosperity, the wealth of a state, than does the formal statement of the banks of the state in those significant items which disclose what people are doing in agriculture, horticulture, industrial operations, manufacture, and all of the other varied enterprises that go to make its progress and wealth.

It is highly interesting, therefore, to determine from the state banks what has happened in California during the past five years. In making such an analysis we keep in mind the mind the abnormal conditions that have existed during this period. We must not forget that California was the only state in the American union that in no way suffered from the war. During the period from June 30, 1917, to June 30, 1922, the assets of the state banks of California have increased \$425,319,000 and that from an original aggregate on June 30, 1917, of \$697,171,000 they stand now at \$1,122,490,000, making California one of the strongest banks in the union. Perhaps no single item in the balance sheet of the banks reflects more clearly the progress, the prosperity, the industry and the energy of the people of the state than the deposits in the state banks.

As an indication that the people of California are both frugal and prosperous, I have only to refer to the wonderful increase in the number of persons of savings banks. This is all the more surprising when we recall that California's entire population is approximately 3,500,000.

It is also interesting to note the increase in the number of banks in the state. On June 30, 1917, California had 126 branches, making a total of 574 banking institutions; while in 1922—five years later—there were 429 banks with 231 branches, or a total of state banking institutions of 710. During the same period the national banks located within the state had increased from 251 in 1917 to 295 in 1922, or a total increase in the number of banks in this state of 136.

It is also interesting to observe that during the same period the assets of the national banks in the state increased from \$659,581,000 in 1917 to almost a billion dollars in 1922, or to be exact, \$954,488,000.

During this period, in every other state in the American union, the savings deposits reflected the distress of those who had owned them by the immense reduction and withdrawal. The war had its disastrous effects in the other states. The people there could not then and cannot now understand the remarkable showing that California banks have made in this period of inflation that accompanied the extravagances and special enterprises, and then suffering the drastic shock and impoverishing results of deflation. California, unique among the states in its savings deposits which had nothing to do with and suffered none of the hazards of the war, stands out as one of the most remarkable accomplishments of the conjunction of good government and an enterprising spirit to support its energy.

In banking power California stands fifth in the states of the union, exceeded only by New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Massachusetts. For some years California has been ranked for fifth place, but in the call of Sep-

ON RETURNING TO HIS OFFICE, BROKER A DISCOVERED AN OFFICE MEMORANDUM COVERING THIS SAME PROPERTY. IT WAS NOT IN THE FORM OF A LISTING AND WAS SOMEWHAT INCOMPLETE. BROKER B, HOWEVER, AS AN OFFICE LISTING OF HIS OWN BROKER A PROCEEDED TO SELL THE PROPERTY TO HIS CUSTOMER WITHOUT FURTHER COMMUNICATION OF ANY CHARACTER WITH BROKER B ON THIS SUBJECT. WHEN THE DEAL WAS MADE, BROKER A FINALLY ANNOUNCED TO BROKER B THAT HE HAD A SHARE IN THE COMMISSION. BROKER B DECLINED TO RECOGNIZE BROKER A IN THE TRANSACTION ON THE GROUND THAT HE HAD SOLD A PROPERTY WHICH HE HAD LISTED, HAD LISTED, AND HAD NOT USED THE INFORMATION GIVEN HIM BY BROKER B. IN THIS FORM THE DISPUTE WAS REFERRED TO THE REAL ESTATE BOARD FOR ADJUDICATION.

The Board held that, had Broker A, on his return to his office and his discovery of the memorandum in his own files, promptly advised Broker B of that fact and of the fact that he could not, therefore, consider the property as his own, that the intended transaction, Broker B would not have discontinued his own efforts to sell the property pending the negotiations of Broker A, as it was shown he had done. In fact, it was shown that Broker A would not have been obligated to Broker B. Under the conditions, however, it was held that Broker B had rightfully been under the impression that he was a particular broker in connection with the fact that the latter was using the information he had given him. The Board awarded Broker B one-half of the commission involved. It was promptly paid.

In another case submitted to the Board for adjustment, Broker C had taken a deposit of \$500 from a Client D to apply on a purchase which required that the latter pay \$5000 in cash. Client D had but one source of funds, a mortgage of \$5000, which he held. The deposit receipt recited that "If Client D is unable to borrow the sum of \$5000 on a certain mortgage, he will raise the money from some other source to be provided, the deposit of \$500 is to be returned." This, also, was well understood by all parties involved.

Client D made several efforts, in some of them assisted by Broker C, to negotiate the necessary loan, but was unsuccessful. It developed that Client D could procure the loan if he would deposit as additional security a certain piece of property which he admitted he held. Such a proposal was made by Broker C. Client D was advised by his attorney that he could not put up this amount of bonds because of the fact that a major portion of them were the property of a minor child. Client D informed Broker C that he could not complete the transaction and asked for the return of the money.

He was convinced that Client D had become dissatisfied with the deal and could have completed it if he had wished to do so. The Board's committee, however, investigating the case, found that Client D had acted in good faith throughout and had actually been unable to raise the needed cash. Broker C held that he had provided "another source" by arranging for the use of the property. The Board, therefore, found for Client D and recommended the return of the deposit.

In several cases where an attempt was made to recover deposits from the committees, the committees have found that the brokers involved were fully justified in refusing the refund. The Board has attempted to make it clear that it will not be used as a collection agency, and that the return of a deposit unless it is clearly shown that the intending purchaser acted in full good faith and was not the cause of the failure of the transaction.

AUTO STAGE SALE

The railroad commission has been asked to approve the sale of an automobile stage line between Ukiah and Potter Valley. The proposed line would connect the two cities and pass through some of the most scenic country in the state. The sale is being made by the Ukiah and Potter Valley Stage Line, which has been operating for several years.

113-HELP WANTED-FEMALE

STENOGRAPHER—Must have 5 years' experience. **MINIMUM WAGE** stock card work; permanent position. **Answer in own handwriting** stating salary desired. **Reference**, etc. **Box M 37293**, Tribune.

SALISBURIEN—Have an excellent opening for saleswomen. This is a **permanent position** with large earnings. **Box S 34284**, Tribune.

SEAMSTRESS for plain sewing, electric machine; steady position. **Apply Tuesday, 285 12th street.**

TEACHER with Calif. credentials for grammar school. **Box B 10043**, Tribune.

TEACHER—French, wanted; teaching east of lake; individual instruction. **Box M 35575**, Tribune.

WAITRESSES
Experienced; **appt. Cooks**, Waitresses, **Union, Local 31**, 411th st., upstairs.

11-HELP WNTD MALE, FEMALE
MIDDLE-AGED couple wanted by elderly lady for exchange house for rent. Box # 49203. Tribune.

1 wood turner (mach.), wages open
mattress maker , wages open
1 wood turner (mach.), wages open
1 wood turner (mach.), wages open
brick masons (Contra Costa) \$38
brick masons (Contra Costa) \$38
carpenters (Contra Costa) \$38
carpenters (Contra Costa) \$38
FEMALE DEPARTMENT.
Clerical.
Cashier, three nights each week.
not young 40c hr.
Dishwasher, op. sec., 1200 wks.
Francisco 3125 adv.
Tel. operator, grocery exp 320 wk.
Clerical, woman, tailor
shop \$18 wk.
Cook, Pied, two maids \$89
Clerical, op. sec., 1200 wks.
Ch waitress, Pied \$10 to \$60
Ch waitress, Hayward \$18
Clerical, op. sec., 1200 wks.
Second maid, 9 to 1:30, family
young \$127 1/2
Clerical, op. sec., 1200 wks.

Waitress, tea room. Beer. \$15
Kitchen helper, waitress camp.
N. Can. 14-16 yr. child. \$10
Diet kitchen maid. \$30
Domestic, one lady. Refs. \$40
N. Can. 14-16 yr. child. \$10
TYPIST—Earn \$25-\$100 weekly
spare time, copying authors'
manuscripts. Write R. J. CARNES,
Scribner's Agent, Tallapoosa, Ga.
for particulars.

Two ladies or men of good appear-
ance; good references; experience
necessary. Write Mrs. J. H. BROWN,
412 Oakland Bank of Savings.

15—AGENTS—SALESMEN WANTED.
AGENTS.—Easy to make \$50-\$100
weekly with new Wayne camera—
made all-weather coats in graben-
dies, windproofs and tweeds that
keep you warm and dry in any
coat; no investment or experi-
ence necessary. Wayne Company,
100 N. Y. & West 5th st., New
York.

ABSOLUTELY smashes all competi-

A CITY SALESMAN
Established Pacific Coast corporation offers permanent position to a man with initiative and sales advancement. Apply National Commercial Co., 717 Syndicate Bldg., between 10th and 11th Sts., Oakland, Cal.

ANOTHER live salesman for apartments, hotels and business opportunities. Good hustler can make big money. Write & apply. R. 807-1450 Broadway, Oakland.

BIG OPPORTUNITY for several high-class salesmen, understanding national markets and capable of earning upwards of \$500 per month. National Nut Company of California, 2000 Broadway and Franklin Streets, Oakland.

EARN \$300 monthly taking orders for our Price-Smashing Union Brand frozen foodstuffs. Good opportunity for men with sales experience. Write for details.

[illegible]

agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer; exclusive patterns; big stock; fine samples. MADISON MILLS, 505 Broadway, New York.

LADIES—260 needle 12-strand pure Japan silk hose, three pair, \$3.00; \$1.25 to represent same. Ask to manager. Also four pair for \$3.50. S. Q. Co., Lexington, Ky.

REAL-estate salesman: must have auto, experience and acquaintance with home section; will advance to the right man; start the new year right. Apply to Wm. W. Bradley, 4680 Piedmont avenue.

SALESMEN

Sell Haynes Automobiles
FOR THE MEN WHO CAN QUAL-
IFY AS TO CHARACTER AND
ABILITY. WE HAVE A DESIR-
ABLE LIST OF LEADS. AUTO

SALESMAN—Sell every retailer attractively displayed new invention of great selling merit; un-
limited salary; huge volume; take
book orders from free pocket
method; liberal commission. No
experience, hustlers, no money.
Patented Feb. 48 Bonded Roy-
Arlington Heights, Mass.

SOMETHING new, a necessity, all
business men, and especially man-
age need it; sells \$7.50, costs you \$2.50;
he repaters. Write for sample.
Merchants Ass'n., Minneapolis,
Minn.

SALESMAN with proven sales abil-
ity; opening Jan. 3; salary and
commission; no experience neces-
sary; require man 25 to 35 years
old with car. Reply, telling what
you have successfully sold. Box
31 3822, Tribune.

STOCK SALESMAN—Must be fast-
acting, with good refs. to sell stock
for well known, established, and
unfading corporation. Call at
304 S. St. Mark's Hotel.
SALES MAN—Must be fast-acting,
with good refs. to sell stock
for well known, established, and
unfading corporation. Call at
304 S. St. Mark's Hotel.

manager drug store; goods for
dept. to be opened in Oakland;
good prospects; must finance own
expenses to begin. 470 Jackson
st., San Francisco.

715 COMMISSION weekly easy car-
rying sales stimulator for cigar
and tobacco stores. No. 1000. Price
Pocket sample. Exclusive terri-
tory. No competition. **PEORIA**
NOVELTY CO. Peoria, Ill.

16 **ENTREPRENEUR** **1000** **ENTREPRENEUR**

Arts and Crafts Agency
Supply stock. Bookkeeper.
Office help, male and female.
307 Tasceott bldg. 19th and Eddy
at Oakland. **E. M. L. 320**
FORMERLY BROWN'S
Good reliable help. **1715 Franklin**

Nelson's Emp. Agcy. **1715 Franklin**
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EMPLOYMENT OFFICES.

Arts & Crafts Agcy. O. 0420
13th-Bdy. Nurses and office help.
Chinese. Oriental help, clean.
1001 Webster St. Oak. 6122

JAP EMP.
House cleaning, \$5.00
Franklin; Oak. 5832

PEOPLE'S EMP. AGCY.
First-class help, 413 15th St. 465.
We can supply you with expert
typed, secretaries, stenographers,
typists, bookkeepers, comptometer
operators, billers, clerical workers,
and all other office help within a
moment's notice and without
charge to employer or employee.
Phone us, Oakland 781.
STATE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU
10th and Franklin Sts.
Oakland, Calif.

17-18 SITUATIONS

WANTED—MALE
Rate \$50 a line a week
ANY WORK in store, reliable, low
can drive any make of car. Oak.
14th and 14th St. 1414

ANYTHING—Man with auto
any kind of work, reliable, low
can drive any make of car. Oak.
14th and 14th St. 1414

ANYTHING—Elderly man, handy
wants light work in city or country.
Box M3618, Tribune.

CLERK—Night or day, middle-aged
man; best references; reasonable
salary. Box M3618, Tribune.

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man; best references; reasonable
salary. Box M3618, Tribune.

15-SITUATIONS WNTD-FEMALE

wants position in plain family;
advises \$13 per week home nights.
Box S 3467, Tribune.

HOUSEKEEPER in motherless
home; woman with boy 13 years;
good home more than salary.
453-A 1st St.

HOUSEWORK by day; Japanese
boy. Mr. L. Lakeside 4473.

LAUNDRESS, first-class, wants
washing. Oakland 7346 after 6:30
p. m.

MANAGEMENT wanted of modern
apt. house by middle-aged lady;
S. good references, long experience
for free apt. Box M3571, Tribune.

MOTHER of apt. A competent lady
will manage an apt. for unfurn.
and small compensation. Call
Lake 7171 after 6 p. m.

NURSE—Wid. 60 yrs. old and thin
and capable woman. Phone Oak.
14th and 14th St. 1414

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20-APARTMENTS TO LET—Cont.

WATER adults; refs; \$75; Tel. Oak.
14th and 14th St. 1414

ROCKIDGE DIST.—3 rms.; unfurn.
\$40; incl. steam heat, hot water.
High 5330 Colgate, Pied. 3399.

WESLEY AVE. 485, nr. Brooklyn
and Lakeside, 3rd. unfurn. apt.
lake view; elect. house, wallbeds,
mirrors doors, tiled bath; \$50 p. mo.
Gar. 55. Adults. Merritt 4445.

FARM BLVD. 4150—New apt. 4 rms.
wallbed, kitchen, furn., garage; re-
duction with lease. Ph. Mer. 4615.

PERIS APTS.—3 rms. unfurn.; hdw.
furn.; shower; fur. kitchen; 2 w. beds.
Steam heat, hot water 1434 2nd ave.

PERKINS 355—New furn. 4-rm. unf.
gas range, bath, h. k. in kit.
RAND AVE. 154—Steam heat, 4-rm.
apt. 35; mod. furn. 1 b. k. Lake-
shore car; garage \$5.

ROSLYN APTS. 19th-Ten furnished apt.
2 and 3-room furnished apt.

Telegraph at Twenty-third
JUST COMPLETED
Five three-rm. apts.; kitchens
furnished; mod. furn.; gas; adults;
ref. reasonable. Phone
Piedmont 7340.

THE ALEXANDER
1506 Jackson St. Just opened, make
reserv. now. 2, 3, 4-rm. apts. All
outside, overlooking lake.

WESLEY AVE. 695—Attract. new
sub. 4-rm. mod.; gar. K. R. car;
bath and park; must see to appreciate.

WICKSON 485, nr. Walker-Grand
car and K. R. car. 3-rm. mod. 1747.

WALKER 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

Yosemite 241 San Pablo, 2 rm.
\$24 and \$26 mo. 1 rm. \$25.50 week.

1 AND 2-rm. furn. apt. kitchen, h.d.
floors, phone, gar, city, local cars.
\$15. Elmhurst 1109.

4TH AVE. TERRACE
Apt. firs. new 3-4, extra large rms.
3 wall beds, repro hall, bkfst. nook,
shower, bath, garage; ref. adults;
ref. 1 b. k. off Park blvd. L. car.
6TH AVE. 1144, cor. E. 15th St.
Sunny 2 and 3-rm. apts., reas.

11TH AVE. 1531—Unfurn. 4-room
apartment.

11TH ST. 1525—Mod. fur. LK 2059

12TH ST. 1525—Furn. 2-rm. apt. on
L. E. Mullally, 321 18th St. O 1933

AA—LAKE APT. 6-ROOM
New exclusive, \$120. Oak 8163.

ATHOL 321—Furn. 2-rm. apt. 15th
St. apt. 2 wall b. gar. adults;
\$12.50

ADULT APTS. 124, 1st ave. and
large adult unfurn. 2-rm. apt. gar.
Fruitvale 2nd.

SUNNY APTS. 2107 E. 24th St.
Sun. mod. 1-rm. or unf. reas;
garage. Call after 6 p. m. or Sunday.

A SUNNY 3-rm. furn. apt. 5th
p.m. 3rd St. 2143, Berkeley.

APGAR 21—K. R. sun. apt. 3-rm.
mod. features, fireplace, stove, lin.
AMERICAN APTS.—Attractive 3
rms.; bath; st. in 1625 San Pablo.

ALBION—2-rm. large sunny apt.
w. kitchen; close in. 514 23th.

BROADWAY 2111—3-rm. apartment
with bath; gas, elec.; rent
\$12.50. Call 2175.

BERKLEY 4133 Woodway St. 2
and 3-rm. unfurn. apt. near
S. P. and cars.

BENTON APTS. 17th and Market.
2-rm. bath; furn. adults only.
BROADWAY 2121—3-rm. apts.
st. in 1625 and 17th, close in.

CLIFF APTS.
Unfurnished 2 and 3 room, just
completed, large 2nd kitchen.
Call 14th and 14th St. 1414

CORINNE VIEW
High class apt. 1524 33d and
14th St. Just completed. No
vacancy.

CAVARTY COURT
470 E. 14th ave. 2-room apart-
ment, gas, elec. and service
CATTLEMAN, E. 14th St. 3-rm.
mod. apt. st. in bath, cheap;
close, mod. bath and lake. Oak-
land 629.

CLINTON AVE. 1114A, Ala.—3-rm.
apt. bath, mod. comp.; sev. cars.
Call 14th and 14th St. 1414

CENTRAL APT. 2-rm. mod. steam
heat, gas, elec. 14th St. rent
\$22.00. Call 14th and 14th St. 1414

CASA DELIA APTS. 704 14th St.
Clean, 2-rm. furn. apt. 2 w. beds.
Call 14th and 14th St. 1414

CRONIN AVE. 11—2-rm. apt.
14th St. K. R. car. Ph. 4683.

DELICATE corner apartment of 4
large rooms and reception hall
within one block of Lake Merritt.
Complete ref. \$120 per month,
including garage.

WICKHAM HAVENS, INC.
211—Furn. 2-rm. apt. 14th St.
Call 14th and 14th St. 1414

EUCLID 1406—Five room apart-
ment, 2 w. beds, mod. comp.
Call 14th and 14th St. 1414

LAWSON 360, nr. Grand-New 3-rm.
apt. sun. cor. 2 w. b. garage. 37
mod. 14th St. 1414

LAKESIDE 360, nr. Grand-New 3-rm.
apt. sun. cor. 2 w. b. garage. 37
mod. 14th St. 1414

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LAKESIDE 360, nr. Grand-New 3-rm.
apt. sun. cor. 2 w. b. garage. 37
mod. 14th St. 1414

21-FURNISHED ROOMS TO LET—Cont.

large rm. for 1 or 2. LK 3550.

30TH ST. 546—Newly furn. sunny
room; nice home; select neighbor-
hood. Reasonable. Oakland 7292.

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 WE SAVE ON RENT.
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R. ADELIN and ALCATRAZ
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AUCTION PRICES PREVAIL
Private sale during absence of
pioneer. Many select things to
go from. Special kitchen chairs
new. 1115. W. H. Edwards &
S. 48. 700 st. nr. Edwy.
G sale used rugs and new
rugs; also a lot of carpet
rugs, runners and a lot of
new and used furniture,
coves, household goods; you
will save money here; every-
body says so. Call Tuesday,
57 E. 12th st. cor. 10th ay

DROOM suites, 5 pieces, solid mahogany in latest designs, hand decorated, direct from factory to you! Only 3 sets left, sacrifice at \$1,299. Call 241-1111 and see them. 34 Harrison avenue, Alameda. Alameda 3648 or Alameda 20283.

OS—"California" wall beds solve sleeping prob. apt. or home. 17' x 72" x 10" high. \$185. 2536

ROOM SET, ivory, cost \$97, sell \$60, new, also piano, etc., leaving. 2001 6th ave.

OS—ECONOMY wall beds, \$13 up. 2 1/2 13th st. Oakland 5446.

glass, face sample line genuine glass. 7' x 6" water sets, fruit vase, 10" x 6" x 6" glass, 10" x 6" x 6" st. Km. 60, Bacon Bldg.

STERFIELDS—Maker to you.ureka Mfg. Co., 2003 Broadway.

living tables, chairs, fumed oak; cabinet bargains; beds, dressers, mirrors, spring beds, furniture, warehouse, 6th and Market.

NG and living rm. sets; oak
 and maple dressers and rugs;
 RM. SET. \$119, 16th street.
 RM. SET. chfr, flr, table, rugs,
 dresser like new, cheap. *1047
 and 16th.
 REFRIG. - Genuine leather.
 sold as new. 5908 Chabot Road.
 DRESSERS, 60, office desk, chairs,
 showcase all at bargains. L. Har-
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 FURNITURE, real bargain: stove,
 tea em. \$35, set \$25; gas range,
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 d. & c. each, etc. 5019 E. 14th st.
 FURNITURE, stove, cheap. Why?
 1000 E. 14th St. Phone 2-3711.
 IN. of up. sun. flat; income.
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 IN. (used 2 mos.); new "Penin-
 sula" car, model 350, 1124 Ran-
 gway way.
 FURNITURE - Good davenport, din-
 ing table, buffet, etc. Apply Apt.

N. 325 1/2 St. Phone Oak. 8179.
 325 1/2 Mission st., E. Oak-
 land, Cal.
 N. rugs. Chesterfields from
 N. agents to you. Merritt 5222.
 NATURE—Nice household goods
 whole or part. Pled. 37343.
 N.—living rm. and dining rm.
 set; rugs, table lamps; new set
 dining. 326 AUSEN ave.
 N. 385 E. 5 rm. Owner leav-
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 5164 Grove street.
 N. SEHOLD goods of all kinds for
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 3414 st. Call after Xmas.
 JUST REMEMBER
 ONE OF OUR RESOLUTIONS
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 WE WILL SELL ALL OUR ONE-
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We Give 25% Green
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MATTRESSES and pillows cleaned
made over; returned same day.
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607 E. 12th St. at 6th Ave.
rm. seat, 4 pc. Jacobean; sm.
h. desk, 4 pc. Henry, etc. Princi-
ple 52, Robert St. Ouch-
terbury.
DINING table, 44-inch, weight-
ed oak; six chairs, leather seat,
270 Wayne avenue.
RECEPTION hall heaters, 591 7th st.
RUGS! RUGS! RUGS!

OVE—2-Burner Electric
only four months; will sacrifice for sale. Phone Sunday, Piedmont 6647W.
Glenn and Glenwood stoves and ranges at low prices. Yost, 1819 E. Pablo ave.
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E—Duplex Alcazar: gas and oil; must sacrifice; almost new; 13 leaves turn Thursday. Phone ME 1858.
E—3 Burner: Perfection oil burner; fine cond.; reas. price. Call 1/2 15th st.
WING machine: like new; guar.; ap. for cash. Mer. 2341.
E—Coal or wood, gas attachment: good condition. Mer. 5781.

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 LIBERAL ALLOWANCE WILL
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 WE WILL FIND A MARKET FOR
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